W. S. Rosecrans


GARESCHE
HARRINGTON
ROBERTS

POLICE RECORD

OF THE

SPIES, SMUGGLERS,

AND

REBEL EMISSARIES

IN

TENNESSEE.

BEING SELECTIONS FROM THE

"Annals of the Army of the Cumberland."

BY AN OFFICER.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

The author of the "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland" has been requested by many soldiers and army friends to issue the Police Record of the "Annals" in pamphlet form, that all can afford to purchase it; and he cheerfully complies with the request.

The portrait of our good general commander is given as a frontispiece, together with the monumental design, as a matter of gratification to the army and our friends at home, and, also, with the hope of adding to the Monumental Fund by the sale of this volume of selections from the large work.

The appropriateness of commencing the record with the sketch of our Chief of Police, and of the organization and operations of his department, will not be questioned.

Thus premising, we cast out our waif, born as it were upon battle-fields and amid the storms of rebellion, to seek the tide of popular favor, and a welcome from the loyal and true of our land.

In Camp, Tullahoma, Tennessee, August 10, 1863.

Stone River.

JAN. 1, 1863.

WRITTEN FOR THE "ANNALS," BY AN OFFICER.

The day has sped. The night-winds wildly moan
Their wintry chorus o'er the prairie West;
Weird, wandering shadows, lengthening, floating on
To angels' realms, find refuge in their breast.
Hark to the sound! the engine's rushing blast
Thrills through the hamlet as it rattles past.

An aged father totters to the door.
"Great battle fought!"—He trembles at the cry;
The dim-eyed mother breathes a broken prayer
For souls now hushed in death and victory.
Resounds the shout,—"The battle surely won!"
Ah! where their boy who to the war has gone?

The prattler, standing by his mother's knee,
Lists to the shout, and eager clasps her hand:
"Oh, tell me, mamma, where in Tennessee
Is papa now,—and where his patriot band?"
He hears the sob; he startles at the tear,
And quivering lips which faintly murmur, "Where?"

And as the maiden dreams the battle o'er,
Dark spectral visions hover round her pillow;
She sees a soldier gasping on the shore,
Reeking and pale, beneath the bending willow.
Ah! is't a dream of that cold, dying lover
Upon the margin of the dusky river?

* * * * * * * * * *

Sleep sweetly, brother, husband, son, and sire,
Where violet-blooms bedeck thy heather bed!
There let us raise the monumental spire
To mark the tomb of brave unnumbered dead.
Rear high the shaft above the sweeping river,
Of martyrdom, and love, a sign forever!

MURFREESBOROUGH, TENNESSEE, June 4, 1863.

POLICE RECORD

OF OPERATIONS OF

SPIES, SMUGGLERS, TRAITORS, ETC.

OCCURRING WITHIN THE LINES

OF THE

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

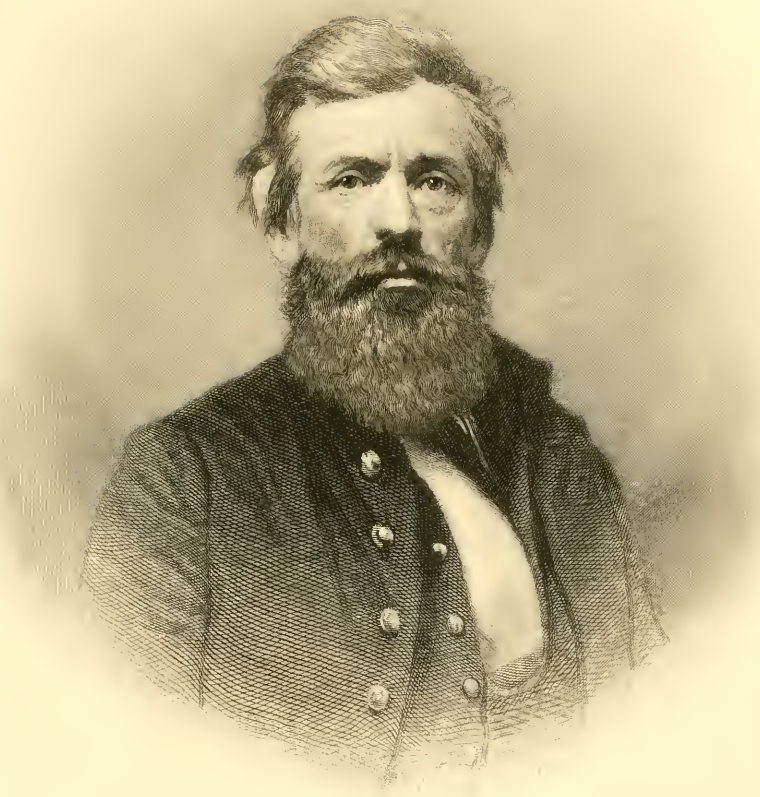
CONTENTS.

The Army Police and its Chief.

The police and scout service—one of the most interesting and important departments of the army—can have no better or more appropriate introduction than a sketch of the life of its originator and head.

William Truesdail, Chief of Police in the Army of the Cumberland, was born in Chautauqua county, New York, January 9, 1815, of American parents. At the age of eleven years he was bound to a merchant of Erie, Pennsylvania, at fifty dollars a year and three months' schooling,—but got no schooling. In the fall of 1835 he was elected deputy sheriff and police justice. While holding these positions, he devoted much attention to police-matters, and gained quite a local reputation for the skill displayed in investigating and developing numerous complicated and startling cases of fraud and crime. In a single instance nearly thirty thousand dollars was recovered by his agency. In the fall of 1836 he engaged in real-estate speculations, and in a short time cleared over fifty thousand dollars, having at one period between forty thousand and fifty thousand dollars cash in bank. In the general failure of 1837 this fortune was lost, with the exception of two or three thousand dollars. In 1838 he was appointed specie teller by the directors of the United States Branch Bank at Erie, and was confirmed as such by Nicholas Biddle, president of the parent institution. Six months afterwards he was made travelling agent for said bank, and continued in its service until its failure in 1841.

He then turned his attention to merchandizing at Erie, and remained in that business until 1847. By this time he had again accumulated a handsome competence, which was mostly lost in the crisis of the same year. We next hear of him as a



contractor on the Lake Shore Railroad, from Erie to the Pennsylvania State line, where he continued some two years, and until the road was nearly completed, finishing in that time four miles of heavy cut and realizing a handsome profit from his contract. In 1849 the Panama Railroad Company was organized; and in the fall of that year he made an arrangement with John L. Stephens, and others, of New York, to go out and superintend the building of the road across the Isthmus, at a salary of six thousand dollars a year and expenses paid. He left New York in November, 1849, taking with him two hundred and fifty men, having arranged for the forwarding of subsequent instalments of laborers in similar numbers. He remained on the Isthmus one year, in which time he completed the work across the Chagres swamp. Through all the terrible mortality which attended the construction of that work, and by which many thousands of lives are known to have been lost, his health was not materially affected by the climate. Of the fourteen hundred men, however, who were sent out to him, not more than three hundred returned alive. On his arrival at New York he was highly complimented by the Board of Directors, and was offered ten thousand dollars a year to return and superintend the completion of the enterprise. He accepted the proposition; but before the arrangements were fully effected the balance of the work was let to a private company.

In the fall of 1851 he proceeded to the West as the agent of H. C. Seymour & Co., and took charge of the western division of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, in conjunction with Professor O. M. Mitchel (late Major-General Mitchel, deceased), who was then chief engineer and bond commissioner of that great work. When the road was located and the money secured to build it, in company with others, he took large contracts in its construction, and built over sixty miles of the road between Sandoval and St. Louis. The same company, composed of three capitalists, subsequently built the St. Louis & Belleville Railroad, fifteen miles in length, the St. Louis & Alton Road, twenty miles in length, and the North Missouri Road for some sixty

miles. These projects occupied some twelve years, and resulted largely to the profit of the contractors, although much of it was lost by the failure of the various companies to meet their payments. In these and many of his earlier operations the colonel lost heavily, indeed; but he never *failed*,—was never unable to meet promptly and fully all his obligations,—a fact alike remarkable and creditable in a business career of such great and varied extent.

In 1860, with two others, he embarked in the construction of the railroad from New Orleans to Houston, Texas, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, and had completed and put it in operation from Houston to the Sabine River—one hundred and ten miles—at the outbreak of the rebellion. This great road, in which the colonel will have an immense fortune upon the return of peace and good times, is intended to be a national Southern route, connecting New Orleans with the Rio Grande, and thence across the country to the Gulf of California and the mouth of Yuba River. It crosses the Delta of the Mississippi and the high level plains of Texas, which latter were found so smooth and ready for the track that it was laid upon the grass for some sixty miles, the earth from the ditches at the side forming the filling between the ties.

Upon the fall of Fort Sumter the secession element in the State became too strong to be endured by Northern men, and early in May, soon after the violent deposition of Governor Houston, Colonel Truesdail left Texas and came to Missouri. Upon General Pope taking command of the army in Northwestern Missouri, he was appointed military superintendent of the North Missouri Railroad. Soon after, General Pope was recalled to St. Louis; and the colonel then contracted to supply General Grant's army with beef, and continued the business under General Jefferson C. Davis, and again under General Pope when he re-entered the field. With him he also had charge of the police and secret service, the scouts and couriers, and the forwarding of mails and despatches; and in these and other labors he performed valuable service in that wild, interior

country. Throughout the New Madrid, Island No. 10, and Fort Pillow campaign, in the trip up the Tennessee, and during the operations in front of and beyond Corinth, he remained with General Pope, by whom the worth of his great services was freely and constantly acknowledged. When the latter general was ordered to Virginia, he invited Colonel Truesdail to go with him; but, preferring to remain in the West, where his family reside and his property is, and where he believed he would be more useful, he declined the invitation.

General Rosecrans, upon assuming command of the Army of the Mississippi, retained the colonel in his position. The completely unsettled condition of affairs in Mississippi at that time gave room for the display of his peculiar genius. The army mail and police service were irregular in their workings, and scarcely more than nominal in their existence. A new and complete organization of each was soon effected. Military mail-agents were placed on the boats and trains, and offices opened all along the route between Cairo and Corinth. A police system was put into operation that began at once to be felt throughout the army and all the country within our lines. The first arrest made under it was that of a high official in General Grant's employ, who was convicted of the fraudulent appropriation of several thousand dollars, and sentenced by that general to two years' imprisonment. Colonel Truesdail continued in this department until the assignment of General Rosecrans to the command of the Department of the Cumberland, when he was induced to accompany the general to his new field of operations,—although, personally, he was disinclined to longer service, having now been actively and constantly engaged since the beginning of the war, absent all the while from his home and family.

At Bowling Green the army mail system was organized, and policemen were put at work, not only there, but in the larger towns along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and a surprising amount of knavery, smuggling, and guerrillaism was discovered. Upon reaching Nashville the police business at once assumed vast proportions. The city was full of

violent and confessed rebels, most of whom were both smugglers and spies, as opportunity offered. The army had drawn thither its usual corrupt and festering element of camp-followers. The entire community was rotten, morally and socially. Murder, robbery, drunkenness, and all the nameless vices of rebeldom and war, were openly and shamelessly rampant. The Government was victimized at every turn. Horses and mules, stolen from neighboring farms and stables, were hawked about the streets for purchasers, at prices ranging from ten to fifty dollars per head. Arms were pilfered and sold for a trifle. Boots, shoes, uniforms, camp-equipage, ammunition, and supplies of every kind, serviceable to the rebel army, were daily sent beyond our lines in every possible way that the ingenuity of bad men and women could devise.

In our necessarily contracted space we cannot hope to give even an outline of the work accomplished by the army police. Suffice it to say that in a short time its influence was felt in every part of the city and army. His patrols were upon every road leading from the city, arresting and searching rebel emissaries, and at times confiscating considerable amounts of contraband goods. His detectives were in every hotel, and upon cars and steamers. Assuming the *rôle* of rebel sympathizers, they were introduced into the proudest and wealthiest secession families. Passing themselves off, in many cases, as spies of Wheeler, Bragg, and Morgan, they acquainted themselves with the secrets, the hopes, and the intentions of that entire people. Men were also busy among our own camps, detecting army vice and fraud. Their searching eyes were on the several army departments, hospitals, theatres, houses of ill-fame, and every centre of public interest. A minute report of all these investigations and their results would thrill the land; but better that it be not told to blanch the cheek and chill the heart of many a true wife and fond parent.

Many offenders thus detected were vigorously dealt with; and yet the police records of the department reveal instances of young men made wiser and better by the kindness shown

and the advice given them. Humane, benevolent, and far-seeing, yet prompt to visit with merited punishment the hardened offender, none more ready than our Chief of Police to temper justice with mercy. The many instances of charity to the destitute, of forgiveness to youthful follies of the young men whom he has aided and counselled, of widows and orphans he assisted to fuel and bread during the hard winter at Nashville, of the young women found in male attire whom he and his assistants have decently clothed and sent to their homes, and of deserted children for whom he has found asylums, would of themselves fill many pages of this work.

In brief, the influence of the army police was felt in every ramification of army and city life throughout the Department of the Cumberland. True, errors and wrongs may have been committed by its officials; many an arrest may have been made without good reason therefor, and many goods seized that ought to have been untouched; true, many bad men may have wormed themselves into its service; but, where such has been the case, none more ready to make restitution, none more severe in punishment of official treachery and knavery, than its justice-loving chief. All in all, he has done well, and has exercised the utmost care in the selection of his subordinates. For be it always remembered that there are but few men fitted for the business of a detective, and a still less number are found who will follow it. In large cities, and with armies, the detective is a necessity; and yet it is a profession whose follower is and must be one continued counterfeit. Bad men can make it detestable; but pure-minded, upright officers, operating secretly and in disguise though they may, CAN perform their duties with marvellous certainty in the detection of crime, with incalculable benefit to the public, and without injury to the innocent.

That the most worthy motives actuate the subject of this sketch in all his official dealings, the author has abundant reason to know. Colonel Truesdail (he is called "colonel" by general consent, though a civilian and quite regardless of titles) is possessed of a handsome private fortune, which thus far has been

diminished, rather than increased, by his army labors. Though a Southern man as regards the location of a great portion of his property and by reason of many years' residence in the slave States, he has been an original and uncompromising friend of the Union.

The results of the army police operations have been immense, both in gain to the Government and prevention of crime. Hundreds of horses and mules have been seized and turned over to the quartermaster's department. Scores of smugglers and spies have been detected and punished, thus largely curtailing this under-ground trade, alike beneficial to the rebels and detrimental to us. Large amounts of goods and medicines have been confiscated and sold, where the parties implicated were found *flagrante delicto;* and thus this branch of the army has considerably more than repaid its entire cost to the Government. Connected with it, also, is the spy department, from which a line of communication has been constantly maintained throughout the rebel States, to the extreme limits of the Southern Confederacy. This interesting feature in its operations, systematic as it is under the watchful eye of the Chief of Police and under the personal direction of the general commanding, must, for obvious reasons, be imagined rather than described.

To illustrate the efficiency of the army police, a few of the very many cases of smuggling, spying, and treachery which it has developed are related elsewhere in this volume. They are compiled from the records; and, strange and improbable as some of them may seem, they are essentially truthful narratives of actual occurrence. Indeed, the facts are necessarily greatly abbreviated in a publication so comprehensive as this, the minutiæ—the smaller lines and threads which contribute to the beauty of the woof—being unavoidably omitted.

As may be readily supposed, such an extensive army organization ere long attained considerable notoriety. It marshalled its friends and its enemies in almost regimental numbers. Even in the army it has been violently assailed,—not only by the vicious in the ranks, but by officers whose evil deeds were *not*

past finding out. If any direct charge was made, however, to General Rosecrans, it was at once and fully investigated; and in no one instance has the charge been maintained, as affecting the good character of its chief or of his principal aids. The breath of calumny has been even wafted to the Presidential ears, and the newspapers of last spring contained the announcement that a special commission had been appointed at Washington to investigate the operations of the police of the Army of the Cumberland. Many weeks elapsed, and this was not done. At the solicitation of its chief and his assistants, General Rosecrans then appointed a special inspector, Captain Temple Clark, formerly a member of his staff in Mississippi, and now chief upon the staff of Brigadier-General Johnson, to examine into the operations of his army police, and report. A portion of that report is herewith subjoined; and it constitutes an appropriate conclusion to our chapter:—

"NASHVILLE, TENN., June 2, 1863.

"MAJOR:—

"In compliance with your instructions, I have made a thorough examination of the books and papers connected with the Army Police Office and its operations in this department since its first organization, and I respectfully submit the following report as the result of my investigations.

"In arriving at facts and conclusions, I have taken advantage of every source of information at my disposal, except that of instituting a 'court of inquiry' and putting witnesses under oath.

"I find that the records of the operations of this institution, together with all important papers and vouchers connected therewith, have been kept with correctness and system, so that almost any official act of its employés can be easily traced from its inception to its result. This order and system greatly facilitated my investigation, and reflects credit upon the chief and his subordinates.

"The number of employés in this department, including scouts, spies, policemen, judges, clerks, mail-agents, &c., has at no *one time* exceeded fifty, although a much larger number appear to have been employed during the term of its existence,—most of them for short periods only. The expenses of the department from the middle of November, 1862, to June 1, 1863, are as follows:—

"For mail-service, six months and a half, $3,320; for salaries of clerks, scouts, and policemen in secret service, $66,564.55; making a total of expenses, including the military custom-house at Nashville, of $69,884.55;

of which amount the sum of $52,924.25 expenses up to May 1 have been paid, and the vouchers received and on file.

"The balance of $16,960 is for the expenses and disbursements for the month of May, not yet settled, though the amount is ascertained.

"Much of this last amount is for service rendered prior to the 1st of May last, and principally for secret service.

"The Army Police Department has seized and turned over to authorized agents of the Government, up to June 1, 1863, property to the value of $438,000.

"This property consisted of arms and ordnance stores, which have been turned over to ordnance officers; medical stores to a large amount which were found in the act of being smuggled through the lines to the enemy,—some of it stolen from our hospitals,—all being turned over to the medical director; and large quantities of goods and merchandise, which has been turned over to the custom-house officer and to the quartermaster.

"There has been placed in the hands of the United States District Attorney, with testimony for confiscation, the following property:—

"Stock of goods of Stewart & Co., Nashville, $25,000; stock of goods of Morgan & Co., Nashville, $35,000; stock of goods of Wilder & Co., Louisville, $80,000; gold from Mr. Lee, $109,000.

"For all the property thus disposed of, proper receipts and vouchers have been taken, and are now on file in the office, an abstract of which is hereunto annexed.

"Had the sphere of its usefulness ended here, the record of the army police would show well, and amply justify the wisdom of the commanding general in its establishment; but the great pecuniary profit arising to the Government from this institution is the least of its advantages; and the record of its services shows a long array of benefits to the army and the Government, only known to the members confidentially engaged in its service.

"The most important of these I propose to enumerate.

"1st. Through the agency of the secret police, especially selected for the service required, many rebel spies and smugglers have been arrested and brought to justice within this department, and information obtained and transmitted leading to the arrest of many more outside of the department.

"2d. The detection and prevention, to a great extent, of stealing in the army by officers and men; more particularly the stealing of horses and mules, at one time very extensively practised by both citizens and soldiers, now almost entirely suppressed through the successful vigilance of the army police. Over five hundred horses and mules stolen from the Government have been recovered by this organization and turned back to the proper channel.

"3d. Discovering frauds on the soldiers, attempted to be perpetrated by Northern houses through the agency of swindling advertisements and the circulation of obscene prints and books. These last have been seized to a

large extent, and destroyed, and a considerable amount of money which was being transmitted to these impostors has been returned by the police to the respective owners through army postmasters. A record has been kept, showing that each sum thus stopped and returned was duly received.

"4th. A perfect system of detection, reaching to the closets of traitors, and discovering who were the secret enemies of the Government within our lines, and guarding against their treasonable operations.

"5th. The employment of skilful scouts and spies to operate within and about the enemy's lines and furnish intelligence for the information of the commanding general. These men have been carefully selected for their peculiar duties. Most of them are well acquainted with the country and the inhabitants where they operate, and possess tact, self-possession, and nerve to a high degree.

"6th. A record of the character and political sympathies of nearly every adult inhabitant of the section of country through and in which the Army of the Cumberland has operated.

"7th. Knowledge and investigation of secret political societies, North and South, having for their object opposition to the Government and the prosecution of the war.

"8th. The detention and return of deserters,—of whom more than eight hundred have been arrested by the army police alone, and over two-thirds of whom would not have been reached through other sources.

"9th. Discovering and forwarding lost or stolen property belonging to officers and soldiers. The value of property so recovered and forwarded, or turned over to the authorized Government officers, exceeds $100,000.

"10th. Detection and exposure of fraud and irregularities in the military hospitals and other army departments, and the great improvement in the condition of our hospitals, which is chiefly due to the able medical officers more recently in charge of these institutions; yet a good share of credit is due to the detection, exposure, and punishment of grave abuses therein by the agents of the army police, who first occasioned the reforms by showing the necessity therefor.

"11th. The Army Directory, a record showing every regiment and detachment in the Department of the Cumberland,—in what brigade, division, and corps, and where stationed. This record is continued and every change noted. It contains also the name rank, company, and regiment of every officer and soldier who dies in the department, whether in camp or hospital; where he died, and where buried; the cause of death, and any circumstance necessary to be recorded as to the disposition of his effects, &c. The record has an alphabetical index attached.

"12th. The transmission of the mails done under the direction of its chief and by the employés of the army police. The mails have been delivered with surprising regularity and safety to every division and brigade in the army.

"That an institution like the army police, so vast and varied in its operations, assailing so many in their pecuniary, personal, and political

interests, should have powerful and numerous enemies, is not to be wondered at; and that this enmity should develop itself in complaints and accusations is natural.

"Knowing this condition of public sentiment, I have inquired among all classes of people for the grounds of complaint against this institution. While I heard many *general* charges asserted and suspicions insinuated by persons who upon general principles or from personal motives believed that wrongs had been perpetrated and that the members of the army police were guilty of dishonest practices, I was only able to hear of one definite charge.

"This was a case where a valuable carriage—the property of a young lady—was said to have been seized and confiscated by the army police and then appropriated to the private use of members of the police force. The person making the statement to me merely gave it as a rumor, saying that he knew nothing of the facts, and had no positive reason for believing it, he making the statement only because I was asking for charges.

"An investigation showed that the carriage in question was the property of a secession family, the head of which had gone South: it was found secreted in separate parts and places, was taken by the police, and *immediately* turned over to the custom-house officer, who receipted for it and subsequently sold it at auction for five hundred dollars, and the proceeds were turned over to the Government.

* * * * * * * *

"I would therefore earnestly recommend that the army police be continued as a branch of your department. Professional villains can only be matched by professional detectives. The one turns every resource of his nature, mental and physical, to the successful perpetration of crime; and he can only be circumvented by one who concentrates all his powers to detection and prevention.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"TEMPLE CLARK,

"*Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General,*

"*Special Inspector.*"

ARMY POLICE RECORD.

A Rebel Minus One Hundred and Nine Thousand Dollars!

One of the most important and interesting cases upon the records of the Police of the Army of the Cumberland occurred at Louisville, Kentucky, about the time when Major-General Rosecrans was assuming its command in October last. The Chief of his Army Police, and some of his assistants, had hardly arrived in that city before they got upon the track of the case, and fully developed the facts, which are as follow.

On the last day of October, 1862, as the mail-boat from Cincinnati to Louisville was ploughing its way down the Ohio River, well thronged with passengers, a party of three persons were to be seen in the saloon, seated before a table, enjoying themselves over a friendly glass and whiling away the hours with a game of euchre. The three were, comparatively speaking, strangers,—had not met with each other previously. Either by accident, by mutual attraction, or by *spiritual* affinity in the double sense (and whether these small, yet great, events in life come by chance, or are foreordained, we leave to casuists and philosophers to determine), it so happened that these three persons took to cards and cocktails from nine o'clock at night until two in the morning. One of these parties was Mr. John W. Lee, a well-dressed, smooth-faced, courteous, middle-aged gentleman, bearing the appearance of a prosperous and well-regulated country merchant. The second person was a resident of Cynthiana, Kentucky: his name or business is of no importance, as the only figure he cuts in this story is—like that of the deuce-spot in the game—to count. The third party at the table was a detective; and that is enough to know, gentle reader, to appreciate fully the story.

The game of euchre proved the entering wedge for another kind of game. The influence of cocktails and brandy-straight opened wide the door of friendship and confidence, and Mr. Lee intrusted to the keeping of his new-found acquaintance the weighty secret that he had in his charge a large amount of gold and greenbacks *in transitu* to its owners in Dixie. Mr. Lee further intimated that he would like to purchase some twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods to take to Kentucky to sell, and if he could get passes and permits of the military authorities at Louisville to get his money and goods through, he would be all right. Much conversation ensued that night and during the following morning, the result of which was that Mr. Lee and

his friend were to go into partnership in the merchandise, and the friend was to be instrumental in getting the passes, or, if necessary, in running the blockade. Franklin, Kentucky, was the point fixed upon as a good locality for selling the goods, and, of course, the nearest and best point to rebeldom in Tennessee for smuggling purposes.

Arrived at Louisville, Mr. Lee and his friend proceeded to the express-office in that city,—the latter by invitation of the former. Passing along the streets, Mr. Lee more fully explained that he had about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in gold and treasury notes; that he had taken English sterling bonds for his friends in Knoxville, Tennessee, to New York and there cashed them; that he had sold the bonds for thirty-two per cent. premium; that he had bought some gold at about the same rate of premium; that the money was to come to Louisville by express, and was there now, very probably. Upon inquiry at the office Mr. Lee found this to be the case. He asked the agent if *five* bags of gold were there for John W. Lee. The agent replied, "No," and said, "Have you not made a mistake in the number of bags?" Mr. Lee looked at his receipt, and said, "Yes; there are *seven* bags." This was correct, and the agent expressed his readiness to deliver it upon Mr. Lee procuring the usual identification. The twain were rather nonplussed: however, Mr. Lee remembered that M. B. Whiteside, Esq., of that city, knew him, and would vouch for him; and they left the express-office. The detective volunteered to find Mr. Whiteside. He did so: and that gentleman remarked that he merely knew Mr. Lee, but of his loyalty he knew nothing, and declined to vouch for or identify him. The new friend, however, did not despair; he saw Mr. Lee, reported progress, or, rather, no progress, and said *he* had friends in the city whom he would introduce, and who could not only identify, but also procure the requisite passes. All now was well. Mr. Lee and friend *smiled* most pleasantly in that very luxurious but rather one-sided apartment, the saloon of the Galt House. But—alas for the evanescent bliss of the happiest of mortals! —at this juncture a policeman tapped our tapsters on the shoulder, and they followed him to the shades. Mr. Lee was informed that he was under arrest; that his money had been seized where it lay in the express-office; that he would not be confined, however, but liberated on his parole not to leave the city. The new friend was hustled off to prison summarily, as an old offender; *i.e.* he was marched away from Mr. Lee under arrest; and then, most probably, set off to work up some other case of rascality, possibly a little sad at the loss of his prospective partnership in the country store at Franklin, or, *more* possibly, smiling at the trick that Mr. Lee was playing upon him, in holding out to him such an inducement to aid the smuggler on his way.

There was now a shadow upon the countenance of John W. Lee aforesaid. He paced to and fro through the public halls of the Galt House, as if tormented by a perturbed spirit. The close observer might have noted as much at a glance; and one person there was, lingering around that hotel, in and about, who was thus taking notes. He was a gentleman

familiar with the purlieus of the Galt House, and, probably, of many other houses in the city of Louisville. Some trivial pretext for conversation soon occurred, and this gentleman introduced himself to Mr. Lee as a paroled Confederate surgeon and a Mississippian, who enjoyed the privilege of the city through the interposition of influential friends. Our quondam surgeon had also come heavily to grief, and at once proceeded to unbosom himself to the interested Mr. Lee. He told him that, because of his prominence and influence as a Southern Rights man, his name was not placed upon the regular cartel for exchange, recently made out by Major-General Buell, that he was about to proceed to Bowling Green, then the head-quarters of Major-General Rosecrans, to have his name thus properly placed, and that he would then proceed home speedily, and without taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

This tale was pleasant to John W. Lee. It was told with such earnestness and unction, and was so well concocted, that it threw him completely off his guard. Here was trouble with which he could heartily sympathize. By this time the twain were cosily seated in the gentlemen's parlor of the Galt House, and Mr. Lee seemed to crave for friendly sympathy in return. To insure its extension, he gave this account of his affairs and their present condition.

During the last autumn two persons from Kentucky passed through the North and proceeded to the city of Augusta, Georgia. There they purchased of Thomas Metcalf English sterling exchange to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, paying for it entirely in Confederate scrip, all of which proved to be counterfeit. Upon ascertaining this fact, Metcalf at once sent to Knoxville for Lee, asking him to come to Augusta: he did so, and it was agreed that he (Lee) should have thirty-three and one-third per cent. of all the amount he could recover. This was a bright idea with our Southern brother Metcalf; for Lee was known at home as a good Union man, and could travel about among the Yankees and hunt up the money at will.

Mr. Lee was faithful and energetic in his search for the lost treasure. Aladdin never rubbed his lamp with more ardor than did this gentleman seek for sterling bonds or their proceeds. He found his way back to Morganfield, Union county, Kentucky, on the 16th day of October, 1862. He crossed the Southern lines upon passes furnished him by Metcalf; and, of course, he could pass through the United States upon the strength of his Unionism pure and undefiled. He obtains an introduction to Mr. George R. Ellis, of that town,—the latter being an officer, a constable or deputy sheriff, we believe, —and hires his assistance to find two persons, by name, Frank Payne and Martin Hancock, telling him that these persons had passed counterfeit Confederate money on the firm of Metcalf & Co., of Augusta, Georgia, to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, or thereabouts; that they lived somewhere in that vicinity, and that he wished to find them.

Lee and Ellis, after a vigorous search, found Hancock in Henderson county, and ascertained that Payne was either dead or had left the country.

They invite Hancock into a room, and Lee produces a letter from Metcalf & Co. (And here, by the way, we should remark that the latter gives two or three different names of parties in Georgia who owned the sterling bonds. In stating the case to the supposed Confederate surgeon, at the Galt House, Louisville, he gave the owner's name as Thomas Metcalf, of Augusta, Georgia; and in stating it to Mr. Ellis—as we see by Ellis's affidavit—he gave the owners' names as Whiteman & Co., of Augusta, Georgia.) This letter Lee read to Hancock; it charged him (Hancock) and Payne with passing off the counterfeit money. Hancock at once admitted the fact, and then and there agreed to refund the whole amount involved to Lee, as agent for the owners, informing him that the money was in New York City, and that he would go on with him and make it all right. Lee then employed Ellis to accompany them to watch Hancock and make all sure, agreeing to pay him five hundred dollars for the service. The three soon started for the East; and at Cincinnati Hon. Judge Trigg joined the party as counsel, procured by the far-sighted Lee. To be brief, they reached New York City, and there recovered one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars in money, and Hancock gave his note to Lee for fifteen thousand dollars, payable three months thereafter at Nashville, Tennessee.

The party returned to Cincinnati, bringing the money in two large trunks, which were so heavy that Lee feared they would excite suspicion, and there telegraphed back to New York respecting the exchange of the gold for Southern scrip, or something that would answer the purposes of the owner. Mr. Ellis and Judge Trigg parted from Lee at Cincinnati, and the latter came on to Louisville with the money, as related in the beginning of this chapter.

So much for the story of John W. Lee, told to our confidence-man, the Confederate surgeon. The latter heartily sympathized with his friend, and with the Southern owner, who, he hoped, would yet get his money from the Federal clutches. The surgeon remarked,—

"I have a heartfelt interest in your case. I am a native of Georgia. I know Thomas L. Metcalf, of Augusta, well, and he is a true, uncompromising friend of the South. He is very wealthy,—a heavy cotton-dealer and ship-owner, &c. When the war broke out, Mr. Metcalf raised and equipped a company called the Metcalf Guards, which company fought at the first battle of Bull Run, and was, sad to say, almost annihilated."

"I am pleased to hear this," replied Lee, "and that Mr. Metcalf has another friend here. But one thing let me caution you about: don't breathe a word here about his Southern Rights course, as you respect him and love the cause. Be very careful; for I shall now insist that he is a good Union man, and think that I can thus get his money back and save my portion of it."

The surgeon of the Confederacy promised faithfully to be silent on that point. It was also further arranged that he would at once go to Bowling Green, see Major-General Rosecrans, get his exchange papers adjusted, and return to Louisville, when Lee would have letters ready for Mr. Met-

calf explaining the ills that had happened to their plan, which letters were to be taken to the sunny South by the surgeon.

The story is told. Mr. Lee saw the surgeon no more; nor did his old steamboat friend again turn up. His money is now in possession of the United States Government, and the trial of the case is pending, we believe, in the United States District Court at Louisville. When we last heard from John W. Lee, the good Union man, he had feed a lawyer for ten thousand dollars to win the case, at Washington, where he expected to get back his bargained share, thirty-three per cent. of the sum total. This statement is compiled from the evidence of the two witnesses,—the surgeon and Mr. Ellis of Kentucky,—and, if the facts are as thus stated, Mr. Lee will have a happy time of it in recovering his percentage.

A Nest of Nashville Smugglers.

For many weary months after its occupation by the Federal army, Nashville was the great centre to which thronged all the hordes of smugglers, spies, and secret plotters of treason, whom a love of treachery or of gain had drawn to the rebel cause. The aid and encouragement received from the wealthy Secessionists of the city enabled them securely and successfully to carry out their designs, which, added to its proximity to the heart of the Confederacy, made it a peculiarly advantageous base of operation. Through them, lines of communication were kept open to every part of the South, and the rebel army supplied with valuable goods and still more valuable information. Their shrewdness and secrecy seemed to defy every attempt at detection. The regular pickets, do what they would, found it impossible to prevent the transportation of contraband goods beyond the lines; and it was only when mounted policemen were stationed on every road leading from the city that a noticeable decrease in the operations of these aiders and abettors of the rebellion became apparent. As an illustration of the beneficial effects of the new arrangement, and to show to what great results a trifling circumstance will sometimes lead, the case of the three Friedenbergs and the developments to which it gave rise are here narrated.

On Sunday, the 28th of December, 1862, as two of these policemen were patrolling the Murfreesborough pike, they saw coming towards the city a buggy in which were seated three men. At first glance there was nothing to distinguish them from ordinary travellers; but when they had drawn near enough to see the policemen, the youngest and smallest of the three jumped from the buggy and made for the woods with desperate speed. This, of course, excited suspicion, and he was at once pursued, but unavailingly. His two companions, however, were halted and sent under guard to the police-office. An examination of themselves and vehicle revealed the presence of nothing contraband; the only thing found upon them being

several hundred dollars in Southern money. Their names, they said, were Besthoff and Friedenberg. They had been engaged in merchandizing at Atlanta, Georgia, before the war, and had remained there until recently. Finding they could no longer keep out of the rebel army, they determined to escape; had closed out their stock at what it would bring, and with the proceeds were now on their way North. Of the young man with them when first seen, they either could or would say nothing more than that he was a stranger whom they had found at Murfreesborough, and who had begged a passage in their buggy to Nashville. Such was the substance of a very pitiable story of hardships, suffering, and heavy losses, related with much volubility and feeling, and, there being no evidence contradictory of it, or warranting their further detention,—whatever private reasons there may have been to suspect its truth,—they were released.

Attention was again directed to the young man—or boy, rather—who had escaped. His hasty flight indicated something wrong, and detectives were put upon his track. For several days nothing was heard of him; but one morning he was seen gliding stealthily through an alley in the city, and, chase being made, was this time soon caught. He was found to be a German Jew, not yet sixteen years old, but bright and quick-witted far beyond what is usual at such an age. An examination at the police-office disclosed upon his person about six hundred dollars, which was taken from him. On being questioned, he said that his name was James Wilson; that he formerly lived in Cleveland, East Tennessee, but had been peddling in Atlanta, Georgia. His story was much the same as that of Friedenberg and Besthoff; he had sold his goods, was anxious to get away and go to Germany, was tired of the business, had lost heavily, &c. As in the case of the others, this was reasonable enough in itself, and he was about to be released, when a gentleman sitting in the office—formerly a resident in the South, but now in the army police service—called Colonel Truesdail to one side, and said to him,—

"That boy is lying to you,—is telling you a series of lies right along. I know him, and know who and what he is. I saw him at Murfreesborough peddling contraband goods, where he was generally known to be a smuggler, and I recognized him at once while he was talking to you."

"Take him into another room, then," said the colonel, "and work upon him. Talk sharp to him; tell him that you know all about him, and how you know it. Convince him that you have seen him in the South and know what he was doing there, and then tell him that if he will own up, tell all he knows about these smuggling operations, and disclose the names of those engaged in it, we will return him his money and let him off without punishment; but, if he won't do that, we'll keep his money and send him to the penitentiary."

This was done; but the boy still persisted for some time in his original story. Finding, however, that he really was known, and that it was likely to fare hard with him, he finally yielded and made a new statement, which was in substance as follows.

His name, he still said, was James Wilson,—this was afterward found to

be untrue,—and he had been living in Cleveland, as he first stated, for two years. He was a native of Germany, and his parents still resided there. About two months since he came to Nashville,—purchased goods, succeeded in smuggling them through the Federal lines, and took them to Atlanta, Georgia, where he sold them. The goods were purchased of Staddler & Brother, No. 2 Public Square, and Kleinman & Co., on Market Street, and consisted entirely of fine combs, for which he paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per dozen. These he packed in two satchels, and, wishing to get them out of the city, was introduced to one F. W. Keller, residing about one and a half miles out on the Zollicoffer Road, who took him and his goods out to his house the same evening, with his children, as he carried them home from school. Keller also took out with him at the same time a box of goods which he said he had bought of the Friedenbergs. For helping him out, Wilson paid Keller fifty dollars, and received from him the next morning a note to one Avis Brown, in which it was stated that the bearer was a smuggler who wished to get away as soon as possible, and requesting Brown to assist him in doing so. From Keller's Wilson made his way, partly on foot and partly on a horse which he purchased on the road, to Brown's, who received him kindly and showed him the way. Thence he went to Franklin and Murfreesborough, where he sold his horse and took the cars for Atlanta. Here he sold the combs for one dollar each, and then returned by rail to Murfreesborough, where he met Friedenberg and Besthoff, with whom he came to Nashville, arriving there—or rather in sight of the policemen—on Sunday, the 28th of December. This trip occupied about twelve days, and proved very profitable to him; and it was now his intention to go home to Germany.

Respecting others engaged in smuggling goods through the lines, he said that he knew a Mr. Wolff, living in Atlanta, who had recently purchased an assortment of buttons, needles, pins, gold lace, &c., which he had carried out in a two-horse wagon that had a false bottom to the bed, and taken to Chattanooga, where the witness had assisted in unloading them. One A. Haas had a two-horse carryall with a false bottom, and had the previous month taken in it a load of goods from Nashville to Atlanta, where he also resided. The false bottom, he said, was put into the carryall in Nashville. Leo Cohen also had a false-bottomed wagon, which he had made in Nashville, and with which he had smuggled a load of contraband articles to Atlanta. About three months ago, a man living at Selma, Alabama, had come to Nashville and purchased two wagon-loads of goods, which he took through the lines with him to Chattanooga, whence he made his way to Selma. He knew, he said, further, that Schwab & Co., a heavy firm in Nashville, had been engaged in smuggling, but not to what extent. As to the Friedenbergs, &c., he did not know, of his own knowledge, that they had been running goods through the Federal lines, but he did know that Abraham Friedenberg had on several occasions taken goods to the South from Nashville, and had seen him in Murfreesborough and Chattanooga with them, and he knew that they were the goods which he had seen loaded into a two-horse wagon, furnished with a false bottom, at the store of B. F. Shields & Co., in Nashville, and he

was afterwards told by Friedenberg that they had been sold by him in Chattanooga and Atlanta. These were the only persons engaged in contraband trade of whom he had any knowledge.

Having thus fully revealed these matters, the boy was released, his money returned to him, and himself sent North. The information given by him was at once improved by the arrest of Keller, at whose house was found and seized a large amount of dry goods and clothing. Keller, upon his examination, stated that about five weeks previously he had come to the city to sell some butter, and while at the market was approached by two Jews named Friedenberg, who inquired where he lived. On being informed, they asked him if he could not take out to his house some goods for them, for which service they would pay him well. After some conversation, and on being assured that there was no danger in it, he agreed to take them out, and came the next day, as requested, with his wagon for them. The Friedenbergs loaded the wagon with a large quantity of hoop-skirts and several small boxes and bundles of unknown goods. These he carried to his house, and the same evening another Jew, named Besthoff, came out with a new wagon, drawn by two mules. Stopping there a few minutes, he went down the road, and, returning the next morning, informed Keller that he had taken down a load of goods in that wagon, concealed by a false bottom. He then requested the Jew to take the goods from his house, or he would throw them out into the yard. Besthoff said he would come back and get them on his return from the city in an hour or so,—which he did,—loading them into the same wagon which he had with him on the day previous, and giving him at the same time an order on Friedenberg, written in Hebrew, for his pay. This order was presented the next day, and the amount—five hundred dollars—promptly paid by Friedenberg, who remarked that they would make fifteen thousand dollars on that load. There were three Friedenbergs, all of whom were in the habit of going out on the same pass which Besthoff had used, and which was in one of the Friedenbergs' name. Whoever used it would leave it at Keller's house, and he would take it back to town for the others.

At one of his visits to these Friedenbergs they induced him to take three boxes of gray caps out and go with them to Murfreesborough, saying that he could sell them there for five or six dollars each, and that they would divide the profits with him. About ten days before Christmas he went with the caps to Murfreesborough, where he found great difficulty in disposing of them at all, but finally closed them out for one dollar each, in Confederate scrip, which realized about seventy cents to the dollar. Here he met Besthoff and Friedenberg, the latter of whom informed him that he was then going to Atlanta, but that he would soon return, and would then want more goods brought through the lines. Returning on Christmas day, Keller went immediately to see the other Friedenbergs, who told him that they would furnish him some goods to take out and sell, which would pay a great profit. The arrangement proposed was that he should pay them the cost-price of the goods when he took them to his house, and that they would pay him his money back, and fifty per cent. in addition, when the goods should be delivered

to their partner, the other Friedenberg, on his return from the South. To these terms he agreed, and took out the goods which were found at his house and seized there, and for which he had advanced over nine hundred dollars. Abraham Friedenberg returned to Nashville, but, instead of coming for the goods, as promised, went to Louisville, and the other Friedenbergs then said that they would send somebody else to get them; but before they could do so their arrangements were broken in upon by his arrest and the seizure of the goods. The Friedenbergs and Besthoff were all partners,—they had told him so, many times; also that they were smugglers, and did nothing else. The goods which he carried out were sometimes taken under a quilt or blanket in his market-wagon; or sometimes he would put the boxes under bundles of oats; and when they were large he would throw manure over them. He made five trips to bring out the goods, for which they paid him the five hundred dollars. At the time he was about to start for Murfreesborough with the caps he did not keep it a secret, and about that time he met one Salzkotter, who requested him to say to his partner Schwab, if he met him, not to come back, for if he did the Yankees would catch him. Besthoff had told him that this same Schwab had made twenty thousand dollars on hats which he had smuggled through the Federal lines in feather beds, and that he and his firm—Schwab & Co.—had been engaged in the same kind of business ever since the war began.

Keller also related the history of his acquaintance with the boy Wilson, whose real name, as he had been informed by Friedenberg, was Solomon Guthman. This did not differ much from the boy's own statement, but contained the additional information that Wilson was connected with the Friedenbergs, always procured his goods from them, and seemed to be one of them. He had made five thousand dollars, he boasted to Keller, by smuggling goods through the lines, and he was now going on to Philadelphia to buy another stock, on which he would make five thousand dollars more. Keller stated, in conclusion, that he was a vegetable gardener, and had been doing well before the rebellion, but had found it impossible to make a living since. He had been driven into this business through sheer poverty and ignorance: he had no wish or design to injure the Government,—was not in favor of the rebellion. By the seizure of the goods he had lost every thing he had; and, as they did not really belong to him, but to the Friedenbergs, by whom he had been inveigled into carrying them to his house, he hoped that the military authorities would force them to refund him his money, or a portion of it, at least.

In consideration of all the circumstances, and believing that Keller did not engage in the business for the purpose of aiding the rebellion, but rather through actual fear of coming to want, and that he might be made of some service to the Government, it was proposed to him that he should turn around and assist in developing the case against the Friedenbergs and Besthoff, so as to secure their punishment and the confiscation of their goods. If he would do this, and work faithfully, he was promised that he should not be a loser by it, but should be remunerated for the money he had

advanced to the Friedenbergs. Keller gladly accepted the offer, and went to work at once, following the matter up diligently and faithfully, and since then has been almost constantly employed in the secret service. Through his instrumentality Isaac and Mike Friedenberg were arrested, and some nine hundred dollars in money, besides personal property, as watches, &c. were found upon their persons and seized. Diligent search was made for Abraham Friedenberg and Besthoff; but they had gone to Louisville to purchase goods, and, by some means hearing of the affair, made good their escape. At the same time a large stock of goods, valued at between four and five thousand dollars, stored in the auction and commission house of B. F. Shields & Co., was seized as the property of the Friedenbergs. Isaac Friedenberg, when arrested, had little to say, further than to admit that he had sold the goods to Keller, but claiming that he did not know that the latter intended to smuggle them through the lines, though he did know that Keller had previously taken goods to Murfreesborough to sell. Mike Friedenberg, however, made quite a lengthy statement, which resulted in the arrest of still other parties, and was in brief somewhat thus:—

In March, 1857, he went to Columbus, Georgia, and remained there, engaged in merchandizing with his brother Isaac, until March, 1862, when he came to Nashville. The reason of his leaving Columbus was that he did not wish to enter the rebel army, and could not longer remain there without doing so. He had not been back since leaving there, and his business there was still in an unsettled condition. His brother Isaac was at that time in Richmond, whither he had gone when the Federal army occupied Nashville, and had written to him as he was about leaving Columbus to stop at Nashville and take charge of the balance of a stock of goods which he had left there. This he did, moving them first into the store of a Mr. Stein, and, on the latter's leaving for New York, to the store of Shields & Co., where he began selling them out. On the 16th of June, 1862, he was taken sick, and for two months was unable to attend to any business. Just before this, however, Isaac had returned from Richmond, and proceeded immediately to New York to buy more goods. He returned, however, without any, and Mike, on recovering, went himself to New York, and remained there two months, when he again came to Nashville, reaching there on the 28th of November, 1862. In the mean time his brother Isaac had bought of two parties in Nashville a considerable stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps, and gentlemen's furnishing goods, which he then had in Shields's store, and which he said belonged to himself, Mike, and their nephew, Abraham Friedenberg. After his return from New York, Mike himself purchased from A. Laob & Co. a lot of hats, which were still in the store of Shields & Co. when seized by the police. Abraham Friedenberg was in partnership with himself—Isaac—some five or six weeks, and then left them and went with Besthoff; but what they did he did not know. One day Abraham Friedenberg came to him and wished him to buy him a wagon and two mules, which he did, paying for them four hundred and seventy dollars. The next day Besthoff came and requested him to get Mr. Smith, a carpenter, to make a false bottom to the

wagon. He said Mr. Smith knew all about making it, and that when it was finished he—Besthoff—would call for it. Smith agreed to make, and did make, the false bottom, as he desired, and Friedenberg afterwards saw it in the wagon. Keller's arrangement for carrying goods out to his house was entirely with Besthoff and Abraham Friedenberg. He carried out five or six loads for them, and Abraham Friedenberg furnished the five hundred dollars to pay him. Besthoff and A. Friedenberg loaded their own wagon—the one with the false bottom—twice, and went with it into the country, where they remained until December 28, when they returned, and in two or three days afterwards went North. Through them he became acquainted with Keller, and sold him seventy-four dozen fine combs, which cost one dollar and fifty cents per dozen, for two and a half or three dollars a dozen, eighteen pounds of flax thread, and some other goods.

This testimony of Mike Friedenberg led to the arrest of John L. Smith, who made the false bottoms, and who stated, on examination, that he was a carpenter, and had a shop on the corner of Lime and High Streets. In the latter part of February or about the 1st of March, 1862, a Mr. Salzkotter, of the firm of Schwab & Co., merchants of Nashville, called at the shop and requested him to make a false bottom in a light spring-wagon, and afterwards sent the wagon to the shop, where the bottom was made and put in. The way in which it was made was this. Side-pieces were put on each side of the bed inside, and one through the centre, the whole length, and on these pieces planed boards were secured, leaving between the two floors a vacant space of from two and a half to three inches. When finished, Salzkotter himself came after the wagon and took it away, but neither at this nor at any other time did he say for what purpose he intended to use it. Since then he had made five or six similar ones for other parties, all of whom had been introduced by this same firm of Schwab & Co. He objected to making them at first, but finally was induced to do so, though he knew it to be wrong. Salzkotter paid him five dollars for the job; Haas, the only one of the other parties whose name he could remember, paid him ten, and the remainder fifteen dollars. After the wagon for Salzkotter was finished, and before he took it away, he sent to the shop a dray loaded with boxes, the contents of which he said he wished to pack into his wagon. Smith gave him the key of the shop; and during the night they were unloaded and packed,—as the wagon was gone in the morning, and the boxes were there empty. Mr. Smith did not know what was in these boxes; but Mahlon Jones, one of his workmen, testified that he helped remove them from the dray, and, in so doing, one of them fell upon the ground and was broken open, exposing the contents, which were quinine and other medicines.

It was now Salzkotter's turn to receive the attention of the police, as a smuggler and dealer in false-bottomed wagon-beds; and some three or four thousand dollars' worth of liquors and domestics were seized as belonging to him. He was immensely indignant, of course, and unblushingly endeavored to lie out of the scrape in which he found himself. When questioned, he stated most positively that he had been keeping books for Schwab & Co. in

Nashville for three years, until some three months previous, when the store was closed. He had never been in partnership with Schwab. The firm—composed of Schwab and his brother-in-law, H. Dreyfoos—owed him some four thousand to five thousand dollars, for which he held their notes. Schwab and his partner had both left the city, and he believed them to be in Knoxville, where they had a branch house. They had left him about one thousand dollars' worth of liquors to sell for them, and he had sold all but about two hundred dollars' worth. He also had some two hundred dollars' worth of liquors of his own, which they had given him in settlement. He had never had made, for himself or anybody else, a wagon, carriage, or vehicle of any description, with a false bottom, and he did not know anybody who had. He had never bought any wagon for himself or other person, nor had he been, directly or indirectly, connected with anybody in running goods through the lines to the enemy or to any disloyal persons. Schwab & Co. had had considerable trade with the South, but it was all before the war. Their books and papers were left with him to settle up, and he was to pay himself out of the proceeds. He never knew of Schwab having had a wagon or carriage made for carrying goods through the lines. He knew Mr. Smith, the carpenter, but had never visited his shop for the purpose of having a false bottom made to a wagon or other vehicle. Of the other parties who had testified concerning them he knew nothing. When asked by Colonel Truesdail if he would make oath to this statement, he rose from his chair and said he would. The colonel, however, would not allow him thus to perjure himself, but immediately called up the witnesses Smith and Jones, who reiterated in his presence their former statements, and identified him as the man whom they called Salzkotter and who had several times been to the shop for the purpose of having the false bottoms made.

Mike Friedenberg was then called in, and, in the presence of Salzkotter, stated that his nephew, Abraham Friedenberg, told him to go to Mr. Salzkotter's store and inquire of him who could be hired to make a false bottom to a wagon. Accordingly, he went to Salzkotter one Saturday, some five or six weeks before, and made the inquiry, to which the latter replied that he would introduce him to a Mr. Smith who would make it, but that Smith would not make it if he went to him alone. After supper he called on Salzkotter by invitation, and together they went to Smith's, to whom he was introduced, and with whom, in Salzkotter's presence, he made an arrangement for the making of the false bottom. This testimony being rather damaging, Salzkotter endeavored to weaken it by a cross-examination; but Friedenberg still persisted in his statement, and further said that the wagons were made for the express purpose of smuggling.

The complicity of Salzkotter in the wagon-bed transaction was now fully established; and witnesses were next examined to prove that both he and the house of Schwab & Co. had been extensively engaged in smuggling goods through to the rebels. Edward Speckel testified that he lived in Nashville, knew Salzkotter well, and that the latter had told him some five months previously that he had been smuggling goods from Louisville to

Nashville. They were principally quinine and other medicines; and he had made eighteen hundred dollars on one trip. The goods were taken by a carriage to a way-station some distance from Louisville, and thence shipped by rail to Nashville. Near Louisville he just escaped detection by saying that the trunks contained only the clothing belonging to a family who were to join him at the station. Salzkotter said that his father-in-law, Schwab, had taken the goods South from Nashville and sold them, he being a partner in the transaction. He further said that he had been South himself before this occurred, and that he had cleared eighteen hundred dollars by the trip,—of which he had one half and Schwab the other. He had often remarked, laughingly, that they could make more money than the Union men, and seemed to make no secret of his sending goods to the South.

David Kuhn, who had lived in Knoxville eight years, testified that he knew the firm of Schwab & Co. Salzkotter was connected with them in some way, but he did not know whether he had an interest in the store or not. In Knoxville they sold liquors, cigars, and notions, but they had closed their store some eight months before. It was the general belief, and he knew, that the house was engaged in smuggling goods through the Federal lines. He knew that they had brought goods from Nashville, but did not know that they had brought them in wagons with false bottoms. Both Schwab and Dreyfoos had told him they had smuggled goods through since they closed their store, and in October, 1862, Salzkotter came to Knoxville in a light spring-wagon, with goods, as was believed. His reputation was that of a smuggler.

William Müller, who was formerly a clerk for Schwab & Co., corroborated Kuhn's testimony, and added that it was common report that Schwab & Co. and Salzkotter were in the habit of running goods through the lines by means of wagons having a false bottom. While clerking with them, he had heard the firm say that they were smuggling medicines and other goods through the lines; and he knew of pistols and knives having been sent to the Knoxville house of Schwab & Co. early in 1862. Salzkotter went to Knoxville in the summer of 1862; and it was the general report that he had taken goods with him. It was his impression that Salzkotter was a silent partner in the house, on account of having failed in business at Knoxville.

Salzkotter's case was now hopeless; and he seems at last to have given it up himself, as he made no further efforts to avert punishment by holding out against evidence so strong and positive. His liquors were turned over to the United States Marshal for libel and confiscation in the United States District Court, his domestic goods were put to immediate use in the hospitals, and he was sent to the Alton Military Prison, but has since been released, and is now again in Nashville. His money—of which he had some twenty-three thousand dollars—was not found, though long and thorough search was instituted for it. He admitted, however, afterwards, that the officers came within an inch or two of the place where it was secreted. In the case of the Friedenbergs, Isaac was imprisoned in irons for some time; but finally he and Mike were paroled not to come south of the Ohio River

again during the war. Their goods seized in the act of smuggling were confiscated at once, and those in store at Shields & Co.'s were turned over to the United States Marshal for libel and confiscation in the District Court. Their watches and money, after deducting enough to repay Keller, were returned to them. Smith, the carpenter, was released without punishment.

Thus ended this remarkable case, or rather series of cases, all resulting from the trifling incident of a boy jumping from a buggy in which he was riding, and escaping to the woods. It disclosed a vast network of fraud and villainy, and resulted in the punishment of three persons, the pardon and subsequent good behavior of numbers of others, and the confiscation of some ten thousand dollars' worth of goods. But, more and better than all this, it demonstrated the sleepless vigilance of the Government in the discovery of guilt, however secret and well planned, and the heavy hand of justice not yet too weak to visit upon the violators of its laws the full penalty so deservedly prescribed. It taught a lesson which could not but be heeded, and disclosed a power which must be respected and feared, if not loved.

The Hollow-Heeled Boot.

In the earlier days of the rebellion there lived in Southeastern Missouri one Ogilvie Byron Young. He was a wild, graceless scamp, rich in the blood of his ancestors, but poor in purse. To the pride of Lucifer he added the courage of Falstaff and the honor of Iago. A scion of Virginia's aristocracy, he deemed himself a statesman from birth and an orator by nature. Showy in manner and superficial in attainments, he could act the accomplished gentleman or the bullying braggart as best suited the occasion. Vain, reckless, and boastful, he was scorned as a visionary enthusiast by some, feared as a bold, bad man by others, but admired as a genuine Southern cavalier of the old school by those who knew him least. Wildly imaginative, but immensely unpractical, he plunged madly into the first waves of rebellion, and, while Sterling Price was yet a Union general and Claiborne F. Jackson a loyal Governor, dared to avow and advocate opinions of the most ultra-Southern character. Fine-drawn theoretical arguments on the right and duty of secession were spread before the people of the State, in column after column of letters published in newspapers and to which was attached the full signature, "Ogilvie Byron Young." The rough backwoodsmen of his county were momentarily swayed by his presumptuous clamor, and he was sent to the first Missouri State Convention. Here he was the only member that took strong ground in favor of secession *per se*, gaining thereby not a little notoriety. The State did not secede; but Ogilvie Byron Young *did*, and for some months he was not so much as heard from.

In the fall of 1861 he was arrested at the Spencer House, Cincinnati, as a spy. In due time an indictment and trial followed; but, though there was

abundant evidence of guilt, he escaped conviction by means of some technical informality in the proceedings. He was ordered to leave the city, however, and did so. In the following spring he was found in Covington, Kentucky, under an assumed name, aiding and abetting the rebels by furnishing information, and was again arrested. He had been cautioned by some one, it would seem; for there was found nothing upon him in the way of papers or letters to warrant his detention, and he was again released, to again disappear from sight for some months.

In November, 1862, he is again met with, in Nashville, where he had been for some weeks as a paroled prisoner, but acting all the while in his old capacity of smuggler and spy. In this business he seems to have had remarkable success, until his career was fortunately arrested by a combination of circumstances and the watchful shrewdness of the army police. About the last of that month Young was introduced to a gentleman who represented himself as a hostage for the return of certain loyal Mississippians captured at Iuka and treated by Price as traitors, contrary to the terms of the cartel between the Federal and Confederate Governments. At first he was shy and suspicious, but was finally convinced that his new acquaintance was really what he purported to be, and heartily entered into all his plans for the advancement of the Confederate cause. As his confidence grew stronger, he remarked that he had been of more benefit to the South, as a spy, than any brigade of rebel soldiers. He had encouraged desertions in the Federal camps, and made out paroles in the names of Morgan and Kirby Smith. The business was getting a little dangerous now, however, and he should get beyond the lines as soon as possible. He would have gone long ago, only that he had expected to be saved the trouble and expense of the trip by the fall of Nashville.

Our Iuka hostage then informed him that Mrs. Major Ranney—wife of Major Ranney of the 6th Texas Regiment—was in the city, under his charge, and just returned from Europe, whither she had been on diplomatic business for the Confederate Government. She had in her possession very important despatches, and was anxious to get safely through the lines with them. Young said, in reply, that he would bring his influence to bear upon the army officials in her favor, but in case she should be searched it would be well to provide for such a contingency. There was, he said, in the city a man by the name of Thompson, ostensibly a citizen, but really a rebel lieutenant in Bragg's army, and now acting as a spy. He had made the trip through the lines ten or twelve times, and could do it again. He was now engaged in drawing a map of the fortifications around Nashville and procuring information as to the numbers of the troops, &c., which should be forthcoming in due season. These secret despatches of Mrs. Ranney's, together with this map and other papers, could be hidden in the heel of a boot, which would be made for them by a bootmaker of the city in the employ of the Confederate Government. His name was C. J. Zeutzschell, and his shop was on Union Street.

This plan was agreed to, and Young was to assist in the execution of it;

in return for which, he was to be placed in a high position at Richmond. Young's reputation, however, was not of the best, and the bootmaker would do nothing for him, when called upon, without first making inquiries among his friends and consulting with our hostage, for whom the boots were wanted.

Accordingly, Zeutzschell came to his room one evening and said that Young had been to his house and wished him to make a pair of boots and to secrete important documents in them so as to defy detection. He had no confidence in Young's honor, and did not wish to do it for *him*. He knew him as identified with the Confederates, indeed, but he was a bad man, low in his habits and associates, never had any money, &c. He (Zeutzschell) had been inquiring of the *friends* of the South—undoubted secessionists—concerning him (our Iuka hostage), and was convinced that he was a gentleman and a true Southerner. He would do any thing to promote the cause,—money was no object,—he would lay down his life for it. If Young could be thrown off the track, he would make the boots and secrete in them a map of the fortifications about Nashville. His brother-in-law, Harris, would go out and see if any new ones had been erected. If not, he had a perfect plan of them in his head, to prove which he immediately sat down and drafted one. He remarked that he had recently sent several such to General Morgan. He had made the boots for all the spies in the same way, and not one had ever been detected. He had sent valuable information in a common pipe.

"Can you get a pass for your man?" asked our hostage. "Certainly," was the reply; "as many as you like. There is a German at head-quarters who steals blank passes for me, and I fill them up myself. I give him whiskey for them."

He would like to go South, too, he said, in conclusion. He could describe the fortifications so much better than in a map.

Both parties being satisfied, an agreement for the boots was made. Zeutzschell was to get the exact distances of the defences, the number and disposition of the troops, &c., and secrete them, together with Mrs. Ranney's despatches, in the heel of one of the boots. This he did, according to promise: the boots were made and delivered on the evening appointed. Instead of reaching Generals Bragg and Morgan, as intended, however, the maps, papers, boots, owner, maker, and spy, suddenly found themselves in the hands of the army police, much to the astonishment and chagrin of all parties concerned. Zeutzschell and Young were sent to the military prison at Alton.

The Pseudo "Sanders."

Prominent among those thronging the head-quarters of Brigadier-General Boyle, in the city of Louisville, one morning in November, 1862, might have been noticed a bright, handsome woman, who seemed exceedingly anxious for the success of some suit in which she was engaged. Her dress and manner indicated that she belonged to the higher walks of life, but otherwise there was nothing in her conduct or appearance by which a careless observer would distinguish her from the hundreds of others who daily gather at the office of a commanding general, seeking favors as numerous and diverse as the applicants themselves. The practised eye, however, could easily discern certain suspicious circumstances attaching to her and suggestive of the idea that beneath all this pleasant exterior there might be an under-current of deceit and treachery. But her story was plausible, her manners winning, her conversation sprightly and interesting. The impression made by her upon all with whom she came in contact was in the highest degree favorable, and it seemed both ungallant and unjust to harbor the shadow of a suspicion that she was otherwise than a high-minded, honorable woman, who would scorn any of the petty meannesses of such frequent occurrence within our lines.

It subsequently transpired that her name was Ford, that her husband was a Baptist clergyman,—a man of ability and reputation, formerly editor of a religious paper in that city, and now representative in the Confederate Congress from that district of Kentucky. She herself belonged to one of the first families of the city, and moved in the highest circles of an aristocratic society. To a naturally brilliant mind, strengthened and polished by a thorough education, were added the ease and grace of an accomplished Southern woman. In the palmy days of peace she had been the centre of a bright galaxy of wit and beauty, dispensing to her admirers a bounteous hospitality, as genial as it was welcome. Now all was changed. These social gatherings had long been discontinued, the family circle was broken and scattered, her husband was a fugitive from his home, and she was seeking from the Federal authorities permission to pass southward beyond their lines and join him in his exile.

Lounging about the same head-quarters, on the same morning, with seemingly no particular business or present occupation save to watch the movements of others, was a quiet-looking man, who now and then cast sharp, quick, and stealthy glances at this Mrs. Ford, apparently regarding her with much interest. Presently, seeing her somewhat apart from the crowd, he approached, and, in a respectful, diffident manner, engaged her in conversation, which continued for some time, and, from the animated character it gradually assumed, was evidently upon some subject in which both parties were deeply interested. That it was of a confidential and private nature was easily inferred from the caution maintained during its continuance. It seems that, after some commonplace talk, the stranger informed her that

he was not what he then seemed, but in reality Captain Denver, of the Confederate army, visiting Louisville as a spy upon the movements of the Federal army in that portion of Kentucky. Highly gratified at this intelligence, the lady became very friendly, and at once invited the captain to visit her house. The invitation so warmly given could not be declined without apparent rudeness, and so was accepted, but with, as the lady thought, a rather unnecessary and suspicious hesitation.

Whatever unwillingness the captain may have outwardly exhibited in accepting the proffered invitation, he was not slow in availing himself of its present privileges and prospective pleasures. Calling soon afterwards at the residence indicated, he was cordially received by the family, whom he found strong in their sympathy with the South. Conversation naturally turned upon the war, and by a warm espousal of the Confederate cause he soon succeeded in ingratiating himself into their confidence, and, by way of showing *his* confidence in them, revealed his intention of presently escaping through the Federal lines to the nearest Confederate command, taking with him as large an amount of quinine, morphine, and other medicines as he could safely carry. Confidence thus implicitly reposed in the acquaintance of but a few hours could not be otherwise than pleasing to the fair hostess; and surely a reciprocal confidence would be little enough expression of gratitude in return. It was not safe; it was not wise; but "there can be no harm in trusting so true and firm a Southerner as Captain Denver," thought Mrs. Ford.

It was her purpose too, she said, to smuggle through the lines large quantities of medicine, and at the same time carry to the Confederate authorities valuable information of Federal movements and plans. Her husband was in the South, and she apprehended no difficulty in procuring a pass allowing her to go to him, so soon as the circumstances of her case could be brought to the personal notice of General Boyle. The enterprise in which both were about to engage now became the exclusive topic of a lengthy conversation, in the course of which the captain remarked that he had not sufficient money to make as extensive purchases as he wished, and was desirous of assistance from the friends of the cause in Louisville. Mrs. Ford thought this need not trouble him. She could arrange it to his satisfaction, and appointed an interview for the next morning, at which she hoped to report the complete success of her efforts. The evening passed rapidly, and the captain took his departure, leaving his entertainers highly pleased with him as a valuable acquaintance and colaborer in the cause of the South.

The same evening the captain chanced to meet in the office of the Galt House an old friend, Dr. Rogers, surgeon on the staff of General Sterling Price, a paroled prisoner, and now, by order of General Rosecrans, on his way to Cairo to report to General Tuttle for transportation by the first boat to Vicksburg. According to the terms of the cartel agreed upon by the Federal and Confederate authorities, surgeons were held as non-combatants and not subject to exchange; but the doctors, with others, found in the hospital at Iuka, had been detained by General Rosecrans, in retaliation for

the arrest and imprisonment by General Price of certain Union soldiers in Mississippi, and as hostages for their return. Their release had been followed by his; and he was now, as stated, *en route* for Cairo. At their meeting the next morning, Captain Denver mentioned the doctor to Mrs. Ford as his friend and an intelligent and accomplished gentleman, with whom she would no doubt be highly pleased, at the same time remarking that he was on his way South, and it would be greatly to their advantage to go thither under his protection. To this she readily assented, and desired the captain to procure her an interview with the doctor. This not very difficult task was speedily accomplished, and the doctor called upon her that evening. Some time having passed in conversational pleasantry, the doctor adverted to the carrying of contraband goods, and spoke discouragingly of its policy, saying that any thing of the kind would be a violation of his parole and might lead to his arrest and imprisonment. With apparent sincerity, Mrs. Ford promptly replied that though an enemy of the Federal Government she was an honorable enemy, and would engage in no enterprise to which the military authorities would refuse their sanction.

The doctor seemed satisfied, and did not revert to the subject, but, instead, imparted to her, in strict confidence, a secret of the utmost importance. It will be remembered that some months previous to this, George N. Sanders had successfully escaped from the rebel States and made his way to England for the purpose of negotiating a Confederate loan. High hopes of success, on his part, were entertained, and his return was anxiously looked for by the rebels. Mrs. Ford, with her whole heart and soul in the cause, was more sanguine even than her most sanguine friends; and imagination can scarcely conceive the bright colors with which she painted the future of the embryo Confederacy. Who, then, shall describe her surprise and joy when told by the doctor that their friend Captain Denver was no other than this same George N. Sanders, who had eluded the guard at the Suspension Bridge and was now on his return to the Confederate capital? She was also informed that his mission had been completely successful,—that the loan had been taken by the Rothschilds, and that Sanders had in possession the evidence and documents connected therewith, all written in cipher. She was cautioned against hinting a word of it to anybody, or even intimating to Sanders that she knew him in any other character than as Captain Denver. He would accompany them to Vicksburg in his present disguise, and, until that point was reached, safety required that it should be penetrated by no one, however friendly to the South. The interests at stake were too vast to be hazarded by exposure to a mischance, which a single careless word might bring upon them. In case, however, he should be suspected, it would be their business to assist him in the secretion of his papers.

The arrangements for the journey were discussed, and the suggestion of the doctor warmly espoused by Mrs. Ford. Her eyes sparkled with delight as she asked a thousand questions about Sanders: how he had managed to

escape the vigilance of the Federals; by what means he had accomplished his mission; what was the state of feeling in Europe, the prospects of recognition, and so on. The doctor answered as best he could, and at length took his leave to make final preparations to start the next evening. Passes were obtained, tickets bought, trunks checked, berths secured in the sleeping-car. Every thing bade fair for the successful termination of the enterprise. The night was passed comfortably in sleep, from which they were wakened, on arriving at Cairo, to find themselves under arrest. Denver and Rogers were indignant, but Mrs. Ford trembled like an aspen-leaf, and had the earth opened under her feet, revealing a bottomless chasm in which she must inevitably be buried alive, she could not have been more astonished and horrified. She could find neither tongue nor heart to utter a word in defence, and was led away in silence. A personal examination brought to light a number of letters and a large quantity of quinine concealed about her clothes. The trunks were found to contain similar contraband goods and much information of value to the rebels. Grieving will not restore lost opportunities, nor bring to the surface sunken treasures: else had not the hopes of Mrs. Ford been thus ruthlessly dashed to the ground, her letters and goods fallen into the hands of her enemies, and the riches of the Confederate loan taken to themselves wings and flown away.

After a protracted investigation, Mrs. Ford was sent South,—since which time she has engaged in the business of publishing a book giving an account of her experience and treatment under Federal rule. Captain Denver, *alias* George N. Sanders, *alias* Conklin, it is needless to say, was simply a member of the detective police of the Army of the Cumberland, and Dr. Rogers, of Price's staff, also a member of the same corps.

Dr. Hudson the Smuggler, etc.

The stroller about Nashville and its vicinity, in some of his more extended walks, may have noticed, on the summit of a considerable elevation about three hundred yards north of the Penitentiary, a large white house, half hidden in a beautiful grove of sugar-maples. The broad grounds in front, with their well-filled flower-beds, winding walks, and neatly trimmed shrubbery, tell of wealth and taste combined. Apart from the business portion of the town, with its constant hum, the air is redolent of perfume. Even the winds, seemingly, pause to dally in luxurious idleness with the cedar-boughs, and from the birds in the heavy-leaved magnolias are heard the notes of gladness. Surely here, if anywhere, under the shade and in the quiet of these magnificent trees, one could spend a life of happy content, alike ignorant and careless of the noisy world beyond.

In character with the house and its surroundings was the family that dwelt within, a few short months ago. Its head—Dr. J. R. Hudson—was a

large, stalwart man, whose whitened hair and beard would have indicated that fifty-odd years of life had weighed none too lightly upon him, had not the signs of present comfort been visible in every feature of his cheerful face. And, indeed, he had but few of the world's troubles to breast. The possessor of an elegant residence, and the proprietor of extensive iron-works near Harpeth Shoals, with three thousand acres of land attached thereto, and the owner of slaves and other property, he could now well afford to sit beneath his own vine and fig-tree, secure in the full possession of his ample fortune, and look out almost unconcernedly upon the wild waves of rebellion's stormy sea. His wife—a comely and interesting lady—was much younger and smaller than himself, but not less the embodiment of an untroubled and self-satisfied mind. A bright, keen eye told of acuteness and penetration, to which even her liege lord, physically great as he was, must bend the knee of inferiority. Three daughters, and a son, the youngest of all, constituted the family then at home. Two of the daughters were young ladies grown, and the third was just on the verge of womanhood: they were attractive in feature and manner, and possessed of many of those graceful accomplishments which mark the perfect woman.

To such a family, dwelling amid such scenes of beauty, and in the enjoyment of all that earthly riches could give, it would seem that the future could not well be otherwise than an unruffled sea of happiness. But life, like an ocean-voyage, is full of uncertainties. And so with this household. At the very moment in which we have looked in upon them, they were treading upon the threshold of a great disaster. But we will not anticipate, further than to say that the story about to be told is a striking illustration of that wild spirit which will peril all the blessings and comforts of life to gratify a reckless malice and hate.

One afternoon in the first week of January, 1863, the doctor was visited by a young lady, a Miss Roberta Samuels, a rebel sympathizer of Nashville, in company with a young man whom she introduced as one of Ashby's cavalrymen and a Confederate spy. In the most gracious manner the doctor expressed his gratification at having such a guest under his roof. The call being one of mere introduction, the visitor took his leave after about an hour's conversation, in which his host somewhat guardedly expressed sympathy for the Southern cause, and invited him to call again and often. In three or four days the spy called again,—this time in the morning, remaining until after dinner. The doctor, for some reason, was more communicative than on the previous visit, and, by way of showing his hearty good will towards the Confederacy, related the story of his assisting some fourteen rebel prisoners to escape from the penitentiary at Nashville through the Federal lines. On a very dark night, he said, they came to his house, where he secreted them until the way was clear, when he took them into the fields, pointed out the Federal picket-fires, and showed them where they could slip by in the darkness without being seen. By one of them—Samuel Y. Brown—he had also sent out a fine revolving rifle and pistol and various other articles. He turned to his visitor, and asked,—

"Of what does your command stand in most need?"

"Pistols and ammunition," was the reply. "And it is the principal part of my business here to-day to make arrangements with you to get a supply and have them run through the lines. You can help me, can't you?"

"I am just the man to do it," said he, earnestly, clapping his hand on the knee of his companion. "How many can you manage to carry out? I can get you as many as you want."

"I can get through with fifty, I think."

"Well, I'll look around and see about them. The next time you come I'll let you know, and I doubt not it will be all right."

The second day after, the doctor was again visited by this friend, who brought with him a Mr. Walker, whom he introduced as a paroled Confederate prisoner. They were gladly welcomed, and presented to the family in the sitting-room. The doctor remarked that he had been too busy since the last call to do any thing about the pistols, but he hoped "to get to work at it soon." He interested himself also in Mr. Walker's case, and asked him if he did not wish to get away from Nashville by running through the lines, without waiting to be exchanged.

"If you do," said he, confidently, "I can get you through any time you want to go. I can pass you out as one of the hands employed in my iron-works down on the Cumberland River, or I can send you out as a carriage-driver or wood-chopper. I have passed out several in these ways; and sometimes I give a man an axe to go out to chop wood, and he quite forgets to come back."

At this witticism all had a hearty laugh; and a still more lengthy and confidential conversation ensued, developing, however, nothing materially different from the points already touched upon. Highly pleased, the party at length broke up, with the promise on the part of the two Confederates to call again in a week or ten days and make further arrangements about the pistols, &c.

This appointment was kept according to agreement,—the two friends walking out to the residence one cold, rainy evening. They found that the doctor had a visitor before them,—one Captain Redman, a Federal quartermaster. This, of course, precluded the further transaction of the business on which they came, and might have embarrassed a less politic man than Dr. Hudson. He met the difficulty boldly, introduced them to the captain as workmen from his iron-works, questioned them as to affairs there, asked them if they had passes to go back, talked to them as Union men, and took every occasion to mock and jeer at the rebels and their cause, slyly winking, however, the while, at the two Confederates. Accompanying them to the door, the doctor was told by the spy that he had just returned from the steamboat-burning expedition near Harpeth Shoals, and that the Confederates were greatly in need of pistols; they wanted fifty at once.

"You shall have them," he exclaimed, shaking his hand energetically. "I have some Federal Government vouchers, to the amount of several hundred dollars; I am expecting to get the money on them every day;

and with it I'll buy the pistols. When shall I meet you to go and see about them?"

"I can't go at all. It will not do for me to be seen on the streets of Nashville," was the reply.

"Sure enough! But there's Mr. Walker,—he'll do just as well. I'll meet him to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, at McNairy's store in Nashville, for the purpose."

This was agreed to, and the parties separated for the night. The next morning Hudson and Walker met, as proposed, and went directly to a gunsmith's shop on Deadrick Street, kept by one William Rear. Rear was in the front part of the shop when they entered, but, without a word being said, all three walked through to the back room. Here the doctor, without introducing Walker, said,—

"I want fifty pistols for a friend of mine who is going to run the lines."

"I have but two," replied Rear, producing them.

"What is the price of them?"

"Twenty-five dollars apiece."

"Well, I'll take them; and I want you to get some more right away."

Then, turning to Walker, he added, "I'll go out now and see if I can't get some from Captain Redman's clerk; and I will leave a line here to-morrow morning, letting you know what I have done."

The two then left the shop, leaving the pistols until more could be procured. The doctor did not come to town the next day, as promised, nor the day after; and Walker began to fear that something had happened to him. To set his mind at rest, he sent him a note, which was answered by the doctor in person the next morning, at Rear's shop. In reply to Walker's queries he said,—

"I couldn't get any pistols, as the teamsters and soldiers from whom I expected to buy them were all gone. But I have something here that's pretty good, I think," exhibiting a bullet-mould made to run twelve at a time.

"You had better have some balls run with it," remarked Walker, as he examined it carefully.

"I'll have a peck of them run at once; and if you can't get them out, I will. I can put them under sacks of bran, or I will keep them at the house to load the pockets of prisoners when they run the lines. I can find ways enough to get rid of them; for Confederate spies and escaping prisoners always stop at my house. In fact, they make it their head-quarters," he said, laughingly, as he bade Walker "good-morning."

The doctor saw no more of Walker after this,—which he accounted for by the supposition that he had made good his escape from Federal restraint. Other parties and other business soon claiming his attention, he thought but little about it, indeed. On the last Monday of January he was surprised and pleased by a visit from his old friend the Ashby cavalryman and spy, of whom he had lost sight for some time. The sitting-room being occupied by a Federal soldier,—there as a guard to protect his property,—the doctor

and his guest retired to the parlor, where they had a long conversation touching the matter in which both were so deeply interested. The former was exceedingly communicative, and did most of the talking. He had recently secured, he said, through a Dr. Ford, a pair of fine revolving pistols and a revolving rifle, which his wife had taken out on the Charlotte pike to Mr. Charles Nichols, residing fifteen miles from Nashville, and there left them for a friend, who had doubtless got them by that time. He declared that his whole time and attention were devoted to assisting the Confederate cause, and that his principal object in taking the contract to furnish the Federal hospitals with milk was that he might pass the lines at will with men and materials to aid the South. He dwelt particularly upon the fact, and boasted of it as a shrewd trick, that he was kind to the Federal sick and wounded in order to pass as a good Union man and thus accomplish more for the cause he was engaged in; and it had been of great service to him; for he had been enabled to get many rebel prisoners and friends through the lines on his own pass and in other ways. At one time he had on his back porch eight Confederate soldiers just escaped from the penitentiary, while he was entertaining four Federal officers in the house. His particular aim was to keep arms passing into the guerrilla region on the Cumberland, to harass steamboats and the rear of General Rosecrans's army, and thus keep alive the spirits of the rebels. Towards the close of this conversation he said to his visitor,—

"My friend Dr. Ford is afraid of being arrested by the Nashville army police. Can you get him through the lines?"

"Yes, I can; but it will be in a risky way. He will have to run his chances, and may get shot," was the answer.

"Never mind, then: I can easily do it myself."

The spy now rising to take his leave, and intimating that he might not see him again, the doctor accompanied him to the porch, where he stood in his stocking-feet to say many parting words. When cautioned against it, he merely replied,—

"I would be glad to walk to the State-House on my bare feet ten times, if I could advance the Southern Rights cause by so doing."

Four days afterwards, on the morning of the 30th, a Mr. Newcomer called at the doctor's house and presented him a letter of introduction from J. Prior Smith, living twelve miles from Nashville, on the Hillsborough pike. His business, as stated in the letter, was to obtain assistance in procuring negroes, especially negro children, and running them through the lines to Smith, to be sold at the South. The enterprise, if successfully managed, would prove exceedingly profitable; and the doctor entered heartily into the arrangement. Having unbounded confidence in Smith, he was not at all reserved in his expressions, but repeated much of what he had told to Walker and the Confederate spy, ending by making an appointment to meet Newcomer at Rear's shop, there to aid him in the purchase of pistols to carry South. Here they found five pistols,—the same which had been procured for Walker, but which were finally sold to Newcomer. The

doctor also purchased on his own account several pounds of Minie balls to send to the rebels. His wife, he said, was now beyond the lines for the purpose of taking out a fine horse which he had bought from a soldier for a trifle. Newcomer advanced Rear money for the purchase of other pistols, Hudson promising to see that they were forthcoming at the proper time, and, just before leaving, made an arrangement with the latter to procure for Smith the requisite number of negroes and run them through the lines. He was to procure a pass for his driver and servants to go out into the country for milk for the hospitals; and in that way they could get the negroes out and such other articles as Newcomer wished to carry with him,—the latter acting as driver. (We should have stated, ere this, that Dr. Hudson had quite a herd of cows, and supplied milk to the Nashville hospitals, to a considerable amount, daily.) The doctor assured him that he could be relied on in every emergency, and that he would not hesitate to do any thing to assist the cause of the South.

The next day Newcomer called again, and paid the doctor two hundred dollars, taking from him the following receipt:—

"$200.

"Received two hundred dollars of Mr. Newcomer, to be appropriated as distinctly understood, or accounted for on sight, or sooner.

"J. R. Hudson.

"January 31, 1863."

The understanding referred to was that he should purchase pistols and ammunition to be carried South by Newcomer. The next day the doctor showed Newcomer the pistols, a double-barrel shot-gun, and a place which he called his arsenal, prepared by him for the express purpose of secreting arms whenever he should deem it necessary, and which, he said, would hold a thousand stand.

The doctor was now engaged heart and soul in the pistol and negro business, and for the next two weeks held almost daily consultation with his friend Newcomer as to the best means of procuring and getting them to their destination. In a week or so they had obtained six likely boys, who, Smith was informed, would be delivered at any place he should name outside of the lines, and the doctor had procured the promise of four more. So far every thing was progressing favorably; but the operations were more limited than suited the tastes of either, and each was constantly on the watch for some opportunity of materially enlarging them. Meanwhile the doctor was visited by numbers of persons representing themselves as paroled prisoners, spies, &c., to all of whom he extended a welcoming hand. With one in particular—introduced by Newcomer as a spy of General Wheeler—he became very intimate, and revealed to him his real sympathies and feelings quite at length. To him he said, on his first visit,—

"I am a strong Southern Rights man; and not a day passes over my head that I do not do something to assist the Southern cause. I am watched by the detectives, I know, and have been frequently reported, but have not yet been imprisoned, because I play my cards right. I have in my house fre-

quently, and am friendly with, many Federal officers, and, when reported, I prove by them that the charge is false. I have aided in the escape of many prisoners, but they have always thought me innocent."

Mrs. Hudson, however, did not seem as confident and easy as the doctor. She repeatedly cautioned their new friend to be very careful, as they were watched on all sides, and she had reason to suspect that certain suspicious-looking men who had been there a few days since were nothing else than spies sent there by some of the officers. She was assured by him that he was sharp enough to evade any detectives that could be sent to watch him or them,—at which she seemed satisfied and more at rest and confidential than before. Some of their friends, she said, with great glee, had recently escaped from the penitentiary, and intimated that she and a neighbor lady had assisted them to do so, without, however, saying it in so many words. The doctor made an appointment to meet him in town that day,—which he did, and pointed out to him on the street a number of friends whom it would do to talk to, gave him the names of others living in the country who would be of great assistance, and invited him to visit him at his house often, and to call upon him for any thing in his power to give.

At this time large numbers of negroes were employed upon the fortifications at Nashville; and it was here that the doctor hoped to procure all that he wished to run South. Accordingly, he called upon Dr. or Lieutenant D. J. Deardurff, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the Engineer Camp, and inquired if he could be spared some negroes long enough to build up and repair his fence,—saying that he would be very much obliged if he could be thus accommodated. The lieutenant replied that he might have them as soon as they could be spared, calculating, however, that this would not be until the works were finished, and not intending to let him have them until then. Soon afterward he was instructed by higher authority to confer with Dr. Hudson and consent to arrangements with him to furnish negroes, and was informed that the doctor would call on him soon,—which he did in four or five days. Being treated with some courtesy, he proposed the trapping of boys from ten to fifteen years old, and said to the lieutenant that if he would engage with him in the business and turn them over to him, he could get at least one thousand dollars for every boy large enough to plough, and for able-bodied men from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars, and that they would divide the proceeds equally. He further said that he could get any kind of a pass he wished, as he had a farm outside the pickets, and would have no difficulty in getting through and disposing of them as fast as they could be furnished. Deardurff assented to the proposition, and told him he could have as many as he wanted; whereupon the doctor took his leave, promising to call for them on the following Monday.

The next thing now was to see Newcomer, report his success, and make arrangements for the future; and for this he was not compelled to wait long, as the latter called upon him that very evening. The doctor reported that he had sounded Lieutenant Deardurff, with whom he had just taken dinner, in regard to the negro-smuggling business, and that the lieutenant had

agreed to go into partnership with him. He said, further, that he was going to-morrow to see Dr. Seamore and try to get three or four little negroes from him to take South, and also would go to Lieutenant Osgood and ask for a pass for himself and servants through the lines, upon which, if he obtained it, he would take out all the negroes he was to get from Deardurff and Seamore. Newcomer was highly pleased, and congratulated the doctor upon his excellent management. He had just returned from outside the lines, he said, and had taken with him six negroes, whom he had sent South.

"And while there," he continued, "I found a letter addressed to me from General Frank Cheatham, enclosing five hundred dollars, with which he requested me to purchase quinine for the use of his hospitals. I suppose I can procure it from Drs. Cliff and Ermy, of this city, can't I?"

"I am well acquainted with Ermy," replied the doctor; "and I don't doubt I can get all we want from him."

"But how will we manage to get it through the lines?"

"I think we can get Dr. Ford to carry it. At any rate, Ford, you, and I will meet at Rear's to-morrow and arrange it all."

Newcomer was at the place appointed in due season, but found neither of the others there. Somewhat disappointed, he sent a note to Hudson, asking the reason of it, and received word that there had been a misunderstanding about the place of meeting, with a request that he would call at his house, as he was anxious to see him. Going at once, he was told by the doctor that he had seen and talked with Dr. Ermy about the quinine, and that they could have one hundred ounces for four hundred and seventy-five dollars. Hudson had offered four hundred and fifty dollars, and Ermy said *he* would not object, "as it was for *suffering humanity*," but his partner, Dr. Cliff, would have four hundred and seventy-five dollars, which he had finally agreed to give, thus closing the bargain. Newcomer expressed himself fully satisfied, and was about to leave the house, when he was approached by Mrs. Hudson, who said that there was in the penitentiary a Confederate officer by the name of Russell, the son of an old friend of her husband, whom she was very anxious to get out and run through the lines.

"Yes," said the doctor; "I would gladly crawl on my elbows from here to the prison, the stormiest night that ever blew, if by doing so I could release him."

"If you can get him out, I give you my word that I will take *good care of him*," was Newcomer's reply.

"I will see him, then, to-morrow," remarked Mrs. Hudson, "and tell him that one of General Wheeler's spies is in the city, who will take charge of him and see him safely through the lines if he can only get out of prison."

It was now the Monday on which the doctor had promised to call again upon Lieutenant Deardurff, and he was prompt to fulfil his appointment. The interview was a pleasant one; and the doctor stated that he had made all the necessary arrangements, and was ready for business at any time, asking, finally,—

"Do you see any chance of being caught in it?"

"No," returned the lieutenant; "I can manage my part of it without any trouble. So far as I am concerned, I have no fear at all, and am satisfied that if the thing is properly managed there is no danger in it. Besides, didn't you tell me you could get a pass of any kind at any time you wanted it?"

"Yes," he answered, at the same time taking out and showing a pass. "I have one here. You see, it says, for myself *and servants*. I told them I had a farm beyond the pickets, and, as I was just commencing work on it, might want to take out more hands some days than others. They had better make it 'servants,' I said, and then it would pass out any number,—which they did; and all I will have to do now will be to say that they are my servants. The pickets are changed every day; so they'll not suspect any thing: and I think it's perfectly safe. At any rate, I'll risk it. If there's nothing risked there'll be nothing won, you know. We can make a very good thing out of it, and nobody will be the worse for it; because they are runaway slaves, anyhow, whom their masters will never get again, and so will lose nothing by our operations."

Other features of the plan were discussed for nearly three hours, when the doctor asked Deardurff to order his horse and go with him to select the best route to get them away, and also to call at his house and talk with his wife about it. He did so, and found Mrs. Hudson considerably more shrewd than her husband, but eventually gained her confidence, and was invited to dinner the next day. He accepted the invitation, and was generously entertained by the doctor and his family. During the meal, the former inquired if he could let him have any number of negroes, from four to twelve, that evening or night or the next morning, at any place that would suit.

"Do you know what you can do with them?" queried the lieutenant.

"I'll take them out on the farm, and then see what can be done with them and how many can be disposed of."

"If I were in your place I would go and see Prior Smith and two or three others of your friends, and see what they say about it," continued Deardurff, anxious to implicate as many as possible and at the same time convince Hudson that he was very much in earnest about the matter.

"That's a good idea. I'll go to-morrow morning, and report to you immediately on my return."

With this they parted, the one to go to his camp, the other to make ready for his journey. Whether this was ever performed it is not necessary to state; but certainly it was not the next day, for the doctor had more important business with Newcomer, which he must have forgotten when making this arrangement with Deardurff. The next morning Newcomer came early with the money to buy the quinine which had been engaged of Dr. Ermy. When told what he had come for, Hudson at once ordered his buggy, and was just ready to start for the medicine, when his wife returned from the city, bringing word from Dr. Ford to have nothing to do with it, as he had reason to know that something was wrong. Mrs. Hudson also said that Dr. Chalmers, of Hospital No. 15, had told her that she and the doctor were

watched at head-quarters, and that passes were only given them for the purpose of catching both of them,—that he had known it some time, and would have told her sooner, only he had been cautioned not to say any thing about it; but, notwithstanding, that he would warn them of their danger. He was surprised they were not already arrested; and they must keep a good look-out, or they soon would be.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Newcomer. "At any rate, I'll find out before night whether any thing of the kind is in the wind, from one of General Mitchel's clerks, who is in my employment."

At this both were much pleased, and said they felt perfectly safe so long as they had such a shrewd friend to watch over them.

Newcomer called again that evening, and found the doctor as ready as ever to assist in getting the quinine through; but Mrs. Hudson was still much alarmed. Promising to come again in the morning, he left without making any arrangements about the matter. The next day he was informed by the doctor that Deardurff had dined with him a day or two before, and that all arrangements about the negroes had been satisfactorily agreed on between them. Newcomer now said that he had seen the clerk he had spoken of, and that he had told him there was nothing on file at head-quarters against him or his wife, and that all Dr. Chalmers had said was false. This made matters right again in a moment; and Newcomer handed to Hudson the five hundred dollars, taking for it this receipt:—

"$500.

"Received five hundred dollars, to be appropriated as directed and understood.

"J. R. Hudson.

"March 6, 1863."

The doctor said he would get A. W. Hendershot, a druggist of the city, to take the five hundred dollars and buy the quinine from Ermy, and he would send his servant to bring it to the house. From thence he would get his wife and daughter—Mrs. Ward, who lived five miles out on the Charlotte pike—to take it beyond the lines to the house of the latter, and there leave it for Newcomer. They would, he said, tie twine around the necks of the bottles, and adjust them around their waists, under their clothes, and thus carry them out of their lines safely. He then introduced Newcomer to Mrs. Read,—wife of General Read of the Confederate army,—and gave him several letters which Mrs. Ford wished sent South. The ladies were very agreeable, showing him marked respect, inviting him to call often, and assuring him that he would always be treated "*as a friend indeed.*" Hudson started at once to make arrangements about the quinine, and Newcomer soon followed him.

The next day, Hudson said that he had bought the quinine, and that fifty ounces were then hidden in his house, and that to-morrow he would have the remainder there. Newcomer thanked him for his promptness, and engaged in conversation upon other matters. There was a Federal commis-

sary store burned in town last night, he said, and he believed it had been done by some friend of the South.

"I have no doubt of it," said the doctor.

"If I knew who did it I would make him a present of one thousand dollars."

"If that is all you want, I can find you as many men who will do that kind of work as you wish. I will go and see about it to-morrow and let you know."

"All right. I will pay well for it if it is well done."

"Well, I don't think it is any worse than to capture a train of wagons loaded with the same kind of goods. I'd make the match to set the buildings on fire myself. It is easy enough to do, too. All that is necessary is to take a piece of punk and wrap around it cotton soaked in turpentine; then set fire to the punk, and it will not blaze for hours after it is put in the building; so that a man will have ample time to get away before the fire breaks out."

This ended the conversation and the acquaintance of the doctor and Newcomer, who will at once be recognized as the scout and detective. And here, too, it may be stated—as has probably been already surmised—that Walker, the Ashby cavalryman, and Wheeler's spy, the doctor's three friends, were simply members of the army police. Before the doctor had time to put into operation any of his plans for smuggling negroes or medicines through the lines, he was arrested, together with his wife and the gunsmith Rear. An examination of his house revealed a large amount and variety of contraband goods,—among which were nine revolvers, three shot-guns, two muskets, one rifle, three bags of bullets and buckshot, a large quantity of domestic and woollen goods, three bottles of morphine, and *ninety-nine* ounces of quinine. This latter, it seems, his daughter had refused to assist in carrying beyond the lines, and therefore it was found just where he had secreted it. Hudson and his wife were imprisoned—the former in the penitentiary, and the latter at her house—while their case was pending. The decision finally arrived at was to send them South beyond the lines, whither they had aided to send so many others. Rear was released on parole and bond, and is, we believe, still at large.

Thus was the home-circle broken up; and where was once only happiness is now misery. Though the guilt of the parents is not that of the children, they feel its weight, and in sorrow must mourn it for many days. "The way of the transgressor is hard," was said of him who violated the laws of God's kingdom; and it is not less true of those who rebel and plot against a Government at once so beneficent and *so powerful* as ours. If at any time, now or in the future, the fate of Dr. Hudson, his wife, and the children upon whom his crimes have entailed sorrow, shall convey aught of warning to others, the labor spent in compiling this chapter will not have been in vain.

In this case there were two ruling passions developed in the aged and wealthy rebel,—one to aid the rebellion, and the other to make money for

himself. For the one, the plea of a mistaken, fanatical principle might be offered as an apology, but for the other none can entertain the least respect. The reader may exclaim against the seeming *temptation* resorted to in this case; but there was really no temptation. The detectives were strictly enjoined in this, as in all other cases, simply to afford facilities to the secret evil-doers of Nashville in this hour of general rebellion and peril to the Government; and the above record is evidence that they kept within the line of their instructions. The schemes of Dr. Hudson were his own, or arose incidentally from his surroundings. Had plans and schemes been deliberately made up for him, one can hardly conjecture to what extent his principles and feelings would have carried him.

Newcomer the Scout.

Harry Newcomer was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, in March, 1829. Born and raised in a hotel, he was employed as a bar-tender until he reached the age of about fourteen, when his mother died and his father broke up housekeeping. Thus thrown out of present employment, he soon afterwards went to Ohio, where he was apprenticed to learn the milling business. Serving out his time, he continued at this some years, until his brother-in-law, a Mr. ——— Gates,—now County Auditor of Ashland county, Ohio,—was elected sheriff, when he was appointed one of his deputies. In 1857 he went to Cleveland, and was employed by Jabez Fitch, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Ohio, as a detective officer. This situation he retained some three years, during which time he was quite successful in developing several noted cases of crime and bringing to punishment men who had grown gray in villany. One of these cases is so remarkable in its history and character, and was productive of such startling results, that the author thinks it worthy of a detailed narration, as an example of the skill displayed by our detective, and an illustration of the practical truth of the saying that "murder will out."

Information had been obtained by the authorities that a large business was transacted in the manufacture and sale of counterfeit money in Geauga county, Ohio. Though it was certain that the information was correct, it had thus far been found impossible to obtain any positive evidence by which to fix the guilt upon the suspected parties. By his previous operations Newcomer had acquired the reputation of being an ingenious and successful detective, and it was determined to send him down to try his hand at the case. He was instructed to make the acquaintance of an old blacksmith named Jesse Bowen, who lived near a place called Burton Square in that county. This Bowen, in addition to his trade, cultivated a small farm, and had long been known as a lawless character, engaged in every manner of fraud and crime, but had, nevertheless, managed to escape detection and

punishment. He was now some seventy-eight years old, and lived a friendless, unsocial life, his house being shunned by all who had any care for their reputation and standing. To this man Newcomer introduced himself as William H. Hall, an extensive manufacturer of and dealer in counterfeit money. To substantiate this representation of himself, he exhibited large quantities of counterfeit bills on various banks,—with an abundance of which he had been furnished before leaving Cleveland. Two or three interviews were had, in which he succeeded in so completely gaining confidence that the old man gave him the names of all the parties in that vicinity dealing in counterfeit money. He was then working a small patch of corn, and as soon as he could finish hoeing that and cut and get in his hay, he said, he would take him around and introduce him to them, when he could easily dispose of all his money. Newcomer now went to work with the old man, and assisted him about his corn and hay, that he might get through as soon as possible. During this time he stayed with Bowen, sleeping up-stairs, while the old man and his wife remained below. Scarcely a night would pass that some one of the gang of thieves, robbers, and counterfeiters who made this their head-quarters would not come and knock on the side of the house. The old man would thrust out his head and ask, "Who's there?" If the password was correctly given, the door would open at once. By lying awake at nights when he was thought to be asleep, sometimes getting out of bed and listening at the window or peeping through the cracks in the floor, Newcomer soon ascertained that this password was "Washington," heard much of their conversation, learned their plans, and often saw them buying counterfeit coin of Bowen.

Day by day the old man's confidence in him became stronger, until at last he imparted to him all his secrets, took him to his shop, dug up from one corner his tools, moulds, and other apparatus for coining money, and explained to him the whole business. Newcomer now assisted him in the manufacture of bogus coin, and soon they had a considerable stock on hand. One day the old man called him out into a small orchard near his house, and, sitting down under an apple-tree, told him to take a seat beside him, as he wished to talk with him.

"I have," began he, "something to tell you,—something I never told to anybody before, not even to my wife. It seems strange, perhaps, that I should tell it to you *now*, a comparative stranger, whom I have known but a few days; but I feel something within me that prompts me to it. Forty years ago, when I lived in Vermont, my brother and myself murdered our brother-in-law in the woods one day. He was a simple, shallow-witted fellow, and was in the habit of wandering off by himself and remaining for some time away in the woods. On one of these occasions we waylaid and killed him. For a time nobody knew what had become of him; but by-and-by some portion of the body was found and identified, and we were arrested as the murderers. Nobody had seen the murder done; but there were certain things tending to fasten the guilt on us, and the possession of the considerable property he left was supposed to be motive enough for the deed. The

evidence was entirely circumstantial; but it convinced the jury: we were convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The case was desperate, and it seemed impossible to escape. The day of the execution was drawing nigh, and we had about given up all hope,—when relief and release came very unexpectedly. Some of our friends accidentally fell in with a man in New Jersey who was the very image of the murdered man. His most intimate friends could not have told them apart. I myself, when I first saw him, was ready to sink through the floor with fear, thinking that our brother-in-law had returned to accuse us. This man was brought into court, and swore that he was the identical man whom we had been accused and convicted of murdering. Nobody could gainsay it, and we were released. He remained there just long enough for this, and then disappeared as mysteriously as he came, never having been seen or heard of since. My brother remained in Vermont, and died there. What little property I had was entirely used up in the expenses of the trial, lawyer's fee, &c., and I came here to Ohio, where I have been ever since. I was poor, and this counterfeiting business suited my taste, and I have been engaged in it, more or less, during all the time I have lived here. Our case has been often published and cited as a striking instance of the utter unreliability of the strongest circumstantial evidence, and as a narrow escape from death of two innocent men; but nobody knew that we actually did kill him, and that his return was all a made-up scheme to effect our release, based upon the extraordinary likeness of the man to our murdered brother-in-law."

To say that Newcomer was not astonished and horrified at this strange revelation of long-concealed crime would be to say that he was not human in his sympathies and feelings; but, whatever he may have thought and felt, he artfully avoided any expression of it, and as speedily as possible changed the conversation to other subjects. The old man's work was now done, and the promised trip around the county was made. Some fifteen or twenty dealers were visited and traded with. Newcomer bought, sold, and exchanged counterfeit money with them, and thus gained their confidence as fully as he had gained Bowen's. Many of them afterwards came to see him at the house of the latter, where they had long conferences and together laid out plans for future operations. The circle of Newcomer's acquaintance rapidly increased, and soon numbered the more considerable counterfeiters, burglars, horse-thieves, &c. of that whole region. Several weeks passed in this way, when urgent business called him away, and he returned to Cleveland to report progress to Marshal Fitch. Officers were immediately despatched to the place, and five of the gang arrested,—among whom was Bowen. Large quantities of bogus coin, together with the moulds and metal used in its manufacture, were found in his shop. They were brought to Cleveland and confined in jail, where Bowen was visited by many citizens, to whom he confessed that the facts as here stated were substantially correct. They were all tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary,—Bowen for six years, and the others for terms ranging from one to five.

During his stay in Cleveland, Newcomer was engaged in many other cases,

some of them of scarcely less importance than the one just mentioned; but they cannot even be alluded to in this brief sketch. Suffice it to say that he obtained a wonderful local reputation for skill and sagacity in the development of difficult and complicated cases, and that his services were in demand in various parts of the country. In 1860 he went to Pittsburg, where he made the acquaintance of Robert Hague, Chief of Police in that city, and was by him introduced to Biddle Roberts,—then United States District Attorney, now a colonel in the Federal army,—who at once employed him as a detective. At this time ——— Campbell, an able and energetic officer, as well as an accomplished and courteous gentleman, was Marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania. The wilds of Western Pennsylvania had long been notorious as the hiding-place of innumerable thieves, counterfeiters, and murderers. Many efforts had been made to break up their gangs and rid society of so disgraceful an element, but, for some reason, they had all ended in failure. The United States authorities were now determined to make another attempt to discover the whereabouts and arrest the leaders and members of this wide-spread association of criminals. It was a task in which only the utmost ingenuity and enterprise could hope to succeed; and the subject of our sketch was selected as the proper person to whom to commit it.

For half a century, a place in Butler county—known as the Stone House—had been designated as the head-quarters of much of this villany. It was in a wild, dreary region, at a crossing of public roads where stages were in the habit of stopping for meals and a change of horses. About a mile from this tavern, in a dense forest near the iron-mountains, lived the leader and head of the gang, Charles Coventry by name, but known among his confederates as "the Old North Pole." He was a desperate, daring man, fearing nothing, and feared by all. Tall and heavy-built,—weighing at least two hundred pounds,—dark-skinned as a negro, with a strong black beard and a thick bushy head of hair, he was the very beau-idéal of a reckless, law-defying bandit. To the lair of this "wild man of the woods" Newcomer was sent, with instructions to ascertain as nearly as possible his whereabouts, habits, and associations, and to obtain such other information concerning him as could be gathered up about the neighborhood. Having no recommendation to him, he could not at this time hope to do more than this, as Coventry was too shrewd and practised a rogue to be easily caught. His instructions were fully carried out, and he returned in a few days to Pittsburg, reporting progress to the authorities. He had not seen Coventry, but had reconnoitred the neighborhood and prepared the way for future operations in the same direction.

While at Pittsburg two events transpired that gave him a foundation to work upon in his second and more elaborate attempt. In themselves they were trivial circumstances, and seemed to afford little promise of results; but give our detective the smallest fissure wherein to insert his entering wedge, and he will speedily drive it to the head. The facts which Newcomer now eagerly seized were, first the arrest and imprisonment in Phila-

delphia of an intimate friend and former partner of Coventry's, on a charge of counterfeiting, and, secondly, the opportune return to Pittsburg of an old acquaintance and colaborer of his own,—Dr. Joshua Webb. The doctor was acquainted with Coventry, and, in some way, had managed to ingratiate himself into his confidence and esteem. It was arranged between Webb and Newcomer that the former should at once go down to Coventry's house on a visit and remain there for a time. In a week or so the latter would follow, and introduce himself to Coventry as an acquaintance of Coventry's imprisoned friend and the bearer of a message from him to Coventry,—his own character and standing being vouched for by Webb, should occasion require. This programme was carried out,—Webb going down, and Newcomer following in a week after. On the way from the Stone House to Coventry's nobody was seen but a little girl, who was coming from the house and passed on down the hill to a buckwheat-patch, where a number of men were at work cutting the grain. Newcomer went to the house, climbed a high fence by which it was surrounded, and knocked at the door. No answer being given, he shook it, tried the latch, attempting to open it, but found it fastened. Concluding nobody was at home, he turned to retrace his steps, and had just gotten over the fence again, when his attention was attracted by a short, quick coughing, or rather hemming, of somebody inside. The house was a story-and-a-half log cabin, of which only the lower part was "chinked and daubed,"—as it is called,—the crevices between the logs of the upper portion being left open. It was through these that the voice evidently proceeded; and soon a nose and mouth made their appearance at one of them. In a loud, hoarse whisper, the mouth said,—

"They're all down in the buckwheat. Don't look this way, but turn around and look towards the woods, as if you were watching for somebody, while I talk to you. It's rather dark up here, and you can't see me very well: but you know me, don't you?"

"Yes, Doc: it's you, isn't it?"

"Yes. We've got the press up, and I am cutting out two-dollar-and-a-half pieces. The old man is out cutting his buckwheat, and I am helping him make coin. We'll soon have lots on hand."

"Well, Doc," replied Newcomer, gazing intently into the woods, "I'll go back to the Stone House and come again when he's at home. You can say that somebody came to the house, but you didn't know who it was, lest he should accidentally have seen me and suspect something."

So saying, he walked slowly back to the tavern, and loitered about there until evening, when he again went to Coventry's, and at some distance from the house saw him sitting under a shed, talking with one of his *confrères*, but was not seen by them. Near the house, meeting the girl whom he had seen in the morning, he stopped and said to her,—

"Does Mr. Coventry live here?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my little girl, won't you run back and tell your pa that there is a gentleman here who wishes to speak with him for a moment?"

The girl did as requested, and Coventry came out at once, holding out his hand in a very friendly way. Newcomer introduced himself as H. C. Myers, and informed him of the situation of his Philadelphia friend. He had seen him recently in prison, he said, and had been requested by him to call on Coventry and tell him that he was in trouble, and was very anxious to have him come and see him, if possible.

Coventry was surprised, and evidently uneasy. "He was one of the best and keenest men in the business," said he; "and it is very strange that he should be jugged. I am very sorry about it,—would almost as soon be in prison myself, and, if necessary, will spend every dollar I have to get him out. But come; let me introduce you to a friend of mine here."

Newcomer went with him to the shed where he had been sitting, and was introduced to the man whom he had seen talking with Coventry a few moments previous. The latter accompanied the ceremony with the remark, "He's all right, I know; or my friend wouldn't have sent him to me." The three talked together for some time, Newcomer all the while, with inimitable tact, drawing him out and working upon his sympathies, until he gained his confidence as completely as he had that of many others before. Wishing to see and perhaps buy some of his wares, the old man went into the house and brought out specimens of bogus coin and a pair of fine steel dies for stamping it, which Newcomer agreed to take at another time. Coventry gave him the names of several other parties engaged in the same business, and recommended him to them. Our detective now took his leave, first making a bargain, however, to come again in ten days and purchase a large amount of counterfeit coin.

At the time appointed, in company with Robert Hague and five policemen, he started on his promised return. At Somerset they arrested a merchant, one of the parties recommended by Coventry, and then proceeded on their way. About three o'clock in the morning they had arrived within a mile of his house, and there left the wagon, with two of the officers in charge. Newcomer, with Hague and the other three, started towards the house. Knowing the desperate character of the man, and that he always kept two or three double-barrelled guns loaded ready for use, they did not seem to relish the idea of marching boldly up to the house; and, to avoid danger, Newcomer proposed to go and decoy him out of his stronghold. The night being too dark to distinguish persons, it was arranged that when they were heard coming back along the path the officers should spring out and arrest the foremost one. He went to the house and called Coventry out. The latter was in bed, but soon came down, without stopping to put on his coat. He seemed much pleased to see Newcomer, and asked him to come into the house.

"No," was the reply; "I can't, just now. I brought down a large lot of ones and twos on the State Bank of Ohio, but I didn't know who I might meet here, and concluded it wasn't quite safe to bring them to the house first

thing. So I left my satchels out in the woods; and, if you'll get your coin, a candle, and some matches, we'll go right out and make our exchange there."

Coventry assented, went into the house, and in a few minutes returned with the coin and the steel dies, which he put in his pocket. They felt their way along until they reached the place where the officers were concealed, Newcomer dropping to the rear, and at this time being a considerable distance behind Coventry, who was in his shirt-sleeves still, and the more readily distinguishable. Just as he was fairly opposite them, all four of the ambushed officers jumped upon him, whereupon ensued a desperate struggle; and it was fully half an hour before they succeeded in getting the handcuffs upon him. During all this time he kept constantly shouting, "I'm trapped! I'm arrested!" &c., in order to alarm Webb, who was yet in the house, and give him a chance to escape. He succeeded also in throwing away the dies, and, though search was made for them the next day, they were never found. Secured at last, he was placed in the wagon, and the whole party drove up to his house, where an immense amount of counterfeit money, moulds, dies, and a heavy iron press used for striking off bills, were found. Coventry was subsequently tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years.

Newcomer remained at Pittsburg through the administration of Marshal Campbell, and for some time with his successor, Marshal Murdoch. On one occasion he went to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and arrested nine counterfeiters, with all their dies and instruments and a large amount of coin. Many other smaller but interesting cases were developed by him, some sixty-eight in number, and embracing every kind of vice and crime. Some jealousy having arisen on the part of the city police, caused by his extraordinary success, he deemed it inadvisable to remain there longer, and about two years ago came to Chicago, where he had several interviews with C. P. Bradley, Chief of Police; but, finding nothing important on hand or in prospect, he concluded to return to Ohio. In Logan county, Indiana, he met with an officer recruiting for the Eleventh Indiana Battery, who induced him to enlist in the same as a non-commissioned officer. At Louisville he joined the battery, and came with it to Nashville. Thence he accompanied Buell in his severe march over almost impassable roads and through swollen streams to Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh,—not arriving, however, in time to participate in the battle. Thence he went to Corinth, remaining there until its evacuation by the rebels, and thence to Huntsville and Stevenson, Alabama. Here, the monotony of camp and stockade life becoming irksome, he began to vary it by scouting on his own account. Frequently at night, after tattoo, he would mount his horse, slip past the pickets, scour the neighboring country in quest of information and adventure, and return again before reveille, his absence seldom being noticed by any one. On one occasion something of more than ordinary importance having come to his notice, he reported it to Colonel Harker, of the 65th Ohio Volunteers, then commanding the brigade stationed at that post, stating the means by which he had obtained the information, and giving some account of his previous midnight scouts. The colonel, highly pleased, at once gave him passes, and instructed him to continue the business as he had time and opportunity.

Frequently he would go down to the Tennessee River in sight of the rebel pickets; and one night he concluded to cross the river and get a nearer view of them. Striking the stream at a point three miles from Stevenson, he built a raft of rails and paddled himself across. Crawling up the bank through the bush, he came close upon the pickets, seven in number, without being observed. After watching their movements a while and finding nothing of particular interest, he returned safely as he went. Soon afterwards a negro told him of an island in the Tennessee River, some ten miles below Stevenson, on which a company of guerrilla cavalry were in the habit of rendezvousing every night. This opened a large field of operations for our scout, and he determined to visit the island forthwith. One afternoon, borrowing a suit of butternut from a negro at Stevenson, he set forth in that direction. The butternut clothes were carried under his saddle until he was fairly outside of our lines, when he exchanged his own for them and went on in the character of a genuine native. Reaching the river opposite the island after dark, he again constructed a raft of rails, fastening them together this time with grape-vines, and shoved across the narrow channel to the island, landing in a dense canebrake. Carefully feeling his way through this, he came soon to a corn-crib, around which twenty-five or thirty horses were feeding. It was now ten o'clock, and quite dark, but clear and starlight. Examining the crib, the entrance was discovered about half-way up, and our adventurer at once clambered up and put his head and shoulders through. Careful listening revealed the presence of sleepers within. Putting his hand down to see how far it was to them, it came in contact with the body of a man. Wishing to know in what direction he was lying, he felt along carefully and came upon a pistol in his belt. Working at this, he soon drew it out, and, finding it a good Colt's revolver, put it into his pocket and got down again. Exploring around, he came to a corn-patch and a cabin near by, in which there seemed, from the noise within, to be a family or two of negroes. Crossing to the south or rebel side of the island, he found that the stream was much narrower there than on the other side, and that close to the shore a number of boats and scows, in which the band crossed and recrossed, were tied. It was now time to think about getting home, and he circled around the crib and cabin to reach the place where he had left his raft. When he came in sight of it, there was also to be seen a human form standing by the water's edge and apparently regarding the raft with no little astonishment. In the uncertain light, it was impossible to tell whether it was man or woman, white or black; and there was nothing to do but wait until it disappeared. Crouching down amid the canes, he soon saw it turn and begin to climb the bank directly towards him, and as a precautionary measure took out the pistol and cocked it, though he could not see or feel whether it was loaded or not. The person proved to be a negro, and passed by, unconscious of the presence of any one so near, soliloquizing to himself thus:—"Mighty quare boat dat ar; 'spec's some of Masser John's work." This danger having passed, our self-appointed spy descended and re-embarked on his raft. Lest any one should see him, he lay flat upon it, paddling with extended arms, the whole presenting very much the appear-

ance of a floating mass of driftwood. By the time he reached the opposite shore his butternut suit was pretty thoroughly soaked, but, without stopping to dry it, he mounted his horse, which he found straying about the woods, rode on to Stevenson, and reported to Colonel Harker. An expedition for the capture of this band—afterwards ascertained to be Captain Rountree's company—was just about starting, when orders were received to evacuate the place and fall back to Nashville with the remainder of Buell's army.

The battery went no farther backward than Nashville, remaining there during the famous investment of the city and until the Army of the Cumberland again reached it. Meanwhile, Newcomer was occasionally employed by General Negley as a detective; but most of the time was spent with his command. Early in December the police and scout system was fully organized and in successful operation. Our former scout, thinking that he could serve the Government to better advantage in the business with which he was so familiar, made application to Colonel Truesdail for employment as a scout and spy. The colonel, pleased with his appearance and conversation, at once made an engagement with him, and procured his detail for that special service. Having previously made the acquaintance of one Cale Harrison, a livery-stable-keeper, he now called on him, and, exhibiting a forged certificate of discharge, told him that he was on his way to the rebel army. Harrison, of course, was highly pleased to hear it, and gave him some valuable hints and information for his guidance in the matter. There was, he said, a man living on the Charlotte pike, by the name of Spence, whose son was an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Polk, and who would undoubtedly assist him in getting South and give him a letter of introduction to his son. In this event the road would be clear, and no difficulty need be apprehended in making the trip.

Thus directed, he set forth from Nashville on a scout South, with saddle-bags well filled with fine-tooth combs, needles, pins, thread, &c., and carrying two fine navy revolvers. Going directly to Spence's, he introduced himself, said he had called by recommendation of Harrison, made known his business, and asked for a letter to his son, on General Polk's staff. Spence received him cordially, but would not furnish him with the desired letter. He referred him, however, to J. Wesley Ratcliffe, living about one mile from Franklin, on the Lewisburg pike, as a person likely to render him very material assistance. This Ratcliffe was a rebel agent for the purchase of stock and commissary stores, and was well known throughout the whole country. Pushing on, he accordingly called at Ratcliffe's, and made his acquaintance. When informed of his plans and purposes and shown the goods, Ratcliffe was much pleased, and soon became very friendly, advising him to go to Shelbyville, where such articles were greatly needed and could easily be disposed of. Newcomer accordingly started for Shelbyville, and for some time met with no incidents on the way. Between Caney Springs and Rover, however, he fell in with a band of rebel cavalry belonging to General Buford's command, who, on being made acquainted with his business, advised

him not to go to Shelbyville, as considerable trouble might be experienced there. Their bushy shocks of hair suggesting that they were combless, he offered his stock for sale, chatting meanwhile with them about matters and things in general and in that vicinity in particular. Combs which cost two dollars per dozen he sold for two dollars each, and other articles in proportion, and, by the time his trading was finished, had ascertained that General Buford was stationed at Rover to guard a large mill full of flour and meal,—the size of his command, the number and calibre of his guns, and other items of importance, and also what generals and troops were at Shelbyville. The cavalrymen now wished him to go back to Nashville and bring them some pistols on his return. This he agreed to do, and, having obtained all the information he cared for at this time, turned his horse about and once more set his face towards Nashville. The two pistols which he had carried with him he had not shown, and still had them in his possession, —which circumstance was the cause of a slight adventure on the way home. He had proceeded but a little way when he met with a small squad of cavalry, who halted him, as usual, and demanded his name, business, and where he was going. These questions satisfactorily answered, he was next asked if he had any pistols about him. He replied that he had two, and was forthwith ordered by a rough-looking Texan to produce them, which was hardly done before they were coolly appropriated by his interrogator. Remonstrance was followed by abuse and threats of violence; and it was only by the intervention of the other parties that the matter was compromised by the sale of the pistols at fifty dollars each, and our traveller allowed to go on his way rejoicing. Without interruption head-quarters were reached, and a report of operations duly made.

Remaining two days at Nashville, he started again, with three pistols and the balance of the old stock of goods. The first night was spent at Ratcliffe's, and the next day both went to Murfreesborough in a buggy. Ratcliffe had business to transact with the provost-marshal and a number of the generals and inferior officers to see, and Newcomer was taken round and introduced to all as a colaborer in the cause of the South. During his four days' stay he was all over the town, through several of the camps, in many of the houses, drank whiskey with General Frank Cheatham, went to a grand party at the court-house, and made love to a dozen or more young ladies of Secession proclivities,—aided in all this by a perfect self-possession, an easy, graceful manner, and a winning face. In addition to pleasure-seeking and love-making, he also drove a thriving business in the sale of pistols and other contraband goods, and, with pockets filled with money and head stored with information, returned with Ratcliffe to his house, and thence to Nashville,—having first made an arrangement with the former to accompany him to Shelbyville the next day. Arriving at Nashville after dark, he remained there until morning, and then made preparations and started for a third trip.

With a pair or two of cotton-cards, a lot of pistol-caps, and some smaller knick-knacks, as passports to favor, he set forth once more to join Ratcliffe;

but, having been unavoidably delayed in starting, he found him already gone. Nothing was now to be done but to push boldly ahead in the hope of overtaking him on the road or meeting him at Shelbyville. With the exception of Ratcliffe, not a soul there knew him. Trusting to good fortune, he travelled on, and reached Shelbyville in due season without trouble. The usual questions were asked him by guards and pickets, to all of which he replied that he lived in Davidson county, was going to visit some friends in the 44th Tennessee Regiment, and had, moreover, a small stock of contraband goods for sale. These answers proving satisfactory, he was passed through, and reached the town early in the forenoon. Most of the day he spent in riding about, looking into quartermasters' and commissary depots, inquiring the names of officers, the number of troops, commanders, &c., until he had ascertained all that he wished. By this time night was drawing near, and it was high time to think about getting out of town: for should he remain after dark he was certain to be arrested. Ratcliffe was nowhere to be seen; and on inquiry he was told that he had gone to Atlanta, Georgia, on the train, and that nobody knew when he would be back. Here was a desperate state of affairs. Get out of town he must, and to get out he must have a pass. It was easy enough to come in, but very difficult to get out. Nobody knew him; and, in fact, for once in his life, he was at a loss what to do. While thus troubled, he met some citizens of Davidson county who had been over the river to the camps of Cheatham and McCown's division and were now on their way to the provost-marshal to procure return passes. Misery loves company, and, with long face, he told them his trouble,—dressing it up with a considerable amount of fiction to suit the occasion. By way of adding earnestness to his entreaty and to open a sure path to their sympathies, he bought a bottle of whiskey and invited them all to drink with him. The liquor warmed their hearts as well as stomachs; and while hobnobbing together he asked them if they wouldn't vouch for him to the provost-marshal and thus enable him to procure a pass. Being now in a condition to love the world and everybody in it, they promised to do so, and in due season all went for passes. His seven newly-made friends found no difficulty in their suit, their names being all written on a single pass; but our scout was left unnoticed. The attention of the provost-marshal was called to him, when that functionary asked if any of them was personally acquainted with him. Though rebels, they would not lie,—possibly they thought it was not necessary,—and answered, "No," but they would vouch for him. But that would not do. His situation now was worse than ever. He not only had no pass, but had not the slightest chance of getting one. The whiskey investment had proved a losing speculation; and he knew not where to turn for relief. The loungers about the office began to eye him suspiciously, and even the dogs seemed disposed to growl and snap at him as having no business there. The place was getting too hot for safety; and his only hope of escape was to hurry out and lose himself in the crowd.

His new friends were still outside, waiting for him; and with them a long consultation was held as to what had better be done about getting away, as

every moment added to his already serious danger. Finally, one of the party suggested that he should go with them anyhow,—that the pickets would not be likely to notice that his name was not in the pass, there being so many already on it. In default of any thing better, this proposition was agreed to, and all set out together. Newcomer, however, was still far from easy about the matter, and was fearful that the plan would not work. As they were journeying along, he proposed to the one who had the pass that he should be allowed to write his own name on the pass with a pencil, and if any objection should be made to it they might say that he belonged to the party but did not come in until the pass was made out, and that the provost-marshal, to save writing a new one, had inserted the name in pencil-mark. This was assented to and done. The amended pass carried them safely through, and the last cloud of anxiety was lifted from his troubled mind.

Some twelve or fifteen miles having been passed over pleasantly, Newcomer purposely lagged behind and allowed the others to get far ahead, when he turned off and struck across to the Lewisburg and Franklin pike. Travelling on this about ten miles, he stopped for the night, with five of Wheeler's cavalry, at the house of a man who had a son in Forrest's command. Starting the next morning betimes, he reached Ratcliffe's the same evening, but found he had not yet reached home. Stopping a few moments, he passed on through Franklin towards Nashville. He had gone some seven miles, and was near Brentwood, when he saw four cavalrymen riding furiously down a lane just ahead of him. They and our hero reached its entrance at the same moment. The leader of the squad—who proved to be Captain Harris, a scout of John Morgan's, and who, as well as his three men, was very drunk—roughly halted him, and, riding up, pistol in hand, shouted,—

"Who are you? and where do you live?"

"My name is Newcomer, and I live six miles from Nashville, near Brent Spence's," was the ready, respectful reply.

Spence was well known to all, and no further trouble was apprehended; but the drunken captain was not so easily satisfied. He soon asked,—

"Where have you been? and what in the —— are you doing here?"

"I have been to Shelbyville to see Spence's son, and I took along some contraband goods to sell."

"You can go back to Franklin with me, sir!"

Protestation was unavailing; and without more ado he turned about and all started towards Franklin. On the way Harris asked if he had any arms with him, and, on being told that he had two fine revolvers and some cartridges, ordered him to give them up, which was done. With a savage leer he then said,—

"I know all about you. You're a —— Yankee spy. You have been going backwards and forwards here so much that the citizens of Franklin have suspected you for a long time, and have reported you. I am satisfied that you are a Yankee spy; and I am going to hang you, —— you. Bragg has ordered me never to bring in spies, but to shoot or hang them like dogs,

on the spot; and I am going to make a beginning with you, now, this very night."

"If you do that," was the reply, "you'll take the life of a good and true man. I can show by J. W. Ratcliffe that I am a true Southerner, that I have done much good for the cause,—very likely much more than you have,—and that I am doing good every day I live."

"Captain," said one of the men, "it may be that he *is* an important man to our cause; and you had better see Ratcliffe and inquire into his case."

Harris studied a moment, and finally concluded to go with the prisoner to Ratcliffe's and confer about the matter,—at the same time assuring him that it was of no use, for he should certainly hang him anyhow. At Franklin all stopped to drink, and Harris and his men became beastly drunk. Reeling into their saddles, they were once more on their way to Ratcliffe's, but had gone only a short distance, when Harris wheeled his horse and hiccoughed out,—

"Boys, there's no use in fooling. I am satisfied this fellow's a —— Yankee spy; and here's just as good a place as we can find to hang him. Take the halter off that horse's neck and bring it here."

It was indeed a fitting place in which to do foul murder. Not a house was to be seen; and the road wound through one of those cedar thickets so dense that even in mid-day it is almost dark within them. It was now night, and the sombre shade even more gloomy than ever, as Harris jumped from his horse, and, taking the halter, made a noose of it, and, fitting it around the neck of the unlucky scout, drew it up uncomfortably tight, until, in fact, it was just about strangling him.

Now or never was the time to expostulate and entreat. In a moment it might be too late; and then farewell home, friends, and all the joys of life! It is not hard to die in peace, surrounded by weeping friends, or even to meet the dread king in the shock and excitement of battle; but to hang like a dog!—the idea is sickening, appalling; and it is no sign of cowardice to shrink from it. One more effort, then, for life, even if it be to supplicate for mercy from a drunken rebel.

"Captain," said he, with great feeling, "it is wrong to take a man's life on so slight a suspicion. It is a vast responsibility to take upon one's self; and you may do something for which you will be sorry by-and-by, in your calmer moments, and for which you may be even punished when it comes to the knowledge of General Bragg."

To which came the rough and heartless answer, "I know my business; and I don't want any advice from a —— Yankee spy. When I do, I'll let you know. Come along," shouted he, seizing the rope and dragging his victim towards a tree. "I know my duty, and am going to do it, too. Come on, men, and let's swing up this —— rascally spy."

They refused to come to his assistance, however, saying that they were as ready as he to do their duty, but they wanted to be a little better satisfied about the matter. It was only half a mile to Ratcliffe's, and it would be a

very easy thing to go and see what he said about it. Harris would not listen a moment, and again ordered them to come and help him, which they dared not longer refuse.

The case now appeared hopeless. Death stared him in the face, and life, with all its memories and pleasures, seemed passing dreamily away. Looking into the cedars hanging heavy with darkness, they seemed the entrance to the valley of the shadow of death, beyond which lay the infinite and mysterious future. On the verge of the grave life was yet sweet,—yet worth striving for; and, as a last effort, the unfortunate man went up to Harris, placed his hand on his shoulder, and asked him if he would promise, on the word and honor of a gentleman, that he would go to General Bragg and give him a true statement of the affair, narrating every circumstance as it actually occurred. Then, turning to the men, he asked them if they would do it, provided the captain did not. Less hardened than the captain, they feelingly answered that they would; and the earnestness with which they replied was proof enough that they would make good their words. This set the captain to thinking. He evidently didn't like the idea of Bragg's hearing about it, and, after some moments' reflection, concluded to go to Ratcliffe's and see what he would say. The rope was removed, and they resumed their journey,—the captain still swearing it would do no good, as nothing could save him, for he was bound to hang him that very night.

Life still hung on a thread, however. In the afternoon, when Newcomer had been there, Ratcliffe had not returned, and if he were not now at home nothing would prevent Harris from carrying out his threat, which he seemed determined to execute. That half-mile was the longest ride Newcomer ever took. No lights were to be seen; but it was near midnight, and it might be that all were abed. Harris left the prisoner at the gate, in charge of the other three, and went up to the house. He knocked on the window, and Newcomer thought it was the thumping of his own heart. Fortunately Ratcliffe was at home, and came hurriedly to the door, without stopping to dress. The two conversed in a low tone for some time, when Ratcliffe was heard to exclaim, "I'll be —— if you do!" and instantly started down towards the gate. Coming up to the prisoner, and throwing one arm around his neck, while he took his hand in his, he said to him,—

"Great God! Harry, how fortunate that I am at home!"

After they had talked a while together, Harris came up again, and called Ratcliffe to one side, where they had another protracted conversation in a low, whispering tone. While they were thus engaged, a large owl on a tree near by began hooting, and was speedily answered by another some distance up the road. The three men mounted their horses at once and galloped to the road, shouting, at the top of their voices,—

"Captain, we're surrounded! This is a trap. Don't you hear the signals?"

The captain stepped to the road, listened a moment, and then, with a volley of oaths, ordered them back for "a pack of —— fools to be scared at an owl." Still quaking with fear, which did not entirely leave them until

they were fairly away from the place, they resumed their places, the owls hooting lustily all the while.

Harris and Ratcliffe continued their conversation for a few minutes, when the former came towards Newcomer with a pistol and some papers in each hand, saying, as he gave them to him,—

"I release you, and restore your property, on the word of Quartermaster Ratcliffe. He assures me that you are one of the most important men in the South, and a secret agent of the Confederacy. I am very sorry that this thing has occurred, and will make any amends in my power. If you desire, I will go with you to the Charlotte pike as an escort, or will do you any favor you may ask."

"No," said Ratcliffe: "he must come in and stay all night with me. I can't let him go on to-night."

While standing at the gate, during this conversation, our released prisoner sold his pistols to the cavalrymen for Tennessee money. Just at this moment, too, a squad of cavalry belonging to Starns's command came by. One of them—to whom Newcomer had sold a pistol some weeks before—recognized him at once, and shook hands with him very cordially. He corroborated Ratcliffe's statement, saying that Newcomer was on very important business for the South, which was rendered still more so by the fight having begun at Stewart's Creek. A short time was passed in general conversation, when all left except Newcomer, who hitched his horse to the porch and went in with Ratcliffe. When sufficient time had elapsed for them to be well out of the way, Newcomer said his business was of too much importance to brook delay, and he must be off at once. Ratcliffe said if he must go he could not urge him to stay. "I will go with you to your horse," said he. "Meanwhile, take this to keep you from further trouble. If anybody stops you again, just show them this, and you will be passed at once."

So saying, he took from his pocket a large Government envelope,—of which he had an abundance,—and wrote on it,—

"*All right.*

"J. W. Ratcliffe."

Armed with this, he started again, and reached the pickets of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, who brought him into the city. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when he arrived at the police-office: but the colonel was still up, and immediately telegraphed his report to head-quarters.

The next day, nothing daunted, he set out again, and went, as usual, first to Ratcliffe's, where he remained all night,—thence the next morning travelled, by way of Hart's Cross-Roads and Caney Springs, to Murfreesborough, reaching that place on the Saturday evening closing the week of battles at Stone River. Riding about the town, he observed that nearly every house in it was a hospital. Every thing was confusion and excitement. Immense crowds of straggling soldiers and citizens were gathered about the court-house and depot. Commissary and quartermaster stores,

artillery, ammunition, and camp equipage, were being loaded on the cars, and trains were starting as fast as loaded. An evacuation was evidently on hand, and that right speedily; and he determined to leave as soon as possible. The only trouble was how to get out. After wandering around some time, seeking an opportunity, he came across a train of small wagons, with which the neighboring farmers had come to take home their wounded sons and brothers. Quick to embrace opportunities, he saw that now was his chance to escape. Dismounting from his horse, he led him by the bridle, and walked demurely behind one of these wagons, as though it was in his charge. Clad in butternut, and in every outward appearance resembling the others accompanying it, the deceit was not discovered, and he safely passed all the pickets. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning, and he rode rapidly on, in a cold, driving rain, until fairly benumbed. Some nine miles out, he came to a deserted school-house, which he unceremoniously entered, leading his horse in after him. Within, a large fireplace and an abundance of desks suggested the idea of a fire, and a huge blaze roaring and crackling on the hearth soon demonstrated its practicability. The next step was to wring the water out of his well-soaked garments and partially dry them. Both horse and man enjoyed themselves here until near daybreak, when he mounted again and rode on to Rateliffe's, reaching there about three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Here he remained a while to converse with his friend, refresh the inner man, and care for his horse,—neither having eaten a mouthful since the morning before. Ratcliffe was rejoiced to see him, and wished him to remain longer; but he pushed ahead, and reached Nashville late that evening, wellnigh worn out with hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep. His report was immediately telegraphed to General Rosecrans; but he had been so long in making his way back that the general did not receive it until he had himself entered Murfreesborough.

Late the next night he started again, with a single pistol and a small stock of needles, pins, and thread. On Monday evening he reached Ratcliffe's, and, staying but two hours, rode on two miles farther to the house of one M. H. Perryear, with whom he remained all night. Thence he travelled, by way of Hart's Cross-Roads, towards Caney Springs, but before reaching the latter place fell in with some of Wheeler's cavalry, with whom he rode along friendly and companionly enough. Some of them were old acquaintances and very confidential. They were, they said, just on their way to burn a lot of Federal wagons at Lavergne and Triune, and, deeming him a good fellow well met, invited him to go with them. Thinking that there might be some chance to save the wagons, he declined the invitation, urging the pressing nature and importance of his mission as an excuse. It was soon found, however, that every avenue of escape northward was guarded, and the whole country filled with the cavalry, of whom there were, in all, about three thousand. There was nothing to do, then, but to leave the wagons to their fate and push on, which he did, and, arriving at Caney Springs, remained there over-night. The next morning the cavalry began to loiter back from their marauding expedition in squads of from fifteen to a

hundred or more, and from them he learned the complete success of the enterprise. Making the acquaintance of a lieutenant, he was told that they were going at once to Harpeth Shoals, to burn a fleet of boats which was then on its way to Nashville. This determined him to abandon the idea of going to Shelbyville, and he accompanied a detachment back as far as Hart's Cross-Roads, where they went on picket-duty at a meeting-house by the road. Bidding them good-day, he started on alone towards Ratcliffe's. Stopping at Perryear's, he was told that Forrest was in Franklin, that the roads were all guarded, and that there was a picket just at Ratcliffe's gate. Perryear then gave him an open letter of introduction, recommending him to all officers and soldiers of the Confederate army as a true and loyal Southern man, engaged in business of the highest importance to the Government. With this he again set out, and, as he had been told, found a picket at Ratcliffe's gate. Requesting to be admitted, he was asked if he was a soldier, and, on answering negatively, was passed in without hesitation. Ratcliffe corroborated Perryear's statement, saying, furthermore, that Forrest was very strict, and that it would be much better for him to remain there until they had all gone down the river.

"But," added he, "if you must go, I'll go with you as far as Franklin and help you through."

The town was found to be full of cavalry, who were conscripting every man whom they could lay hands on. Ratcliffe introduced his companion to Will Forrest,—a brother of the general, and captain of his body-guard. The captain was profuse of oaths and compliments, and, withal, so very friendly that Newcomer at once told him his story and business, all of which was endorsed by Ratcliffe. More oaths and compliments followed. The captain was glad to know so important a man, and, by way of business, asked him if he had any pistols to sell.

"No," was the reply; "I have nothing but a single navy revolver, which I carry for my own defence, and which I wouldn't like to part with. But I am just going to Nashville for more goods, and, fearing trouble in getting away, I thought I would come and see about it."

"Oh, I guess there will be none," said the captain. "The general wants to know something about Nashville, and will be very apt to send you there to get the information for him. Come; let's go and see about it."

The two set forth, and found the general, surrounded by the usual crowd, at his hotel. Calling him to one side, the captain pointed out his new friend, and, explaining who and what he was, concluded by remarking that he wished to go to Nashville for goods, and would bring him any information he desired. The general, not just then in the best of humor, swore very roundly that he knew as much about Nashville as he wanted to,—it was men he wanted,—and concluded by ordering the captain to conscript his friend into either his own or some other company. Turning on his heel, he walked briskly away, leaving his brother to his anger and our would-be rebel spy to his disappointment. The captain fumed with great, sulphurous oaths, and consoled Newcomer thus wise:—

"He's a —— fool, if he is my brother. You are the last man I'll ever bring to him to be insulted. But you sha'n't be conscripted. Come with me, and I'll help you through. You can go with my company, but not as a soldier, and I will send you to Nashville myself. My company always has the advance, and there'll be plenty of chances."

Making a virtue of necessity, this proposition was gladly accepted, and all started on the march. By this time Wheeler had come up and taken the lead, Forrest following in the centre, and Starns bringing up the rear. About eight miles from Franklin the whole command encamped for the night, and our hero slept under the same blanket with Captain Forrest and his lieutenant,—a Texan ranger named Scott, whose chief amusement seemed to consist in lassooing dogs while on the march, and listening to their yelping as they were pitilessly dragged along behind him. Towards midnight, one of their spies—a Northern man, named Sharp, and formerly in the plough business at Nashville—came in from the Cumberland River. Captain Forrest introduced Newcomer to him as a man after his own heart,—"true as steel, and as sharp as they make 'em." The two spies became intimate at once, and Sharp belied his name by making a confidant of his new acquaintance. He had formerly been in Memphis, and acted as a spy for the cotton-burners. More recently he had been employed with Forrest; and now he had just come from Harpeth Shoals, where he had learned all about the fleet coming up the river, and to-morrow he was to guide the expedition down to a place where they could easily be captured and burned. Early next morning the march was resumed, and at the crossing of the Hardin pike General Forrest and staff were found waiting for them. Upon coming up, the captain was ordered to take his company down the Hardin pike, go on picket there, and remain until eleven o'clock; when, if nothing was to be seen, he was to rejoin the expedition. These instructions were promptly carried out,—a good position being taken on a hill some eight miles from Nashville, from which could be had a view of the whole country for many miles in every direction. About ten o'clock the captain came to Newcomer and said he was going to send him to Nashville himself; at the same time giving him a list of such articles as he wished, consisting principally of gray cloth, staff-buttons, &c.

As may be imagined, no time was lost in starting, and still less in getting into Nashville, where he arrived in due season to save the fleet. A force was at once sent out on the Hillsborough pike to cut off the retreat of the rebels, and another on the Charlotte pike to attack them directly. The latter force succeeded in striking their rear-guard, and threw them into confusion, when they hastily fled across the Harpeth River, which was at the time very high. Our forces, being principally infantry, could not cross in pursuit, but the troops on the Hillsborough pike succeeded in killing, wounding, and capturing considerable numbers of them. They were thoroughly scattered, however, and the fleet was saved,—which was the main object of the expedition.

General Rosecrans had now been in Murfreesborough several days, and

Colonel Truesdail immediately on his arrival sent the scout to that place. Here he made a full report, and, having reeeived instruetions for another trip, returned to Nashville the next day to make ready for it. The only item of interest on this trip was that at Eagleville he met Wheeler's command, by many of whom, and by the general himself, he was well and favorably known. Here Wheeler employed him as a seeret agent, and gave him a permanent pass, which he still retains. Borrowing from one of his officers one hundred dollars in Tennessee money, the general gave it to him, and instructed him to buy with it certain artieles which he mentioned,—among which were gray cloth and staff-buttons, always in demand for uniforms. Stopping at Ratcliffe's on his return, he showed him the pass, and related the circumstances of getting it, at which the former was highly gratified,—"as," said he, "you'll have no more trouble now, Harry."

At Nashville Wheeler's bill was filled, such not very reliable information as Colonel Truesdail and General Mitchel saw fit to give was obtained, and another trip began. Wheeler was now at Franklin, quartered in the court-house. The goods and information were delivered, much to the gratification of the general, who forthwith instructed him to return to Nashville for more information and late Northern papers. So well known and highly esteemed was our man now, that the cashier of the Franklin Branch of the Planters' Bank of Tennessee, on this trip, intrusted to him to carry to the parent bank the accounts and valuable papers of the branch, which he did, delivering them at Nashville. On the way back he stopped at the house of one Prior Smith, whom he knew as an ardent rebel and extensive negro-dealer. Smith, naturally enough, inquired who his visitor was, and was told the usual tale. He then inquired if a good business might not be done in running off negro boys from Nashville, buying them cheap there or kidnapping them, and if he wouldn't like to engage in it. Newcomer said that it would doubtless be a splendid thing, but he did not dare to venture into it: it was too public, and might endanger his other operations, more important than any private speculations. Smith still insisted, and said he would give ten dollars a pound for likely children, and would furnish him with a letter of introduction to his "right bower" in Nashville. The right bower proved to be Dr. Hudson, who was afterwards called on by Newcomer and various other detectives in the secret service, as is narrated in a preceding sketch.

Obtaining the papers desired by Wheeler, and various items of information, Newcomer now set out on his sixth and last scout. At Franklin he found that Wheeler had gone on to Shelbyville, leaving only a squad of cavalry behind. That evening Ratcliffe and himself sat down and wrote out the information, sealed it up with the papers in large Government envelopes, and gave them to the lieutenant in charge of the company, who sent them by a courier to Wheeler. Remaining all night with Ratcliffe, he returned the next day to Nashville, where his services were needed in the development of the Hudson and other important cases, full details of which are given in other pages of this work. Since then he has been constantly

employed as a detective, with equal credit to himself and benefit to the Government.

In all the annals of police and spy life it will be difficult to find a career marked by such uniform and brilliant success as has attended Harry Newcomer in his adventurous enterprises. He has never undertaken a case whose mystery he did not solve. Friendly and companionable with his own sex, he is equally a favorite with the ladies. With many a high-born rebel lady he has held converse by the hour, she little dreaming, meanwhile, that her strangely pleasant guest was a "Yankee hireling." With a perfect self-control and self-confidence, a quick perception, and a faculty of adapting himself to circumstances on a moment's notice, he has proved one of the most useful men in the secret service of the Army of the Cumberland.

General John H. Morgan's Female Spy.

On the 16th of December, 1862, while the rebel army was at Murfreesborough and the Army of the Cumberland at Nashville, a lady of middle age and fine personal appearance was walking along the road leading from the former to the latter place. Between Lavergne and Nashville, not far from the Federal pickets, she was overtaken by a gentleman named Blythe, —a Union man and a paroled prisoner,—who had that day procured a pass from General Bragg to go to Nashville in his buggy. Seeing that she was weary with long walking, he invited her to ride, and they proceeded in company about three-fourths of a mile, when they came upon a party of Federal and rebel officers, consulting about some matter under a flag of truce. Blythe, because of his parole, was allowed to pass within the lines, but the lady was detained outside until her case could be submitted to headquarters and permission obtained for her entry. While thus delayed, Blythe overheard Lieutenant Hawkins, in charge of a rebel flag, saying to her, in a cautiously modulated voice, "If they won't let you in you can go across the country—about four miles—to my father's, and there they will run you through the lines anyhow." This aroused his suspicions, and determined him to report her case at the Police Office, with his ideas of her character, and the suggestion that a strict watch be maintained upon her movements.

The next afternoon she was brought in, and immediately sent to headquarters. Here she gave her name as Mrs. Clara Judd, the widow of an Episcopal clergyman who had died the year previous, leaving herself and seven children, without property and in debt. She was on her return from Atlanta, Georgia, whither she had been on a visit to her son, a boy, who was living there and learning the printing-business. She wished to go to Minnesota, where the remainder of her children were, and where she then claimed to reside. Her story was told in so simple, artless a manner, and

with such an air of sincerity, that the sympathies of all present were at once enlisted in her favor,—it not being in the heart of man to doubt, for a moment, the truth of all she said. The examination ended, a pass was given her to Louisville, and she was allowed to depart in peace. From the Police Office she made her way to the Commercial Hotel, where she expected to meet an old friend, but, finding that he was out of the city, and that the hotel was too full to obtain lodgings, she went to a sutler of her acquaintance, named Becker. He also was absent; but she remained over-night with his partner and wife,—Mr. and Mrs. Beaden. Knowing that Blythe was at the Commercial Hotel, she wrote him a note, requesting him to call and see her on important private business.

Early in the evening Blythe called at the police department, inquiring if Mrs. Judd had come in, and was told that she had just gone, a pass having been issued to her. He seemed disappointed, and remarked that they had been fooled,—that in his opinion her story was essentially false, and she a bad woman, whom it would be well to watch. His reasons for so thinking were freely given, and, though they did not entirely destroy the confidence she had inspired, they served to weaken it materially, and to excite doubts as to the truth of her statements and the honesty of her intentions. Returning to his hotel, the note from Mrs. Judd there awaiting him fully confirmed his previously-formed opinions. So strong were they now, and so solicitous was he to fathom and disclose the mischief which he felt to be brewing, that he again went to the Police Office that evening, taking the note with him and exhibiting it to the authorities there. He was advised to call as requested, and endeavor to ascertain her true character and designs. He did so, and found her at Mr. Beaden's, as stated. After some unimportant conversation, she said to him, "Are you loyal?" His decidedly affirmative answer she construed to mean that he was a friend to the South and favorable to its cause. It may here be explained that, though Blythe at his first meeting did not recognize her, she at once remembered having seen him in Murfreesborough, where he had been detained some eight or nine weeks before he was allowed to proceed to Nashville. As he seemed while there to be under no restraint whatever, she knew nothing of his being a paroled prisoner and a Northern man. The fact of his having a pass from General Bragg, taken in connection with certain remarks casually made by him, was to her proof positive that he was a Southerner and a rebel. To this very natural mistake she was indebted for all the misfortune that eventually befell her.

Completely self-deceived, she immediately took him into her confidence, and entered upon an explanation of her business and plans. She was going, she said, to Louisville, for the purpose of purchasing quinine and other medicines for the Southern Confederacy, together with a considerable amount of dry-goods and groceries for herself and others. But this was only a portion of her business, and of no importance in comparison with the remainder. John Morgan was about to make a raid upon the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and was only waiting for information as to the strength

of the garrisons and the disposition of troops along its track, necessary to determine the most available point of attack. This information she had engaged to obtain and furnish to him on her return to Gallatin, where certain of his men were to meet her, by appointment, on a fixed day. This day was now at hand; and accordingly she was anxious to start for Louisville the next morning, so that she might have ample time to purchase her goods and be back to Gallatin on the day appointed. Unfortunately, however, her pass did not allow her to leave Nashville until the morning after, and she wished he would try and exchange it for one allowing her to go on the morrow. Blythe obligingly consented, and further said that, as it would save her a good deal of trouble in Louisville, he would get her a pass to go and return as far as Gallatin. With the old pass he immediately went a third time to the office, stated his wish, and related the conversation that had passed between himself and Mrs. Judd. Colonel Truesdail gave him the desired pass, and insisted upon his accompanying her to Louisville, at the same time instructing him to afford her every facility for the perfection of her plans, but to neither encourage nor restrain her.

Blythe returned with the new pass according to promise. In the conversation that ensued, he warned her of the danger of the business she was about to embark in, cautioning her as to the watchfulness of the Federal authorities, and endeavored to dissuade her therefrom. His advice, however, though well meant and kindly enough received, was of no avail. It was her duty, she said, to do all that she could for the South; and, as they were God's chosen people, she was not afraid of any harm befalling her. Seeing that she was determined in her purpose, Blythe affected a deep solicitude in her welfare, and finally told her he would postpone his business for the present and go with her to Louisville then, instead of waiting a few days as he had intended. It would be a great accommodation, as well as pleasure, to him, he remarked, laughingly, for then he could sit with her in the ladies' car,—no small matter on a train literally jammed with passengers, as that one usually was. Madam was highly pleased at this exhibition of kindness, and with many thanks endeavored to show her gratitude therefor. Thenceforward she placed implicit confidence in Blythe, and unreservedly told him all her plans, together with much of her past history and experience. This was her second trip, she said. The previous one had been quite profitable to her, and had enabled her to furnish a large amount of valuable information to the rebels.

Throughout the entire journey to Louisville she was ever on the alert for the smallest scrap of information. At every station, out of the window would go her head, and the bystanders be plied with guarded questions concerning the strength of the place, means of defence, number of troops and names of regiments there, &c. Blythe was evidently annoyed, and time and again pulled her dress, begging her "for God's sake to sit down and keep quiet," or she would attract attention and ruin both herself and him. She replied that it was a part—and a very important part—of her business to observe, make inquiries, and take notes; she must do it.

At Louisville Blythe paid her every attention, assisted her in her purchases introduced her to one of the best dry-goods houses in the city, and went with her to New Albany, where she bought several hundred dollars' worth of drugs and medicines. Here she was well acquainted,—a fact which she explained by saying that she had made purchases there before. These drugs she intended to pack in a trunk with a false bottom, but was told by Blythe that it would not be necessary, as he would see that her trunk was passed without examination. Occasionally he would absent himself for several hours, accounting for this by representing that he was engaged in buying a large stock of goods, with which he designed returning immediately to Murfreesborough. One day he was taken quite ill, and was attended and nursed by her in the kindest manner. In addition to her confidence, he seemed now to have gained her affections. She devoted herself to him as only women do to those whom they love,—anticipating his slightest wishes, and providing for his every want in the most warm-hearted and loving manner. Blythe's pretended sickness was soon over, but it left him weak; and he wished her to remain at Louisville another day. No; she could not stay. Morgan's men had made a positive engagement to meet her that night at Gallatin, and she would not disappoint them for the world. She was to tell them, then and there, all that she had seen and heard down the road, and to advise them where to tap it. In return, they were to assist her in getting her trunks through the lines, which could easily be done by putting them in the bottom of the wagon-bed and covering them with fodder. Seeing that she could not be induced to remain, Blythe determined to return with her. Flattered by this mark of attention and appreciation, she was highly delighted, and more affectionate than ever. Arrangements were at once made for the journey, Blythe in the mean while visiting General Boyle, explaining the whole matter to him, and procuring an order dispensing with the usual examination of baggage in their case, and also telegraphing to Colonel Truesdail, at Nashville, to have them arrested at Mitchellsville, just before reaching Gallatin.

On the way back she was in the best of spirits, and could hardly refrain from frequent exhibitions of her elation at the success of their schemes. Blythe begged her to be careful, or she would expose herself and him to ruin. "You know," said he, "if any thing should happen to you it will get me into trouble, and that would make you feel bad; wouldn't it?" He asked her if she was not afraid of being watched,—if she did not think she was already suspected,—seeking by this means to prepare her mind for the arrest which was soon to occur, and at the same time to allay any suspicions she might otherwise entertain of his complicity therein. She replied that she was, and that there was then in that very car a person whom she believed to be watching her. She betrayed considerable anxiety, and seemed quite uneasy about the matter for some time, but finally fell into her usual careless mood. At Mitchellsville she took on board two large trunks of goods and clothing, left there on her former trip because of her having had too many to get safely away at that time without exciting suspicion. Just after leaving

Mitchellsville, Blythe said to her, "Now, this is a dangerous business you are in; and you may not get through. At Gallatin I shall leave you, but will go straight through to Murfreesborough; and if you have any word to send I will take it with pleasure to anybody you may name." In reply, she wished he would see Lieutenant Hawkins and tell him that she had arrived safely at Gallatin with her goods, but that there was a larger force there than she had expected to find, and she might be troubled in getting out; or, if Lieutenant Hawkins was not then at Murfreesborough, he might tell any of Morgan's men, and their general would be sure to get the news and devise some means for her assistance. At this time, as well as on previous occasions, she seemed to be on very intimate terms with Morgan and to rely implicitly upon him and his followers. She further informed Blythe that her home was in Winchester, Tennessee, but that she was on her way to Atlanta, Georgia, where her son had a situation in the Ordnance department, and that the knitting-machine purchased by her was intended as a pattern for the manufacture of others, there being nothing of the kind in the South.

This conversation was scarcely concluded when both were arrested, and Blythe—according to previous arrangement—roughly handled. Mrs. Judd turned very pale, and was strangely excited; though she seemed more affected by Blythe's situation and danger than her own. Blythe, however, seemed to take it coolly enough, and as a matter of course,—which but the more increased the sorrow of Mrs. Judd, it being for her only that he had thus ventured and lost. But regrets were useless now, and both were brought on to Nashville at once. Mrs. Judd was put under guard at a hotel, and assured that Blythe would be hung the next morning. At this intelligence she became quite distracted, begged and implored to be heard in his favor, asserting with broken voice and tearful eyes that he was an innocent man and that the guilt and blame of the whole transaction were hers alone. Making no impression upon those about her, she went so far as to write and send to head-quarters a petition that he might be spared from a punishment he did not deserve. Blythe, of course, was released at once; but she did not know it, and to this day remains ignorant of his real fate and location. Her baggage was examined and found to contain many hundred dollars' worth of contraband goods,—unquestionable evidences of her guilt. Among its contents was a Bible, with Blythe's name written in it by herself, which she had purchased in Louisville, intending to present it to him when they should meet again in Murfreesborough.

The circumstances, when known, created not a little excitement in army circles, and the case was personally examined by the general commanding and his staff. The crime was the highest known to military law; the importance of the consequences involved in the success or defeat of the scheme, almost incalculable. In short, it was one of those little pivots on which the fortunes of a campaign or the fate of an army might turn. For such an offence the only adequate punishment was death; but the person implicated was a woman; and that reverence for the sex which brave men ever feel would not allow the application of so extreme a penalty. To pass

her lightly by, however, could not be reconciled with a sense of duty; and it was deemed necessary to make an example of her, by confining her in the military prison at Alton, Illinois, during the war, where she is at this present writing.

Norris the Kidnapper.

One of the most marked results of the war has been the escape from rebel masters of large numbers of slaves. Flocking to our camps, where they are universally known as "contrabands," they have been made useful in a multitude of ways by the Army of the Cumberland. As cooks, as waiters, as teamsters, as laborers, in the hospitals, in warehouses, in stables, on the fortifications, on steamers and railways, they have been constantly employed with advantage to themselves and the Government. By as much as they have been a gain to us they have been a loss to the rebels, who rely upon them not only for their army labor but for the cultivation of their plantations and the production of the supplies necessary for the support of their troops in the field. At first no particular caution seemed to be exercised to prevent their escape, or any considerable efforts put forth for their recovery. Their whilom masters were apparently content to let them go or stay as they pleased, congratulating themselves that it was simply so much pork and corn-bread saved when they abandoned the lean larder of a Southern plantation for the ample store of a Yankee camp. Those left behind were enough for all their present needs, and too many to be decently fed and clothed from the scanty crops and scantier stocks of the Southern Confederacy.

With the last New Year, however, another policy seems to have been inaugurated, either by the civil authorities at Richmond or by the military leaders in camp. Whether it was that the number of fugitives had become alarmingly large, or that the influence of the emancipation policy was feared, whether it was the dread of an armed insurrection or a general stampede to the Federal lines, or whether it was all of these combined, that caused this change of policy, is not easy, and not necessary, to determine here. Suffice it to say that measures were at this time taken to remove into the interior and southward these slaves in Tennessee and other border States that could be reached, and to recover from the Federal lines as many as possible of those who had escaped thither. The spies and scouts of the secret service soon scented this new game, and were on the alert. It was found that considerable rewards had been offered in Murfreesborough and other places in the Southern Confederacy for the delivery of negroes within the rebel army lines. Emissaries were found in Nashville, engaged in trapping and carrying away by force such likely negroes as they could lay their

hands upon,—at the same time acting as spies and furnishing the rebels with important information.

Measures were at once taken for the detection and punishment of those engaged in this nefarious traffic. A suitable person was despatched to Franklin, Tennessee, where resided several men formerly well known as extensive negro-dealers, for the purpose of obtaining reliable information of the parties in the business and the means by which it was carried on. With one of these men—J. Prior Smith, who had one million dollars of Southern money for investment in negroes—this agent became very intimate, and finally engaged to purchase for him men, women, and children. For likely children from one to eight and ten years of age he was to be paid *ten dollars per pound;* and for every man and woman that he would get out of Nashville and vicinity he was to be liberally rewarded. Smith also gave him letters of introduction to two prominent citizens of Nashville, both of whom entered cheerfully into the scheme and suggested various means of carrying on the business. One of them—Dr. J. R. Hudson—was particularly interested, and for months busied himself in kidnapping young boys and running them South. He tampered with the officers of the engineer corps in charge of the fortifications then being constructed, offering them half the profits, or five hundred dollars each, for every man they would permit him to steal out of their squad of laborers. He would procure passes for himself and servants to go out to his farm, and the servants would never come back. He would send them out with his wood-wagons, and when once beyond the lines they would be passed on to their destination and sold. His speculations, however, were interfered with materially by the Army Police; but he was indefatigable in the business, and only ceased trapping negroes when trapped himself.

It was found, too, in addition to this organized scheme of theft in which these unprincipled speculators were embarked, that some of the night police of Nashville, employed by the city government, had engaged in a similar business. Scarcely a night passed but some fugitive slave was arrested and jailed by them, on the demand of pretended owners or their agents. For such services they were paid from five dollars to one hundred for each arrest. James A. Steele testified that he had caught, within three weeks, six negroes, for which he had received about one hundred dollars in all. J. F. Ingalls testified that he had assisted in the arrest of six negroes for Dr. Oden, and received for the same ten dollars. James Hinton paid him forty dollars for arresting ten negroes belonging to a relative. He had also been approached by other parties, and been offered from fifty to two hundred dollars each for the arrest of other negroes, many of whom were in Government employ. William Mayo was paid sixty-six dollars for arresting a man, a woman, and two children for Watt Owens. Mr. Gillock was to pay him from fifty to seventy-five dollars for arresting his negro woman. Mr. Everett paid him twenty-five dollars for a like service, Mr. Hateh ten dollars, and Mrs. Cunningham had offered him twenty-five dollars to get back a woman for whose arrest she had already paid fifty dollars, and who had again

escaped. Similar revelations were made by other policemen and officers of Nashville.

The records of the Army Police Office abound with cases of reported abductions,—one of which may serve as a sample of the remainder. In the pleasant little village—or "city," as it is styled—of Edgefield, just across the Cumberland River from Nashville, resided, before and in the early days of the war, a certain Rev. Dr. McFerran, or, as he was commonly called, Preacher McFerran. The fortunate possessor of a score or more of negroes, he was also otherwise blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. Waxing wealthy and fat, he fared sumptuously every day, until the approach of the Union army, when, having preached the gospel according to Jeff Davis, he found it advisable to travel southward. His departure was considerably hurried,—too much so to allow of his taking with him the larger and more valuable portion of his movable property,—the negroes above mentioned. Left to shift for themselves, they did much as they pleased,—some running away and others remaining. About a year afterward McFerran turned up at Connerville, Alabama, and began to think it would be a good idea to have his negroes there too; they certainly would be worth considerably more than where they were. He accordingly cast about for some means of getting them out of Yankee hands and into his own.

He puts himself in communication with one Silas Norris,—a carpenter by trade, living in Edgefield, and who for some years had been acting as constable. Norris being a man that will do any thing for pay, however dirty the job, an arrangement is made between them by which McFerran is to get his negroes,—all that are left of them, seven in number,—and Norris eight hundred dollars. Norris at once begins preparations, and, as a first step, buys a wagon, for which he pays thirty-five dollars. He engages two men—William Bradlove and James Stuart—to go with him, and promises the former one hundred and the latter two hundred dollars for their services. The next thing, and the most difficult, is to catch the negroes and load them into the wagon. They lived in a cabin about two miles from Nashville, outside of the picket-lines. The most feasible plan seemed to be to go in force and capture them at night. Accordingly, he takes with him five men, —some of them armed,—and in the middle of the night makes a descent upon their cabin, and has them in his hands before they fairly know what is the matter. Four of the men he chains by locking their legs together with trace-chains, and fastens them together by twos. In an adjoining cabin are four other negroes, belonging to James Anderson, son-in-law of McFerran, in three of whom Norris claims to have some interest. While his hand is in, he concludes he may as well take them along too, and they are surprised and secured in the same way. Resistance is vain: yet they struggle as best they can, howling, begging, and imploring not to be taken "down South." They might as well appeal to a stone. He knows no mercy, and shows none. Once in the wagon, they are driven off as rapidly as his four horses can draw them. By twisting and turning from one road to

Norris kidnapping Negroes

another, he evades the Federal forces, and in about eight days reaches his destination, Huntsville, Alabama, when the negroes are turned over to their ministerial master and Norris receives his reward.

This was during the last weeks of December, 1862. On his return the next month, Norris was arrested, and, after a careful examination, convicted of kidnapping and sent to the military prison at Alton, where he yet remains. His well-merited punishment had a good effect,—largely diminishing the number of similar transactions, previously of such common occurrence; and the subsequent energetic movements of the Army Police have wellnigh ended the business within the bounds of their operations.

Phillips, the Bogus Kentucky Unionist.

The arrest of the parties mentioned in the sketch headed "The Pseudo Sanders," which will be found on preceding pages, was for a time the town talk. Gossips discussed it in every conceivable aspect, and Rumor found employment for her hundred tongues. The hotels, the steamers, the railways, the bar-rooms, and even the streets of Cairo, Illinois, were full of it. It penetrated the sanctity of private residences, and sat down with their inmates around the family hearth. The doctor and captain were soon recognized, pointed out, and everywhere made the cynosure of wondering eyes. Speculation was busy with their probable fate, and expressions of sympathy or scowling looks of contemptuous indifference greeted them, according to the character and feelings of those whom they saw and met. Mrs. Ford, too, was not forgotten in all this. Pitied and despised in turn, she was thought and spoken of by many; but, not being visible to the rabble, she was hardly the object of so much interest as her two companions.

On the evening following the arrest, while the doctor was comfortably ensconced within an arm-chair in the sitting-room of the St. Charles, he was accosted by a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Phillips, of Louisville, Kentucky. For the liberty thus taken he apologized by saying that he had heard him spoken of as a Confederate sur geon under arrest and in trouble, and that if he could be of any assistance to him he would most cheerfully render it. He lived, he said, three miles from Louisville, just outside of the Federal lines, and was there known as a Union man of the straitest sect,—so much so that General Boyle had given him a pass to come into the city and go out at will. He had taken oaths of allegiance—bitter and detestable as they were—out of policy, and for appearance's sake. His heart, however, was with the South, in whose service part of his family now were. His son-in-law, Dr. Keller, was chief surgeon on Hindman's staff, and his own son held a position in the rebel army. He owned a plantation in Mississippi, which had formerly been well stocked with negroes. He had heard, however, while at home, that the Yankees had overrun the plantation and run off the negroes, and that most of them had been brought up the river to Cairo. He had at once procured from General Boyle a pass to Cairo and a letter of introduction to General Tuttle, in which he was endorsed as a sound, thorough-going Union man, in whom all confidence could be placed, and stating also that he was now in search of certain negroes supposed to be in Cairo, and that any assistance rendered him in their recovery would be considered a particular favor by the writer, who regarded it as no more than an act of justice to a loyal man. On the strength of these representations he had recovered the negroes, and was now only waiting for a boat to take them home with him. In the mean while, if he could be of any service, he had only to mention it. He had some money left, and if it was money the doctor wanted, it was at his command. If there was not enough of it, he would procure more for him. He would sign

a bond, would endorse any statement, would make any sort of representations to General Tuttle in his behalf, and, with the character given him by his letters of recommendation, he thought he could arrange the matter with the general and procure his release.

The doctor thanked him warmly, but said that it would be of no use, as it was beyond the power of General Tuttle to do any thing in the premises. He had been implicated in smuggling contraband goods through the lines, and had been ordered to be sent back to General Rosecrans, to be dealt with for the violation of his parole. His own case was bad enough, to be sure; but it was not for himself he cared. His life was worth nothing, and he would die any time to serve the Confederacy: it did not matter whether he ever returned to the land of his love. It was not for his own sake he wished it, but to relieve the sufferings and save the lives of his companions-in-arms. There was a great scarcity of all kinds of medicines in the South, and hundreds were dying for the want of them. He had hoped, in his poor way, to do something for them, but he had been betrayed by a pretended friend. But even this failure, involving the consequences it did, was a small matter compared with the detention of his fellow-traveller. That was a public calamity which it was of the utmost importance to remedy at once; for, to speak confidentially, Captain Denver was not Captain Denver at all, but George N. Sanders, just returning from England with the acceptance of the Confederate loan, by the Rothschilds, in his pocket. This he had managed to save from the general confiscation; and if any way could now be devised to get him away and through the lines immediately, all would yet be well, and the Confederacy financially be recognized as an independent nation. As for himself, he had no particular desire to go again to Nashville if it could be avoided, but Sanders must be helped through at all hazards, without reference to himself or anybody else. Some time previously, it will be remembered, the noted George N. Sanders escaped to England through Canada; and this tale was concocted to correspond with that event and seem plausible.

During this narration Phillips was deeply interested, and at its close so much excited that he could hardly speak. After gazing abstractedly for a few moments, he invited the doctor to his room, where they could talk more privately and with less danger. There he repeated that, though professedly Union, he was heart and hand with the South, and always had been. He had aided it at every opportunity,—had smuggled through clothing, medicines, arms, and ammunition, had acted as a spy, and when Bragg was threatening Louisville had sent his negroes to him, time and again, with valuable information, and on one very important occasion had gone himself. His earnest professions of loyalty had completely deceived the Federal authorities, and he was trusted by General Boyle as a friend, and the standing thus acquired had made him of considerable service to his Southern friends, and he had expected to continue in his assumed character somewhile longer; but now he thought he could do more good by throwing off the mask.

"Come straight back to Louisville with me," he said. "I will put you

and Sanders both through, and go myself in the bargain. I am tired of Yankee rule; don't care a —— for them, and ask no odds. I've got money enough, every thing I want, and can get along without them. It will be easy enough to get away. Nobody will suspect me, and I can get a pass from Boyle to go anywhere. I've got some of the best horses in the country, —can't be beat for speed and bottom; and we will fix up a light wagon, fill it with medicines most needed, and be away beyond reach before anybody'll think of such a thing as pursuit."

The doctor assenting, an immediate return to Louisville was agreed upon, where the three were to meet again and make all necessary arrangements for the trip. On reaching that city, the doctor went at once to see General Boyle, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"General, do you know a man by the name of Phillips, living some three miles out of town?"

"Oh, yes, very well. He's a particular friend of mine."

"Do you know his wife and his daughter Mrs. Dr. Keller?"

"Yes,—know the whole family."

"What is their position, general, on the war question?"

"Oh, they are loyal. He's one of the very best Union men we have in Kentucky."

"Ah? But, general, what would you think if I should say I had made an arrangement with him to poison you?"

"That you were mad as a March hare."

"Well, I don't mean to say that I have exactly any thing of that kind against him; but I do say that he is not a Union man at all, but, on the contrary, a rebel and a spy."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, simply enough. He told me so himself; that's all. I met him in Cairo a day or two since, and we had a long talk." (Here the doctor narrated the circumstances, and gave the conversation as it occurred.) "I'll fix it upon him in any way you wish. He shall give money to anybody you name, to buy contraband goods and medicines with. He shall leave his house on any night you say, in any kind of a wagon you say. You shall examine that wagon, and in it you shall find contraband goods. You shall arrest him at any point you please, and you will find our man Conklin [Denver] in the wagon, blacked and disguised as a negro. You shall find upon him letters to Southern rebels; or you may secrete yourself behind a screen and hear him tell his own story, how he has deceived you, how he smuggled goods through to the rebels times without number, how he kept Bragg informed of what was going on last summer, and how he is now preparing to go South with an amount of medicines, important despatches, &c."

"Good God! Is it possible that he is such a man? I would have staked my life on his loyalty and good faith. But can't you stay and work the case up for me?"

"I will stay to-morrow and do what I can; but the next day I must be in

Nashville. I will arrange matters so that your own men can fix the whole thing upon him, but I am expected back day after to-morrow, and dare not stay longer."

"I don't like to trust them: it's too important a case. I'll telegraph to the Chief of Police, and, if your business isn't a matter of too much importance, get permission for you to stay a few days. How will that do?"

"Very well."

The doctor then took his leave, and the next morning was shown a despatch authorizing him to remain in Louisville so long as General Boyle should require his assistance.

That day Phillips came to see the doctor at the Galt House. The project was discussed more at length, and a plan of operations partially agreed upon. At length Phillips said to the doctor,—

"Do you know my son-in-law, Dr. Keller?"

"Very well; have seen him a hundred times."

"Do you know his wife?"

"Yes: I met her frequently in Memphis. She was connected with some aid society there, and I saw her often about the hospitals."

"Did you? She's at my house now, and will be crazy to see you."

The doctor saw that he was getting himself into a scrape. Known to Mrs. Keller by another name and in another character, how should he meet her now, in new garb and guise, without revealing the deception and frightening away his game? The only escape from the dilemma was to put a bold face on the matter, and by sheer audacity overcome any difficulties or obstacles that might be thrown in his way by reason of old acquaintance. He would be very happy to meet the lady, he said, but could not call on her. He did not think it wise to leave the hotel, and especially to go beyond the lines. It was only a matter of courtesy that he was allowed the liberty he enjoyed. Charged with breaking his parole, strict military usage would demand close confinement under guard, and he was anxious to do nothing to which the least exception could now be taken. Any further mishap to him would endanger the success of their new enterprise, and it was vitally important that Sanders should get through this time without fail. If his daughter could be induced to call upon him at the Galt House, it would confer a personal favor upon him, and would relieve him from the necessity or temptation of doing any thing incompatible with the terms of his parole and the strictest sense of honor. Phillips acknowledged the justness of this view of the case, and promised that Mrs. Keller should visit him the next day.

Sure enough, the next morning in came Mrs. Keller. Hardly had she alighted from her carriage when the doctor welcomed her in his most graceful manner.

"How do you do, Mrs. Keller? I am delighted to see you. How well you are looking! How are the children? When did you leave Memphis? How long have you been in Louisville? When did you hear from Dr. Keller? How did you leave all the friends in Memphis?"

And so for full five minutes the doctor launched at her question after question, with the utmost rapidity of his rapid utterance, scarcely giving her time to hear, much less answer, the first before her attention was called to a second, a third, and so on, until she was so hopelessly confused and perplexed that she could say just nothing at all. By the time she had recovered, the doctor, with diplomatic skill, had diverted the conversation into new channels, still giving her no time to advert to their acquaintance in Memphis and the spirit of change which had since come over him. At length, by shrewd management, she edged in this simple question:—

"When did you see Dr. Keller last?"

The road now being clear, the doctor answered more at leisure, but not less elaborately:—

"It has been a good while,—some five or six months. I have been a prisoner three months or more, and General Hindman had gone to Arkansas some time before I was captured, and I have not seen the doctor since he left with the general."

"I had no idea you had been so long a prisoner. How did you happen to be taken? and how did you escape?"

"We were taken in the Confederate hospital at Iuka. Ordinarily, surgeons are not treated as prisoners, but are considered non-combatants. We, however, were retained as hostages for the return of certain Federals imprisoned by General Price in violation, as the Yankee commander alleged, of the rules of war and the cartel agreed upon by the contending parties. A very intimate friend of mine,—Dr. Scott,—also of the Confederate army, and captured with me, married a cousin of the Federal General Stanley; and through the influence which this relationship gave him we were released on parole, the remainder being still in captivity."

The doctor then proceeded with a relation of the occurrences of the past two or three days, dwelling particularly upon the unfortunate detention of Sanders. Mrs. Keller's sympathy was at once excited. She entered warmly into their plans and purposes, and freely offered every assistance that it was in her power to render. She would go herself, but circumstances over which she had no control would not permit it. She had a younger, unmarried sister, however, who was very anxious to accompany them, and she would dress her in boy's clothes to avoid suspicion and trouble.

Just then Phillips himself came in, flushed with excitement, and eager to be off at once. His whole mind was bent on the enterprise, and he could not be easy until they were fairly started. His arrangements were all perfected, and he knew just where he could buy every thing he wanted; he would take the articles out to his house a few at a time, and nobody would imagine any thing out of the way. He could easily make two trips a day; and it wouldn't take long at that rate to load the wagon. He wanted every thing ready, so that they could be off at a moment's notice.

"Certainly," said the doctor, thoughtfully; "it will be well to have every thing ready. But since I saw you last I've been thinking about this thing of carrying contraband goods with us, and I've about concluded it won't do.

It is true that the medicines would do an immense amount of good,—possibly save many lives; but there's Denver: he must be got through, anyhow. It won't do to risk any thing. We must have a sure thing of it this time. Then, again, I don't want to act in bad faith by violating my parole. Our people want such things badly enough, but they must get them in some other way. It will be glory enough for us to get Denver through: 'twill be better than winning a battle; whole generations will rise up and call us blessed. Don't let us attempt too much and spoil it all. Better avoid all needless risk, and stick to one thing. We are made men if we succeed in that."

But Phillips was not convinced. He didn't believe there was any risk at all, and wasn't going with an empty wagon,—not he. It should be packed as full as it could hold with drugs and other needed goods. He had money, and was going to use it; and if he, the doctor, was afraid to go with him, he might find some other means of getting there.

To this, the doctor only replied that he still thought it unwise, but he was not the man to back out of any enterprise. Still, he would not violate his parole,—would not knowingly engage in any contraband trade. But Denver was under no such restraint, and, said the doctor,—

"You had better talk with him. He knows just what is wanted. He's a mild, quiet fellow, however, and never intrudes himself upon anybody's notice. He wouldn't think of suggesting such a thing; but if you furnish him money he'll buy just what can be used to the best advantage. He can buy and you can load the goods; but I don't want to know any thing about them. You can be ready to start on such a day, and I will meet you at some station on the railroad and take passage with you there."

Phillips was satisfied with this, and at once sought out Denver and gave him one hundred and fifty-five dollars,—all the money he had with him,—directed him to a particular store where he could get all the quinine, &c. that he wanted, told him to buy as much as he thought best and pay this money down as an earnest of good faith in making the purchase. In the mean while he would draw from the bank as much more as would be needed, and with it he could settle the bill the next day. Denver went as directed, but found that the merchant would sell him nothing without a special permit from General Boyle. This was reported to the doctor, who promised to have that obstacle removed without delay

While Phillips and Denver are arranging other matters, the doctor goes to General Boyle, reports progress, and asks him to issue a permit for the sale of the quinine. The general hesitates, doesn't exactly like to do it, and finally asks if they can't mark some boxes "quinine," nail them up, load them into his wagon, and have them found there when arrested. "But no," he continues: "that won't do at all. He'd beat us in that game. We couldn't show that he had any thing contraband in his wagon. Of course he'd deny it, and it would be necessary for us to prove it. Can't we borrow enough to answer our purposes?"

"Possibly; but it would be better for the Government to buy it, if you

won't let him do it. It would be worth more than five or six hundred dollars to get rid of such an arrant old traitor and spy."

"I guess we can get along by borrowing."

The borrowing project very nearly defeated the whole matter, by the delay incurred; but the quinine was finally obtained, given to Denver, and safely packed in Phillips's wagon. Every thing was now ready for a start. The doctor took the cars for the place of meeting, and Phillips set out in his wagon, Denver, disguised as a negro, driving. The doctor arrived safely at the appointed rendezvous; but not so Phillips. He was scarcely well started when he was arrested and brought back to Louisville. Too proud and haughty to betray the least emotion, there was no "scene" at any time during his arrest or examination, and he vouchsafed not a word in his own behalf. Defence there could be none. His guilt was too patent for doubt. Conviction followed as a matter of course; and, instead of finding a home on his Mississippi plantation, he became an involuntary recipient of the widely-dispensed hospitalities of Camp Chase.

Moore and Blue, the Scouts.

Romance in real life is not less abundant than in novels. The history of many a man unknown to fame, if written and published, would prove infinitely more fascinating to the reader than thousands of the pages of fiction so eagerly devoured. In times of peace these heroes of unwritten adventure are seldom withdrawn from the quiet into which they have settled, and the story of their lives—told only to a few friends—passes at their death, with all its wonder and romance, into the great storehouse of unremembered things. Not so in these days of war. The active, the bold, and the daring have opened to them an unlimited field for the exercise of their peculiar characteristics. They are brought into contact with thousands to whom they would otherwise never have been known, their history is told and heard, and ultimately finds its way to the public in the columns of the newspaper or the pages of the book. Thus has it been with the two whose names head this chapter. Theirs has been a strange, varied, and sometimes lawless life. Together they have wandered over many wild and unknown regions, passed through many scenes of interest and danger, and, by the experience and sagacity thus acquired, made themselves of no little service to their country during the present war. Firm and constant friends in all their adventures and trials, their story is not less remarkable for its intrinsic interest than as that of a modern Damon and Pythias.

In 1856 two young men—Frank M. Blue, formerly of Michigan, but now from Illinois, and Henry W. Moore, of Brooklyn, New York—met in Leavenworth City, Kansas, whither they had come for the purpose of pre-empting land in that Territory. Taking a fancy to each other, they set out for the

interior in company. At Ossawatamie they met John Brown, joined him in scouting after border-ruffians, and participated in the fight at Hickory Point, where Brown, his son, and twenty-seven men routed forty of them strongly posted in a blacksmith's shop, by backing up against it a load of hay and burning them out. Leaving Brown, they next went to Jennison's camp at Mound City, which was made in such a shape as to resemble a group of hay-stacks. While here, they, in company with eight others, crossed the Missouri River, surprised the town of Rushville, captured thirty border-ruffians and a number of the citizens, broke their guns, and carried away their horses, money, watches, &c. Afterwards they joined the Utah Expedition under General A. S. Johnston, and with it went through to Salt Lake City. Leaving there on their own responsibility, the fame of the Mexican silver-mines attracted them to Puebla, where they remained four months in company with a mixed crowd of miners, Indians, and Mexican peons. Having accumulated a considerable amount of silver, the spirit of adventure led them to Santa Fe, where, some of the party getting themselves into a difficulty, a hasty flight northward became necessary. Procuring a Mexican boro (jackass), and loading him with a few crackers and their personal effects, they set out for Fort Union, one hundred miles distant. Here they procured a mule and crossed over to Bent's Fort, where they joined the Kiowa Expedition under Major Sedgwick. Returning from this, they proceeded to Camp Floyd, and thence across Kiowa Pass to Pike's Peak, where they "jumped" a claim and went to mining. Here they spent the summer, and in the fall hired to Joe Doyle, a Mexican trader and ranchero, to go down the Waifoma River and oversee his peons and take charge of his herds. Remaining all winter on his ranch, they went again next spring to Leavenworth, and hired as riders to the California Overland Express Company, in which business they remained until the outbreak of the rebellion.

With the prospect of active service, they could not stand idly by and see others engaged, and accordingly recruited ten men, with whom they joined Captain William Cleaveland's independent company for the defence of the Kansas border. Their first exploit was a dash into De Kalb, Missouri, where they captured twelve or fourteen prisoners and forty horses and mules. A large party, however, pursued them, overtook and captured them at Atkinson's Ferry, carried them to St. Joseph, and lodged them in jail. The good people of St. Joseph were very anxious to have them tried and sent to the penitentiary at once; but there was no court in session, and the only recourse was to lock them up in the jail, where they did not remain long. The guard was made drunk with drugged whiskey, the negro cook was bribed with a twenty-dollar gold piece to steal the keys from the jailer, the door was unlocked at midnight, and the whole party walked out just ten days after they had been incarcerated. One John Seclover, a friend, had a skiff near at hand to cross them over the river, and a conveyance on the other side to take them to Atchison the same night. The next night, nothing daunted by their recent jail-experience, the same party crossed in a flat-boat to

Missouri, captured from the rebel farmers horses enough to mount themselves, and returned again, after giving the people thereabouts a good scare. The evening following, a negro came to their head-quarters at Pardee, eight miles from Atchison, and said that his rebel master, John Wells by name, and living twelve miles south of St. Joseph, was to leave the next morning for Price's army with two wagon-loads of goods and a coffin full of arms. The company started over immediately, the negro acting as guide. The rebel was found, and so were the goods, consisting of bacon, flour, sugar, coffee, tobacco, whiskey, powder and lead, but no arms. Demand was made for the latter, but the prisoner denied having any. A lariat was then thrown over his neck and drawn tight for a few minutes, when he disclosed their place of concealment,—a newly-made grave, with head and foot board,—in which were found twenty stand of arms of all kinds, and a box of pistols, all of which were taken to Fort Leavenworth and turned over to the United States Government.

Many other expeditions were made, until Cleaveland and his band were known and feared all over that country. On one of these it was ascertained that Major Hart, of Price's army, was at his home, fifteen miles from Weston, with ten men. The company immediately set forth to capture them, a woman—Mrs. Chandler—acting as guide. The major, his men, and the stock on his farm, were taken and carried to Geary City, Kansas, where the stock was just put away and twelve men left as a guard over the prisoners, when forty Missourians rode up and demanded their surrender. Chandler, who stood in the porch, said they would never surrender,—when he was shot dead, eleven bullets being found in his body. His wife and the remainder fired from the house, and picked them off so fast that they were compelled to retire to Fort Leavenworth, eight miles distant, whence they brought up a company of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Captain Fuller, to their assistance, and finally succeeded in capturing the little garrison. They were taken to the fort, and, no one appearing against them, were speedily released by Major Prince, of the U. S. Regulars, commanding the post. Not long after this, Moore, Blue, William Tuff of Baltimore, and Cleaveland, dashed into Kansas City and levied a contribution of some thirty-three hundred dollars in coin upon two secession bankers who had rebel flags flying at their windows. They were pursued, but made their escape, divided the money equally, and all four went to Chicago to spend it, which they did most liberally, and in June, 1861, returned to Leavenworth.

Here Moore and Blue, who had become fast friends, separated, the latter going into Missouri on several jayhawking expeditions, and the former acting as guide to General Sturgis and participating in the battles of Dug Spring and Wilson Creek. Moore relates many interesting adventures which befell him while thus engaged, of which one is here given as an illustration of his shrewdness and foresight. Having been sent by General Lyon to ascertain about certain guerrillas that were lurking about the country, he dressed himself in butternut uniform and set out. Thinking, however, that he might be captured on the trip, he determined to avail himself of a trick he

had somewhere read of, which was to take a large minie ball, cut the top off, hollow it out, and then take the other part and make of it a screw to fit on again, thus forming a kind of little box. He then took a piece of parchment paper, and, writing on it in a peculiar hand a commission in the secret service of the Confederate army, and signing to it the name of General Price, enclosed it in the bullet, screwed it up, and started on again. He had gone but a little way when, sure enough, he fell into the hands of Sy Gordon's guerrilla band, who proposed hanging him at once. Gordon told him he had orders to hang all such suspicious characters as he was, and that he should do it. Moore replied that he had very little to say, but he wished he would do him the favor to take that bullet to General Price after he had hung him. Gordon seemed much amused at so trifling a request, and said to his prisoner that he must be either crazy or a fool. When informed that there was more about the bullet than he had any idea of, he insisted that he should be shown what it was; but Moore refused, saying that he was sworn to say nothing about it. Gordon was non-plussed for a while, but, examining the bullet very closely, soon saw the trick, unscrewed the top, and took out and read the contents. Turning to Moore, he told him he was "all right," and furnished him with a better horse than he then had, on which he at once started back. On arriving at camp, he related his adventure, whereupon a body of cavalry was sent out in pursuit, and the next day succeeded in capturing a number of the band.

Late in the fall Moore and Blue again met in Leavenworth, and both went towards Springfield as guides and spies for Lane and Sturgis's commands. On Christmas-day both were sent by General Steele into Price's camp, whither they went, and returned on January 3, 1862. Four miles from Warsaw they found Christmas was being celebrated by a ball, at which many rebel officers were present. In company with some rebel teamsters, they devised a plan to scare these officers off, and secure to themselves the field and the girls, by rushing up to the house and shouting, at the top of their voices, "The Feds are coming! the Feds are coming!" The plan worked admirably: the officers rushed away in hot haste,—one even falling into the well,—and our plotters were left in full possession of the premises. Coming back to Sedalia, they were engaged by Colonel Weir as guides. Going ahead one day to select a camping-ground, they came to a house where was a man very hospitably inclined, asking them to stop, put up their horses and feed them with corn, of which he had plenty. Representing that they had been pressed into the service, but were in heart with the rebels, their entertainer grew confidential, and told them something about himself,—that he acted as a spy, carried despatches wrapped in a cigar, &c. The information thus obtained from him contributed to the capture, by General Pope, at Blackwater, of thirteen hundred rebels with all their equipments. They accompanied General Pope on his expedition to Warrensburg, where he captured Colonel Parke's rebel force, and then returned to Kansas, where they jayhawked for a month or two. Going again to Missouri, they learned that Quantrill's guerrilla band was in the vicinity of Independence. With eleven comrades, they went

there, captured the town, quartered themselves in the court-house, and badly frightened the people, who thought, of course, that they were only the advance-guard of a larger body behind. Quantrill soon came into the place with forty-five men, and demanded their surrender. This was refused, and a skirmish commenced, the occupants of the court-house firing out of the doors and windows, and finally succeeding in dispersing the besiegers, who went off for reinforcements. The thirteen now thought it best to retire, which they did, skirmishing for one and a half miles to a stone fence, when the guerrillas mounted. The jayhawkers now ensconced themselves behind the fence. Holding their position until dusk, they then scattered, having killed five and wounded seven of the guerrillas. Pursuit was made by the latter; but the darkness enabled them to escape, and they soon put an effectual end to it by cutting the telegraph-wire and stretching it across the road from fence to fence.

The twain now joined Generals Curtis and Sigel as couriers, and made several dangerous trips between the army and Rolla, carrying despatches each way, on one of which Blue was taken prisoner and held as such for six weeks. Both accompanied General Curtis in his terrible march through Arkansas to Helena, and met with many stirring adventures by the way. One day while they were riding in company with Newton Blue, a brother of Frank and also a scout, they came suddenly upon five rebels in a lane, with whom they stopped and talked for some time, representing themselves as Southern men. The rebels soon heard a bugle behind them, however, and, suspecting that all was not right, made a charge upon our scouts, who killed three of them and captured their horses, the remaining two falling into the hands of the Federal advance. At Helena they engaged in buying cotton for the speculators, and in one of their excursions were captured by the guerrillas. Pretending to be rebels, they joined a portion of Jeff Thompson's gang, and, remaining with them eleven days, obtained much information concerning him. Having had enough of guerrilla life, they planned an escape, in this wise. An old negro, of whom they knew, was just going into Helena with a load of cotton for sale. By him they sent word to General Steele of an arrangement which had been made to rob him on his return of the proceeds of the cotton. The message was carried and delivered faithfully, and on his way back the negro was robbed, as proposed, of his eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks, which were found hidden away in his boots; but just as the thirty-one guerrillas were dividing the spoils, the second battalion of the 1st Missouri Cavalry came up and captured the whole party, all of whom were subsequently sent to St. Louis as prisoners.

From Helena Moore and Blue next went to Columbia, and then to Corinth, where they detected and arrested two counterfeiters, making a great haul of counterfeit St. Louis city treasury warrants and gold dollars, both of which were well executed. Accompanying Colonel Truesdail's police force to Louisville, they there played the rebel, and hunted out Palmer and Estes, who burned the ammunition-steamers at Columbus and were afterwards sent to Camp Chase. With our army they came on to Nashville, and afterwards

ran as mail-messengers,—a very dangerous service. Getting on the track of a band of guerrillas between Bowling Green and Nashville, they piloted a cavalry force to the neighborhood, and captured a considerable number, who were brought to Nashville and were properly dealt with. They next made a successful spy-trip to Murfreesborough, going by way of Lavergne and crossing at Sanders's Ferry. Dr. Goodwin, of the rebel army, whom they had fallen in with on the way, vouched for them, and they passed the pickets into the town readily enough. Once in, they made the circuit of the town and camps, obtaining all the information they could, and then began to think of getting back. It was arranged that Moore should go to Chattanooga for further observation, while Blue would return to Nashville and report what they had already seen and heard. With this understanding, both went at once to the provost-marshal's office for passes. At that time Captain William Brenton was provost-marshal, whom they found somewhat crabbed and chary of words. Making known their wants, they were saluted in this manner:—

"Want a pass to Chattanooga, do you? Lots of people in that fix. What d'ye want to go there for?"

"We want to join Jack Jones's cavalry company," replied Moore, at a venture, who had heard of such a company.

"If that's all you want, you needn't go to Chattanooga for it. Jones and his company are here now."

This was a new and not pleasing phase of affairs; and, to add to their difficulty, Captain Brenton called Jones in at once, and told him here were two men who wished to join his company, and he'd better have them sworn in right away. Fairly caught in their own trap, there was no escape, and, trusting the future to good luck, they yielded to their fate, and were sworn in. Three days afterwards, they with three others were detailed to duty on the second picket-line, and determined to take advantage of this opportunity and make their escape. Some distance from their station was a house where whiskey could be obtained at exorbitant prices; and Moore and Blue proposed to their companions that if they would go and get the whiskey they would pay for it, and guard the post during their absence. This was agreed to; and the whiskey-seekers were hardly out of sight when our two scouts rode off in hot haste to the outer pickets, two guards being on duty in the road, the remainder of the pickets being near by at their fire, and their horses tied close at hand. They were accosted by the guard with the usual—

"Halt! who comes there?"

"Friends, with the countersign!" was the answer.

"Dismount; advance, one, and give the countersign," was now the order.

Our scouts had foreseen this, and planned accordingly. Hence they rode up briskly to the pickets; and while they pulled and tugged upon the bridle-reins to hold in their fiery steeds, the spurs upon their heels were doing equally good service in urging the animals forward, and they could not be stopped until abreast of the pickets and nearly touching their opposing muskets. Moore then leaned forward, without dismounting, as if to give the

password, and suddenly jerked to one side the bayonet and loaded gun of the nearest guard, while with his other hand he shot him dead with his pistol, suddenly drawn from his holster. The ball penetrated the forehead, the guard falling over backward, his mouth wide opened. Blue at the same time drew a pistol and shot the other guard dead in his tracks, and away they flew down the road, and were speedily lost in the darkness and distance. The rest of the rebel pickets did not pursue them, but our scouts could hear them shout after them long and loudly, "Oh, you —— infernal Yankees!" &c. &c. The scouts soon took to the woods, travelling all night in the direction of Nashville, and meeting with no further adventure until soon after sunrise, when one of them espied a moving object in their front, at a considerable distance. A second glance revealed it to be a "butternut," with gun in hand, who at that instant glided behind a tree and took deliberate aim at them. Our scouts, who were also in butternut, were not taken aback. Keeping on at an easy horse-walk, and apparently noticing no one, one of them begins to sing, in a brisk, cheery voice, a verse of the "Dixie" song, ending,—

"In a Southern land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie," &c.

As they neared the butternut, he was observed to lower his gun and emerge from behind the tree. When abreast, he accosted the twain:—

"Halloo, boys! which way?"

"All right!—taking a little scout this morning," was the answer.

The "butternut," who was a rebel scout or guerrilla, was now near them, unsuspecting, and inclined to be inquisitive and sociable, his gun over his shoulder. But our men were in haste, and had a vivid remembrance of that previous moment when he had drawn a bead on them, in such a cold-blooded manner, from behind the tree. One of them draws his revolver as quick as thought and shoots him dead; and again they ride forward briskly for a while, and eventually reach the Federal lines near Nashville in safety, but through dangers to be feared upon every hand, from behind each tree, or rock, or bush,—as they were traversing debatable land, between two great contending armies, and known to be swarming with scouts, spies, and troops, and especially rebel guerrillas or "partisan rangers."

Acting as secret policemen and detectives, they now assisted in developing several important cases, a full mention of which would fill many pages of this work. Occasionally they varied their daily routine by acting as guides to cavalry expeditions, in which they rendered efficient service. One of their adventures in Nashville is worth relating.

After the battle of Stone River large numbers of rebel prisoners were sent to the city and allowed their parole, whereupon the wealthy secessionists of the place seized every opportunity to feed, clothe, and encourage them. One day, as Moore and Blue were walking down High Street in the dress of Confederate prisoners, they were invited into an elegant residence and were kindly entertained by Miss Hamilton, one of the reigning belles of Nashville. Conversation naturally ensued concerning the relative merits and demerits of

the North and South, in the course of which Miss Hamilton said she had done every thing in her power to aid the Southern cause. She had sent letters of encouragement, she said, and also a Southern flag, through the lines. She told them of an old Irishwoman who was in the habit of carrying out goods in a market-wagon which had a false bottom. She said, too, that Governor Andy Johnson once had her brought before him and gave her a severe lecturing, but she soon talked him over, and persuaded him into giving her a pass to go two miles out of the city to see her aunt, and that when once beyond the lines she went to the rebel army at Murfreesborough. She further said that a Mrs. Montgomery, who lived two miles out on the Franklin pike, had taken out more goods than anybody else in Nashville. When she went to Murfreesborough she took out with her letters, and had given to Southern soldiers coming into Nashville large quantities of clothing, and finally demonstrated her good will by presenting Moore with a fine pair of pants and other clothing and a pair of new boots. In return for these acts of kindness, Colonel Truesdail sent her the following letter of thanks:—

"Office Chief Army Police, January 10, 1863.

"Miss Hamilton, High Street:—

"Dear Miss:—Please accept my grateful acknowledgment for your kindness—during the arrival of a large number of Confederate prisoners in the city from the battle of Stone River, and their stay here—in calling into your beautiful residence one of my secret police, and for the kind and benevolent treatment you extended to him. Also for the new suit of clothes and the cavalry boots given him, the valuable information of your labors in the Confederate cause furnished to him, and the knowledge afforded me of your persevering energy as a spy and smuggler. I shall endeavor to profit by it, and may have occasion to send another officer to you.

"Respectfully,

"William Truesdail,

"*Chief Army Police.*"

After this they accompanied a cavalry police expedition for the purpose of capturing Captains Young and Scruggs,—the leaders of a band of guerrillas on White's Creek, who were a terror to the whole country. They were at the house of an old man named McNeill, which was surrounded and a demand made for Young and Scruggs. There being some sixty troops to back the demand, the old man did not dare to deny their presence, and, without deigning any reply, turned at once, went into the house, and bolted the door. This slight barrier was speedily broken down, and the crowd rushed in. Search was made everywhere,—down stairs and up, under beds, in chimneys, and under the floor; but neither Young nor Scruggs was found. As a last resort, they went to the girls' bedroom; and there—in bed, between two full-grown young women—the valiant Young was found snugly hidden away. He was unceremoniously dragged out, and Scruggs in the mean while having been found in a hay-loft, both were taken to Nashville, and are now in the penitentiary at that place, awaiting their trial.

For the last five months Moore and Blue have been constantly engaged in

the investigation and development of many minor cases; and both look forward to yet many days of adventure for themselves and of usefulness to the Government.

Trainor, the Traitor Wagon-Master.

In the early part of February, 1863, there was boarding at the City Hotel, in Nashville, a lady of ordinary appearance and apparently about forty-five years of age. Her husband and three sons were in the rebel Morgan's command, and she was known by the proprietors of the house and by Mrs. Winburn—the wife of one of them—as entertaining strong sympathy for the Confederate cause. In reality, however, she was a Union woman, and in the employ of Colonel Truesdail, Chief of the Army Police. From the position of her relatives, and her former place of residence, aided by her expression of Southern sentiments, she was considered a genuine secessionist, and had completely won the favor of Mrs. Winburn, by whom she was made a friend and confidante. Mrs. W. told her on several occasions how much aid she and others of her lady friends had rendered to the Confederates, and how much more they intended to do for them. When visitors arrived at the City Hotel and made known their Southern sympathies, she was introduced to them as entertaining the same sentiments, and at once admitted to their confidence and councils. In this way she learned the existence there of a club, or rather association of persons, of rebel tendencies, the members of which made use of a certain password, without which none could gain admittance to their meetings, and this password was "Truth and Fidelity."

About the middle of February there arrived at the hotel from Louisville a certain Mrs. Trainor, who was there joined by her husband, John Trainor, —the latter understood to have formerly been master of transportation in the Ordnance Department of Major-General Buell's army. Mrs. Trainor was introduced by Mrs. Winburn to her confidential friend our detective as one who had at heart the welfare of the Southern Confederacy, and Mrs. Trainor presented her to Trainor, her husband, saying that he too was a friend of the South and ardently desired its success in the struggle for independence. This interview proved the precursor of many others, in which Trainor and his wife made many interesting statements concerning themselves and the assistance which they had rendered to the rebel army.

From Trainor she thus gained the following remarkable information. In the fall of 1861, he said, he had run the Federal blockade and brought from Louisville to Nashville, for the use of the Confederate army, several wagon-loads of arms, ammunition, drugs, and medicines. These he had purchased in Louisville,—the arms and ammunition from a Mr. Bull, and the drugs and medicines from Dr. Pile. While in Nashville on this business, he made the acquaintance of General Zollicoffer, who advised him to abandon the

neutral position he then occupied in regard to the war and engage in the service of the Confederates. This he agreed to do; and, the better to accomplish his ends, he was to obtain the position of Master of Transportation in the Ordnance Department of the Federal army. On his return to Louisville he had applied for the situation, which was given to him. Since then he had improved the advantages it offered, by following the Federal army down into Alabama with wagon-loads of contraband goods, which, according to previous arrangement, he disposed of at different places. During the whole Buell campaign the rebels knew, at all times, the strength of the escort which accompanied him, and if they did not capture his train it was not his fault. In the different skirmishes between the two armies he so managed that his train was never in its right place, and frequently the rebels would capture a portion of it, but would not take him prisoner, as it would be against their own interests to do so.

He regretted very much that the Confederates had not captured a train of one hundred and sixteen wagons, once under his charge, while General Buell was on his march to Kentucky in September last. He had requested Mrs. Winburn to inform Generals Morgan and Forrest where they could find the train and how many men the escort numbered. This she did; and he was so sure they would capture the train that he took Mrs. Winburn and his wife along for some distance from Nashville to see the fun of the capture. He had with him a young man—formerly in the Confederate army, but at that time in his employ—who was so disappointed because the train was not captured that he blew up and destroyed twenty-five of the wagons as they were passing over a certain bridge, and this, he said, was done with his own knowledge and consent, and partially at his suggestion.

After General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, Trainor said he began to purchase from Federal officers and soldiers, and from others who would sell them, pistols for General Wheeler, Dick McCann, and the guerrilla bands in the country. Some of them he carried to the rebels himself, and the balance he sent by a man named Nevins, who lived in Kentucky and had a contract to furnish cattle to the Federal army. This Nevins usually had with him some of Morgan's men, through whom he kept the Confederates continually informed of the number and movements of Federal troops along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and he had acted as guide for Kirby Smith when the latter invaded Kentucky last fall. Trainor further said that he (Trainor) now had charge of the army transportation at Nashville, and that about the time of the battles at Stone River he was in the rebel camp and gave information. At this the lady remarked,—

"That accounts for the success of the Confederates in capturing so many of the Federal wagons."

"You may come to what conclusion on that subject you please," answered Trainor.

The young man, he continued, who was with him at the time of Buell's retreat and blew up the twenty-five wagons, was still in his employ; and one

night not long since, by his management, five hundred mules belonging to the United States had stampeded and mysteriously disappeared from their corral. Many other interesting things which the young man had done for the benefit of the Confederate Government Trainor related with relish, and seemed desirous to impress upon the mind of his hearer that he himself was at all times anxious to serve the rebels and injure the Federal Government in every possible way. Seeing this disposition on his part, she suggested that he could now do more good by purchasing arms, quinine and other medicines for the use of the Confederate army than in any other way, and adding that she had a friend in Louisville who was a secret agent for that very purpose, and who would assist him in getting them South.

Trainor replied that he had then on hand one and a half pounds of quinine and two or three splendid pistols, which he would like to send South, and that he could procure any quantity of pistols if the money was furnished to purchase them.

The lady then proposed to buy his pistols and quinine, if he would deliver them to her friend in Louisville, who would send them through the lines.

Trainor assented, and sold her the quinine and four pistols, for which he received from her two hundred dollars. He also proposed to, and did, write to Mr. Bull and Dr. Pile, of Louisville, requesting them to furnish the secret agent above mentioned such quantity of quinine, pistols, and knives as he might wish for the Confederate service. He further said that he had a friend by the name of Kellogg, in whom he had confidence, and for whom he had obtained a pass and transportation to Louisville, and that he would send the quinine and pistols by him, instead of by his wife, as had been previously arranged. Implicit faith could be reposed in Kellogg, as he had recently engaged in running horses to the Confederacy, and was now trying to assist a rebel prisoner to escape from the penitentiary. His friend Mr. Bull, continued Trainor, had a brother who was chief clerk in the Quartermaster's Department of the Union army, and as good a secessionist as his brother, and who had a much better chance to serve the South than he had. He thought the Federals would have a good time whipping the Confederates, when many of the important offices of the different army departments were filled by friends of the latter.

The reason assigned for sending the quinine and pistols to the South by the way of Louisville was that it afforded less chance of detection than to send directly from Nashville, as the Federal army had a vigilant police, and it was almost impossible to get them through the lines in that direction. Accordingly, as agreed, Trainor, about the middle of March, did send to Louisville, by his friend Kellogg, the quinine and pistols that had been purchased of him, and which, on their arrival, were delivered to the supposed secret agent of the Confederacy, as will hereafter be related.

About the same time there arrived at the City Hotel a gentleman representing himself as Dr. Dubois, an agent of the Confederate States Army, and just from Bragg's command. As he had with him a genuine pass, signed by General Bragg and countersigned by General Breckinridge, his state-

ment was readily accepted as true by the proprietors of the hotel and its *habitués*. For nearly a week after his arrival he was confined to his room by a severe sickness, during which he was carefully nursed by Mrs. Winburn. As soon as recovered, he was introduced by Mrs. W. to Trainor, as a friend of hers who had just come to Nashville from Bragg's army to purchase medicines and goods to be sent South through the Federal lines. Dubois at once expressed his desire of purchasing pistols and medicines, and requested Trainor to assist him.

Trainor eagerly assented, and said, "I will furnish you nine."

"But I want and must have more."

"Well, I will get them for you, and will leave them at Mrs. Davidson's, six miles out on the Charlotte pike. Some of my army-wagons are going out that way after wood, and I can easily carry them with me."

Mrs. Winburn had previously sold Dubois three pistols, for which she had been promised twenty-five dollars each, two of which Trainor took with him to his camp to add to those he had there, and to take them all out together as soon as possible. Dubois said that he would conceal in the muzzle of the third pistol important information, written in cipher, and a letter to General Cheatham, telling him that a lot of pistols had been procured through the influence of Captain Trainor, and were now on their way South, to which was added a request that he would set Trainor right with the Confederates when they got possession of Nashville. This pistol Trainor called for and carried away the next evening, but on the day following returned and said that he was totally unable to carry them out to Mrs. Davidson's, as he had expected to. Dubois then told him he had a friend who would take them out, and he might bring them back to the hotel,—which he agreed to do the next evening.

He came as he had promised, bringing with him eight revolvers on his person, some of them in his waist-belt and some in his boot-legs. As he handed them over, and while Dubois was putting them under the blanket on the bed, he remarked that he had on several occasions taken out on his person as many pistols as he had just brought in. Mrs. Winburn, who was present, boasted that she had taken out four blankets on her person, and that a lady friend had carried out beneath her skirts, in the same way, a cavalry saddle. While this conversation was still progressing, all parties, including Mrs. Winburn, Trainor, and Dubois, were arrested, the latter being ironed and sent out,—ostensibly to prison, but more probably to some other field of operations, where his skill in detecting rebel smugglers and spies might be made equally useful.

Mrs. Trainor had already returned to Louisville, and had been there some days. The medicines which had been forwarded by Kellogg were in her possession, and she was anxiously awaiting a visit from the secret agent of the Confederacy, to whom she could deliver them and make with him arrangements for the purchase of more. She had been telegraphed by her Nashville friends that he would call on her in a few days; and, as some time had elapsed since the receipt of the despatch, she began to wonder why he

did not come. One day, as she was returning in a carriage to her house, in what is known as California Suburb, on Fifteenth Street beyond Kentucky Street, she espied coming from it a well-dressed, handsome-appearing young man, who wore conspicuously a large red-white-and-red cravat. As he came opposite to the carriage, he hailed the driver, and asked,—

"How far are you going?"

"Just to yonder house," replied the coachman,—pointing to Mrs. Trainor's, the house he had just come from.

"Very well: I will wait here for you, then, and go back with you."

During the time occupied in this colloquy, and as long as she could see him from the carriage-window, Mrs. Trainor eyed him earnestly, as though she suspected he was the person she was so anxious to see. Nothing was said, however, and on reaching home she went in and found on the table a note for her from one H. C. Davis, stating that he was the secret agent of the Confederacy, that he had just called to see about the medicines, and was sorry to find her out. The signature to the note was "Truth and Fidelity." —a sure guarantee that there was no deception in the matter. Meanwhile the coach had returned to where the prospective passenger was left standing, when that gentleman took his seat inside and directed the driver to turn around and go again to the house he had just left. Mrs. Trainor met Davis at the door and welcomed him most cordially. Holding out her hand, she said,—

"I thought as much. I was sure it was you when I first put my eye on you."

"Why, madam, what could have made you think so?"

"Oh, that cravat! Nobody else would wear *it*. But you must be careful about it. It isn't safe. You'll be suspected."

"Oh, I guess there's no danger. I have friends enough in Louisville to take care of me."

The two then entered the house and engaged in earnest conversation. Davis said that he was just about shipping some goods to the South, and he would like to send what medicine she could furnish along with them. He made it a practice to make as few shipments as possible, in order to avoid suspicion.

It was all ready, she said, and he might have it as soon as he wished.

Davis made arrangements to have them delivered at an appointed time, and proposed the purchase of a large quantity in addition to that she had brought from Nashville. She entered eagerly into the business, and said she would ascertain at what prices she could obtain quinine, morphine, and pulverized opium. The next day she reported that she could get them from a man named Tafel, who kept a small prescription-store,—the quinine for six dollars an ounce, the morphine at eight dollars an ounce, and the pulverized opium at fourteen dollars a pound. Davis thought this rather high, but said he would take them at that price. He wanted a thousand ounces of quinine and smaller quantities of the others. After making arrangements for the purchase of the medicines and a supply of pistols,—which was

to be furnished by Mr. Bull at thirty dollars each,—Davis went to the city to prepare for their shipment South.

The next evening he called again to invite Mrs. Trainor to the theatre, and was told that there was a difficulty about the medicines. Tafel was fearful that he could not make so large a purchase on his individual credit, and that he wished the money advanced to buy them with. Davis replied that he never did business in that way. He would pay cash on delivery, and if Tafel could not furnish them on those terms they must look elsewhere. Mrs. Trainor thought there would be no difficulty about it. Tafel was to procure them of a wholesale druggist named Wilder, and the matter could doubtless be arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. In fact, she could safely promise that it should be ready by the next afternoon. At his next visit, Davis was told that the medicines had been purchased, and were ready for delivery, when and where he pleased.

He wished them delivered at her house, he said, early the next morning. He was all ready to ship, and was only waiting for them. Mrs. Trainor engaged that they should be there without fail, and Davis returned to the city, having first arranged with a Federal soldier whom he found at her house—a deserter from the Anderson Cavalry—to go South and act as a scout for General Breckinridge in his expected movement into Kentucky. The next morning, instead of himself coming to receive the goods as he had promised, he sent out a force of policemen, who reached there just as the wagon containing the medicines drove up to the door. Mrs. Trainor, the driver, and the deserter were taken into custody, and the former was sent immediately to Nashville. The wagon was found to contain drugs—mostly quinine and opium—to the value of about five thousand five hundred dollars according to the wholesaler's bill, and eight thousand eight hundred dollars at Tafel's prices. The pistols did not come, Bull having failed to procure them. Wilder and Bull were also arrested, and the store of the former seized, with its contents, valued at from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. Tafel's prescription-shop was converted by General Boyle into a medical dispensary for the hospitals of Louisville, and is now used as such. Since her arrest, Mrs. Trainor has been heard to say that she was fearful that secret agent of the Confederacy was only "one of Truesdail's spies," in which supposition she was more than usually correct, he being no other than our old friend Newcomer, who played so important a part in many of the cases here and elsewhere recorded.

The following statement of the army policeman who was sent from Nashville to Louisville to arrest Mrs. Trainor and her cotemporaries and abettors in crime sheds additional light upon this remarkable and important case:—

"As per instructions of Chief of Army Police, at Nashville, I proceeded to the house of Mr. John Trainor, in Louisville, Kentucky, where I arrested Mrs. Trainor, Mr. Tafel, a deserter, and one other gentleman. They were put under arrest and placed in the guard-house. Mrs. Trainor was put under guard at her own residence. Next morning they—Mrs. T. and the three gentlemen—were brought to Nashville, under guard. The house at

Louisville was searched, where was found a military saddle, which was taken; also between eight thousand and nine thousand dollars' worth of quinine and opium was taken,—as per bill found with them,—which said articles were ready to be sent to 'Dixie.' During that night I had various conversations with Mrs. Trainor, in all of which she stated her object to be to make money, for which she undertook the risk. On my return on the train from Louisville to Nashville I brought eight persons as witnesses in the Trainor case and connected with Wilder, the smuggling firm. At various previous interviews had with Mrs. Trainor, she declared that her husband was not implicated in the smuggling, &c. with herself. But she afterwards confessed he was,—stating she had bought quinine, arms, equipments, &c., and shipped to him at Nashville, to be sent through the lines. After having made her final statements,—during which time she was kept in confinement some two or three weeks under guard, with strict orders allowing no person to converse with her,—she was notified that she could see her husband. Upon being admitted to the room, she embraced him, and then fainted, and was in that condition for several minutes. She was accompanied by her two small children,—a girl and a boy, aged five and seven years. The manacles were taken off from Trainor prior to Mrs. T. and the children's entrance. The proper restoratives were administered to her by myself,—the husband being greatly alarmed, saying, 'Do you think she will recover?' 'Is it not a very long time to remain in this con dition?' 'I am afraid she will die,' &c. When the restorative took effect, his countenance lighted up with joy. After she was fully restored, a friend who was present, and myself, retired and left them to each other's society. They were together during the whole day, and at night were separated,—he being sent to jail and Mrs. T. to her quarters, there to await the final decision of Major-General Rosecrans."

The evidence against Trainor as a smuggler is conclusive. As regards his confessions to the female detective at the City Hotel, Nashville, of the crime of treason while in the employ of the United States Government under General Buell last year, no further proof has been as yet discovered. When arrested, the bearing of Trainor was defiant to the last degree: he laughed scornfully at the officers and men who stood near or around him, and retained the same bold manner during his several days' imprisonment at the police office.

At the time of this writing (May, 1863) the decision in the case of Trainor has not been made public, if arrived at. He may have concocted all that story of his betrayals under Buell to tickle the ears of silly people; but probably not. The Chief of Police was shocked at the revelation, and desired cumulative evidence of its truth beyond the confidential confession of the wretched party to his detective. So far as possible, this was obtained, and "Dr. Dubois" was put upon the track, resulting in confirming the statement of the first detective in every respect, so far as it extended.

In this connection comes up the case of Wilder, the wholesale and retail drug-dealer of Louisville. His immense concern has been closed, and his

goods will probably be confiscated. His greed and his rebel sympathies have proved his ruin. As one item against him, it is certainly true that he had coats manufactured and on hand stuffed and quilted with quinine, which he sold to spies and travellers and traders to be taken South. The property thus confiscated in this case alone will defray the expenses of the Army Police for several months.

A Spy on Morgan and Wife and his Nashville Kin.

One of the most interesting cases of spying that has occurred in our army, though perhaps not so important as some others, was that in which a shrewd young Union soldier, whom we will name Johnson, was the actor, and by whom the notable General John H. Morgan and family were completely duped, as the following pages will reveal.

"Nashville, February 8, 1863.

"STATEMENT OF A. B. JOHNSON IN RELATION TO GENERAL MORGAN, ETC.

"I am a personal acquaintance of General John H. Morgan; he is acquainted with my family in ——, Kentucky. I saw him at Lexington. I met him with about one hundred men about three miles from Stewart's Ferry, on the Wilson pike, on Tuesday, one week ago. He was pleased to see me, and, after due conversation, I agreed to scout for him. I came down with him to Stewart's Ferry, where he captured five Federal soldiers in the following manner. General Morgan and his men had on United States uniforms; on reaching the ferry-boat, he saw the Federals on the opposite side of the river. He was hailed by the Federals, Captain Powell saying, 'What command are you?' He answered, '9th Kentucky.' Then Morgan asked him, 'What command are you?' They answered, 'Scouts from Nashville.' When Morgan asked him, 'What news?' 'Nothing of importance.' Then Morgan ordered eleven men aboard the ferry-boat, and sent them across and captured five men, *and shot one who tried to escape.* We left, and went to near Lebanon that night, next day to Liberty, and the next day (Thursday) to McMinnville, where I stayed four days, when I came to Liberty on Tuesday, where I was arrested by some of Morgan's men, and taken to Woodbury, where I was released by Colonel Clark, and then went to Readyville. From there I went to General Crittenden's head-quarters, and thence to General Rosecrans's head-quarters; and there I was ordered to report to Colonel Truesdail, at Nashville.

"My instruction from General Morgan was to go to Nashville, deliver letters to his (Morgan's) friends in Nashville, and then to learn whether there were any commissary stores at the Chattanooga & Nashville depot; to see Mrs. Hagy if she knows of such commissary stores, and also ascertain where the commissary stores in Nashville are, particularly, and how all the steamers lie in the river, how many gun-boats, and how they lie in the

river. For this information, promptly delivered, he would give me five hundred dollars in greenbacks. He very pointedly charged me to beware of Truesdail's detective police, &c. I saw Mrs. Hagy to-night, after advising with Mrs. Cheatham, who advised me to put on United States uniform, which I got of Colonel Truesdail, and went and saw Mrs. Hagy and others, and to visit all parts of the city to obtain the information the general directed. A shoemaker—first house on the left-hand side of Church Street after you leave the penitentiary—is making boots for me with false bottoms for carrying despatches. I have not his name: it begins with 'H.'

(Signed) "A. B. JOHNSON."

"NOTE FROM CHIEF OF POLICE TO GENERAL ROSECRANS.

"GENERAL:—I have sent Johnson back with information not very inviting to General Morgan: yet I am of the opinion the latter will make a raid upon some point in your command within ten days. He has a chain of scouts this morning extending from Stone River, perhaps into the city, all the way through to Lebanon, Greenville, Smithville, and McMinnville, his general head-quarters. One hundred of his men were at Stone River last night, I am informed.

"Yours, &c., WILLIAM TRUESDAIL,
"Chief of Army Police."

The spy Johnson was sent back to Morgan with proper instructions, made his trip successfully, returned, and reported as follows:—

"I left Nashville February 9th, and stayed at Stewart's Ferry that night; next morning went four miles beyond Beard's Mill; next day went five miles beyond Liberty. On the 12th went to McMinnville to General Morgan's head-quarters. When I went into his office, the general was not there, but his brother—Charlton Morgan—was in. He said to me, 'Is it possible that you have got through?' He then called one of the boys, and sent word to the general that a man wanted to see him on important business. The general came over, and, as he came in, said to me, 'Mr. ———, I am very glad to see you.' He then turned to his brother, and said, 'I told you he would go through, Charlton. I am hardly ever deceived in a man.' I told him that I had some things for his wife from Mrs. Dr. Cheatham. He then invited me over to Dr. Armstrong's, where he was boarding. We went in, and he introduced me to his lady, saying, 'Here, my dear, is the gentleman I told you of; he is just from Nashville.' She invited me to be seated; and the general then asked me for information about Nashville. I told him that they were receiving heavy reinforcements there,—that there were fifty-seven transports lying at the levée, loaded with troops and provisions. He asked me if they had not been burned yet. I told him they had not. He says, 'Well, they will be.' He asked when I would be ready to go to Nashville again;

and I told him I was ready at any time. He asked me if I did not want some money; I told him I did; and he gave me one hundred dollars,—part in Confederate and part in greenbacks and Tennessee money. He then said he wanted me to leave on Sunday or Monday for Nashville. On Monday I started from McMinnville. He told me to find out how many troops there were here, where they were going to, and how many transports there were here, and their location. Also how many gun-boats there were here, and whether they lay above or below the railroad-bridge. He said for me to get all the information I could of the movements, location, and number of the army. Monday night I stayed at Mr. Bradford's, five miles the other side of Liberty; next night stayed at Widow Buchan's, five miles beyond Lebanon; next, stayed two miles this side of Green Hill; next day (Thursday) came to Nashville. While I was in the general's office at McMinnville, Colonel Clarke, commanding Duke's brigade, came in and asked the general if the troops could not be paid off before going to Kentucky. Morgan said they could be paid. He asked the colonel if he wanted any money. The colonel said, 'Yes;' that he wanted commutation for fifty days. In marching they do not issue rations. Heard Major Steel say that the command would be at Sparta in the morning. Learned from officers at McMinnville that there were near twenty-five thousand troops at Tullahoma, that they were fortifying there and at Manchester and Shelbyville, and that Breckinridge was at Manchester. While at McMinnville I saw the telegraph-operator, who invited me to his office. He was just sending to Bragg the news I had brought. While in his office, he received a despatch from either Richmond or Charleston, saying that France had interfered, and that commissioners were to meet in Central Mexico.

(Signed) "A. B. Johnson."

When Johnson started on this trip, he carried a letter from Mrs. Dr. Cheatham, of Nashville, to her sister,—Mrs. General Morgan,—Mrs. Cheatham supposing our man to be one of them and all right. He brought back an answer, which we copy, as follows:—

"MRS. JOHN MORGAN TO MRS. DR. CHEATHAM.

"My dearest Sis:—I was made very happy last Thursday by the reception of your sweet letter, and felt almost as if you were with me: each little article had been purchased by yourself, and put up by your own hands. My best of husbands came hurrying over from his office with the *detective*, knowing how happy he could make me. We read the letters and feasted over them; and as I untied each bundle he sat and watched my delight with eyes full of pleasure. Oh, I do wish you knew him well! you could but love him; and I often tell him the same thing of you. It will be a happy day when we can return home again and not see all the dear ones left there compelled to submit to the despotism of Yankee rule. My life is all a joyous dream now, from which I fear to awaken; and awake I must, when my husband is called to leave me again. But he says that shall not be soon; he

keeps his command constantly at work, but will not take more rest himself. Did you know he was within five miles of you a week or two ago? You would have had a visit from him in your own home, but for one little circumstance,—of which I will tell you when I do many other things which in these uncertain times cannot be written. Allie is not now with us. Horace took her to Knoxville, where she had been intending to go for some time previous. My husband is with the army: and with this portion of the army we may have to move at any moment. My husband says he wants me to remain with him, and of course I much prefer it. They say we are a love-sick couple: at any rate, I know my liege lord is devoted to me, and each day I am forced to love him more. His disposition is perfect. I know you will say, sis, that every topic I commence runs into praise of my husband; but the truth is, I cannot help it, and one of these days you will not be surprised at it. I never knew whether you received my letters written from home or not. I sent you several; and in one my husband added a postscript and directed it. If you have ever received it, you could not have mistaken the handwriting on the *little slip of paper*. The man who took it was very much amused at you, and told us every thing you said; he also saw mamma and papa, but did not make himself known. I wish very much I had the things you sent to mamma for me: I really need them: for a bride, my wardrobe is very scant. You could not have sent me any thing, sis, more acceptable than the things you did send; and I am sure I can say the same for Allie. I miss her very much: she is not married yet, although it has been published recently in the Mobile papers. I will send her one of the skirts, perhaps, and other things you sent, immediately. The general is delighted with his fur collar; he says you are a great sis. He has really been in love with you since the first time he saw you. He has searched his trunk through to find some trophy for darling little Mattie S. He is at it now, but I think he cannot find any thing: I sent his trunk of trophies to Knoxville for safe-keeping. He sends a great deal of love to you, and says, 'Tell sis to kiss her sweet children for me a thousand times.' I can correspond with you almost regularly now, sis; and it is such a comfort to me to be able to hear from you all. I will send letters to you for mamma, and get you to send them to her. There is another charm of my darling husband: he leaves nothing undone to contribute to my happiness, and he knows nothing will please me more than to hear from you. The bearer of this goes principally on my account. We are very comfortable here: my new brothers have all been with me, and I love them very much; Mrs. D. is coming this week. Write me something, please, of Uncle Sam's family; he writes to me about twice a week, and I should like to give him some news of his family in my next letter. Give a great deal of love and a kiss to brother Will for me, and to aunt and cousin Myra. Sis, do you realize that I am married? What would I not give to see you, and for you to know my dear husband and see our happiness! I have been writing most of the time, sis, with the room full of men talking to the general on all sorts of business, and I have all the time had one ear open: so I think you will have a crazy letter to read.

What about the gowns, sis, I wrote for? This man can bring out any thing, sis, you desire to send; and I should be so much obliged to you if you will send me two pair of slippers, Nos. 4 and 4½, and some pins, large and small. I could write all evening, but the man must start to-night. I will write soon again. If you cannot get the green dress the general sent for, get a lilac one: I prefer it, at any rate. I knew nothing of his sending before: he did it as a surprise for me. I have a gay riding-habit, sis, and can get nothing to trim it with. It is cloth, very handsome, and I should like blue velvet to trim it with. The man is sitting waiting, and asks me to tell you he is not a 'detective.' He is as true as steel, and would do any thing for the general. I must close now. I have some things I would like for you and brother Will to have, but I am afraid to send them. Please write me a good, long letter; we enjoy them so much. Perhaps Cousin Myra would write too: I wish she would. Kiss the darlings for me a thousand times, and their uncle. You and dear brother Will must kiss each other for me. How I wish I could see you! Good-bye. God bless you!

"Your devoted sister,

"_____ _____.

"P.S.—Allie is not married, and does not expect to be, that I know of. In Dixie paper, as every thing else, is getting scarce."

(POSTSCRIPT, BY GENERAL MORGAN, TO HIS WIFE'S LETTER.)

"My dear Sister:—You cannot imagine how very anxious I am to see you again. Have you forgotten our first meeting? Had hoped to have seen you some days since, but accident alone prevented. The bearer can explain the cause of my failure. Mattie talks of you all the time, and is so anxious to see you. Kiss your sweet little girl for her new uncle, and tell her I love her a good deal. Regards to the servants. It would be folly for me to tell you how very happy I am, knowing Mattie as you do.

"Your affectionate brother,

"_____ _____."

(POSTSCRIPT NO. 2.)

"I came very near forgetting, sis, a very important thing which I want to tell you of. It is this: I have made me an elegant evening dress, cut it out by a low waist that I happened to have with me, and it fits me so nicely, and is so stylish, that the general is so proud of it he will not consent to let my letter go without this postscript. He brought the dress from Kentucky for me. Is his own taste. It is a beautiful *rose deschaum* color. I wore it to the ball given in honor of us last Friday night, with a black lace flounce round the bottom, headed with black and pink velvet, a black lace vest and sleeves, and a fall of black lace around the waist. It was magnificent, and very much admired. The ball was an elegant affair,—beautiful decorations and delicious supper, two magnificent bands of music from Tullahoma, and scores of gay, handsome officers. I wished for some of the pretty girls of

Nashville to enjoy it with us. I had a splendid time, and, of course, was something of a belle,—as the ball was in honor of the bandit and his bride. I think now I can rival Mrs. McK—— in evening dresses, but would prefer not being under the necessity. Alice has made her a handsome riding-habit. The Confederacy teaches us industry, does it not? I think the general would try to preserve the wonderful dress in *alcohol*, if he thought the color could be retained. I have the dress you sent to me: it is made becomingly and handsomely. I don't care to undertake another: my *reputation is established on one.* You will see your friend, who carries this, often; and I wonder if you will enjoy it as much as I will. I ride every evening on horseback with the general, and enjoy it *so much.* I have written quite a postscript. Brother Will, don't laugh at it. I have so much to say I cannot bear to close. Will, I will see you some day, I hope; and then what a time we will have talking! This is full of love. Good-bye again.

"Your devoted sister,

"——— ———.

"P.S.—Please send me some large hooks and eyes, and a corset,—if possible, No. 21. Sis, please send me some black stick pomatum: I want it for my husband."

This letter, after being duly read, discussed, and copied in the office of the Chief of Police, at Nashville, was delivered by the "brave fellow" in person, at the house of Cheatham, in the small hours of the night. That he was hugely welcomed who will doubt? The parlor *tête-à-tête*, the wine, &c., is imaginable. He promises them to return to General Morgan in a day or two. They agree to have letters ready, some little articles for Mrs. General Morgan, &c.; also they will apprize their friends, who will send many letters by him. At the appointed time "our man" gets at their house a large packet of letters, and the following articles for Mrs. Morgan. It will be seen, by the way, that the articles are all base "notions" of "Yankee" make:—

100 Envelopes (white and nice).
6 quires Letter and Note Paper.
Half-dozen Black Stick Pomatum.
1 gross Hooks and Eyes.
2 packs Pins.
2 pairs Slippers.
1 copy Godey's Lady's Book for March, 1863.

The letters were mainly harmless epistles of family matters and gossip. The following letter and postscript, from Mrs. Cheatham to Mrs. General Morgan, will repay a leisurely reader's perusal:—

(To Mrs. General Morgan.)

"Nashville, Feb. 20, 1863.

"My darling Mattie:—At half-past two last night the door-bell rang, and

who should it be but 'our man'? He looked so bright, and with a triumphant air handed me a letter from Mrs. M. 'You know that handwriting, madam?' 'Oh, yes!' said I. 'Sit here on the sofa by me, and tell me every thing.' I looked at the letter and talked to him at the same time. Bless your dear heart! I can see your bright, happy face before me now, but *I can't write.* I shall never get over not seeing you a bride; and when I attempt to write, it is so unsatisfactory I am inclined to throw my pen aside and *cry*, instead of writing. I have so much time for reflection, dear Mattie; and sometimes I am very sad, but would not for worlds cast a shadow upon your bright horizon. You are very happy, and ought to be, for you have every thing to make you so. Don't you remember, though, I fell in love with your dear, good husband first? You didn't see him on the turnpike, with the blouse and coon-skin cap on. That day I was so excited about C'd Mrs. Flowers and her flag. He looked so amused. The fiery ordeal I have passed through since that day! All my spirit is gone. I am as submissive as a whipped child (except sometimes). Oh, if this man should be caught, and hung as a spy, it would kill me. For Heaven's sake, Brother J., don't come to Nashville! It would frighten me to death. I cannot bear to think of your running such risks. Why, if they were to take you they would put you in an iron cage and carry you all over the country. I was so thankful you did not come. My dear husband is at Louisville, and that road is to be destroyed. If they would only wait until he gets home! I came very near going with him. I wish I had; then we would have been taken prisoners together, and been carried to 'Dixie.' I should have said to them, '*Please take me prisoner.*' I hope Dr. C. will send Penny on to you. She is coming with him. She entreated to be sent for; and, without consulting papa, Dr. C. went. Eliza and Caroline are in Cincinnati. I hear from mamma very often. She writes cheerfully. Ell is still with her. I sent for Cous. Nina this morning, and we have had a good time together. She is writing to you. I wish you could have passed on us this morning. We had a good laugh about the silk dress from Kentucky. Do you know the 'Feds' say he took fifteen hundred dollars' worth of fine silks from Elizabethtown? Mrs. Fogg says she wants one: so you must not make them all up. I regret very much not having a dress ready-made to send you, but will have the next time I have any letter ready for you. Now, since I know I can send them, I shall always be thinking of getting ready. If they don't catch that poor man! I am miserable about him now. We don't see the bright side here, Mattie. It is nothing but gloom. When our prisoners come in we are sad, and go to work to clothe and feed them. These horrid prisons would make your heart sick. Hospitals on every street; and our poor wounded Confederates, how they did suffer! Many of them froze to death at Camp Douglas. Even the Journal spoke of their sufferings, but blamed the Confederate authorities. They were sent from here on boats that severe weather. Many of them were in a dying condition when they started. Dr. —— has resigned in disgust. I believe he is a good man. He took me to Murfreesborough after the battle,

when old Mitchell would not even allow mothers to go to look after their wounded sons. Poor Mrs. McNairy has Frank's body in the house yet. It was embalmed. She is afraid to bury it. Johnny Kirkman was buried by his mother's side. What do your army people think of that Fort Donelson affair? From our point of view it seems to have been a miserable '*faux pas*.' I can't understand Wheeler's being major-general of all the cavalry in Tennessee. Won't you explain? You must take time, dear Mattie, and write me a long, satisfactory letter. Write me more of Alice and Horace. Tell me of General Hardee. Mamma is very fond of him. Has Hor. good clothing? I cannot forgive myself for not sending him; but it never occurred to my mind once that Bragg would retreat from Murfreesborough. I expected to see Rosecrans's army flying through Nashville, and *ours* enter in triumph. The disappointment was terrible and miserable. Poor old Rutherford county! Such devastation! The people have been robbed of every thing. Speaking of robbing, my horses have been taken. I never expect to have another pair, for when the war is over all the horses will be dead. I prized my horses very highly, and tried so hard to keep them! How does Margaret behave, Mattie? I hope she makes herself useful to you. If she is *good*, give her a kind remembrance from me. My servants are the wonder of all my acquaintances. They are just as good as they have always been. I did not finish my letters to-day, and was constantly interrupted whilst writing. It is now almost the hour for 'our man' to come. Dr. C. did not come to-night. I am some troubled for fear the road will be torn up to-morrow and he will be detained. I send you, dear Mattie, the few little articles you sent for. There are very few really nice things in Nashville. Our old merchants have nothing. I send you some paper, and shall expect many good, long, sweet letters. Write me all about yourself and your dear husband. What would I not give to see you! Cous. Nina sends much love, and will write the next time. I send you some letters to mail for our friends. Read this one for Charleston. Mrs. W. will write you all about '*Uncle Sam's Family*.' Try and send me some Southern papers, Mattie; they would be so acceptable. I cannot write more now. Good-bye.

"Your devoted

"SIS.

(POSTSCRIPT TO GENERAL MORGAN.)

"DEAR BROTHER:—Another little word for you. I am *very anxious* to see you, but you *must not come* whilst the *foe* is *near*.

"I need not say, take good care of Mattie. I know you will send me a letter whenever you can. If you could only witness the eagerness with which I receive them, you would feel fully repaid. We have so little to cheer us. Good-bye. Kiss Mattie for me.

"Affectionately,

"SIS.

"P.S.—Nashville affords no English pins. I send Yankee ones. I must

see you wear that ball-dress you made yourself. Take good care of it. I send you Godey, hoping it will prove acceptable in Dixie.

(Additional to Mrs. General Morgan.)

"Sunday, Feb. 22, 1863.

"My darling M.:—'Our man' did not get off yesterday, as he expected: so I cannot refrain from sending you a postscript, which I expect will quite equal yours in length. How I long to be with you! I do *not* realize that you are married, although your husband has taken a deep hold upon my affections. You know the reason—because Mattie is so devoted to him; and then he tells me he is so happy. Dear M., you think the honeymoon will never pass, don't you? I feel a little inclined to tease you, but I won't. There is that plaguey door-bell! I never sit down to write but some one comes. Oh, 'tis some music good neighbor Fogg has left for Mattie. There is the bell again! I have to go down. Now it is a man from Louisville, with messages from Brother Will. Poor Brother Will! he has had an annoying time. If he does not come to-night, I shall give up looking for him. He sent the children a box of candy, and they send some to aunty. Matty S. says there is a bonnet for you and a hat for Uncle M. The dear little creature wonders how mamma will send it. I told Rich a Federal officer would send it out with a flag of truce. He believes it. M. S. looks wise, and guesses better. I started with M. yesterday to have their photographs taken for you, but it commenced raining. I will have them taken, and send you. I must have a *good* likeness of General M. in return. The one I have is not good: it is something like the one you had with whiskers. He only wears moustache now. Do you want that black pomatum to black it? I send you six sticks. Is that enough? I could get no blue velvet, Mattie, for your riding-habit. How would blue cloth answer? Your gowns are not finished. You shall have them next time, but must not wear them. They are too thin for winter. I fear you will not like the corset; but it is the best I could get. Do you want gloves? Make a memorandum, and I will fill it if I can. What has become of Kate and Mary R.? Their mother is very anxious to hear from them. I send you some letters that I hope you can send. Mrs. W. is *crazy*, I think. [Puss!] She says she is going South. You need not be surprised to see her at *your head*-quarters very soon. I do *not* make a *confidant* of her. I feel very uneasy about 'our man.' I gave him a note to papa. He lost yours. It frightens me for any one to run such risks. I am very glad 'accident prevented' that visit from your husband. He must not wear Federal uniform again. He will think, I am sure, it is well I am not a soldier's wife. I send you Rosecrans's order. I am afraid of him and his 'detectives.' Times are not as they used to be when Negley was commandant.*

"*Sunday Night.*—Brother Will has come at last. Penny *declined* coming

* No army police then.—Author.

with him. The deceitful creature! I hope mamma will be fully satisfied now that there is no hope of getting her. [A slave.] Will went to gratify mamma. I have been writing this letter all day, Mattie. Have had a visit from a Fed. officer since I commenced, and now Cous. Bob and Will C. are sitting with us, all smoking pipes. I am almost suffocated. Will has told me of Brother John's visit to Springfield last summer or fall. There is a report here that Dave Yandell is dead. I hope it is not true. Do you think you can answer all my questions, dear M.? Mrs. Fogg expresses great interest in you. Don't forget to send her a kind message in your next letter. Nina was much gratified at your kind mention of her. Poor Will will never be himself again. He walks very badly. Aunt Em is very miserable. Brother Will sends bushels of love, dear M., and wishes he could be with you. 'Tis now very late, and the man has not come. May-be he is a prisoner, and will never see this. Mattie, do you always pray for peace? It is my most earnest prayer. God bless you, and protect you and your noble husband!

"Your devoted

"SIS.

"I will try and get you some paper like this. 'The man' says you want some. I used to write to Brother Charlie on this paper. My liege-lord says I must stop writing to-night. I *must* obey. Good-night."

Not only were the ladies thus wickedly deceived by "our man," but General John Morgan was so completely sold by this—his own—spy, that we may reasonably suppose he has had his ears measured repeatedly of late, to ascertain their increased length. The following facts will show how Morgan's brother lost his liberty and "our man" came within view of a halter.

Coming into Nashville on his second trip, he brought a letter from Captain Clarence Morgan (the general's brother), addressed to their mother, in Kentucky, to be mailed at Nashville. This letter advised the mother that its writer would be at Lexington, Kentucky, upon a certain day, and desired her to meet him there. This letter also contained the following note,—from the devoted Charlton Morgan to his lady-love, as it would seem:—

"McMINNVILLE, Feb. 14, 1863.

"DEAR MOLLIE:—Meet me at Lexington. I will be there in four or five days. CHARLTON."

Directed to

"MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,
Care of MRS. MARY ATKINSON,
Russellville, Kentucky."

Of course, this letter came to the hands of the inevitable Colonel Truesdail,

and he forthwith advises General Boyle, commandant at Louisville. The latter sends a force and arrests Captain Morgan, and he was sent to Camp Chase as a prisoner of war or a spy,—we are not positive which.

Returning on his third trip to Morgan's head-quarters at McMinnville, "our man" found himself in trouble at once, and under arrest, as a traitor to the South. General John Morgan had received the day before a copy of the Nashville "Union," containing an account of the arrest and imprisonment of his brother in Ohio. He well remembered that Johnson had that letter in charge, and he could not imagine any other cause for the calamity than Johnson's betrayal of the trust. But "our man" was equal to the emergency. He swore by all that was blue above that he had faithfully carried the letter and placed it in the Nashville Post-Office,—which was true enough.

"You know full well, general," said he, "that old Truesdail and his gang have the complete run of affairs at Nashville; and if Captain Morgan was captured because of that letter, they must have read it while in that office. That the letter went to your mother is plain; for it seems she got it, and met your brother; and it was by watching her that they caught him."

What could Morgan say? Johnson was discharged from arrest. But matters were not easy, as before. Morgan was cloudy and ill at ease. Finally, Johnson was sent to Tullahoma and court-martialed, was tried, and discharged for want of convicting evidence. "Our man" was now satisfied that his *rôle* was about ended, however. Suspicion once attaching to a spy, his work is done and his neck is spanned by the halter. It is only the blind, generous confidence that suspects nothing that serves the ends of the successful scout. Johnson returned to Nashville speedily and secretly. While at Tullahoma, however, he made the acquaintance of the rebel General Forrest, who wished to employ him as a scout, with apparently full confidence in his loyalty to the South. But one trial by court-martial was enough for Johnson.

Arrived at Nashville, he reported at midnight to the Chief of Police. The next day he was publicly arrested on the streets, as a spy of John Morgan, and thrown into the penitentiary, where had just been confined a large number of Nashville rebels, preparatory to being sent to the North and to the South. He obtained their confidence and sympathies, and "dug up" some items of much interest to the Union cause.

Racy Rebel Letters.

The history of the Army of the Cumberland, and of the rebellion, would be incomplete, and the future historian would be robbed of one of his spiciest subjects, should we fail in preserving a sample of the letters of the bitter, shrewd, wild, reckless women of the South. That they are discovered so plentifully by our secret police and through ordinary military

capture, &c., is no reason why their existence should be ignored. The action of the secession females of the South has already become history in outline and in notoriety: let us devote a page or two of the "Annals" to the minutiæ of the subject.

It is no wonder that the separated Southrons should write to and fro through our lines. Divided husbands and wives, parents and children far apart, sentimental bathers in moonlight, and revellers in absent lovers' dreams, most naturally take to pen and paper. Fully sympathizing with hundreds of aching hearts, the Chief of the Army Police devised many plans, and afforded convenient facilities, for the carrying of these soothing epistles. The Nashville Post-Office, and other adjacent post-offices, were open to their reception; and old Uncle Samuel took them along, as usual, in his capacious mail-pouches, over hill and dale. But ah! the many midnight hours spent by prying clerks and secretaries in dampening the gum of those envelopes, opening and reading the outpourings of Southern traitors' hearts, and airing the amorous sighs and tears of lovelorn maids and swains! Not only this, but Colonel Truesdail established a special "grape-vine" mail for Nashville and vicinity rebeldom,—so accommodating, indeed, that he actually employed daring Southron spies to evade the Yankee pickets, run the lines, and bring to the secesh doors at dark hours of night, or through back alleys and cellar-ways at mid-day, the dear missives from the South. Thus has he sent messengers from his office directly into their very parlors and inner chambers, where wines, gold, and rich gifts were lavished upon them with unsparing hand.

The following letter, discovered while passing through the Nashville Post-Office, was written by a rebel officer. We entitle it

A Gossiping Letter.

April 5th, 1863.

"Mrs. McW———.

* * * * * * * *

"Mrs. General Bragg has been dangerously ill at Winchester, Tenn. The general wrote Sweazy a few days since that the crisis was past, and she was now believed to be out of danger. The 'soldier' and S., you perceive, are, as ever, on favorable terms, and friendly. Mrs. General Morgan has been spending most of her time recently with her husband, at McMinnville, Tenn., where she visits the hospitals daily, in company with the general, to the gratification of all the boys. Miss Alice thinks so much of General Hardee that she actually kisses him whenever they meet.

"Miss Lady Ewing, daughter of Hon. Andrew Ewing, told me a few days ago that the gentleman at whose house Miss Alice is stopping in Winchester says that he saw Miss Ready embrace and kiss General Hardee. The gentleman in question supposed the stranger, from his appearance, to be Miss Ready's father: so he advanced, and said,—

"'How do you do, Col. Ready?'

"'Col. Ready, indeed!' exclaimed Miss Alice. 'Allow me, sir, to introduce to your acquaintance my friend, Gen. Hardee.'

"Astonishing as you may deem this, it can hardly be questioned, as Miss Lady herself said the gentleman *himself* told *her* what is herein related, and says the scene transpired at *his own house.*

"Hardee is eminently a devotee of society,—emphatically a lady's man. Last week he visited Huntsville, it is said, to see Mrs. Williamson, your classmate at the Nashville Academy. However, the general is quite general in his attentions to the ladies generally, and it is difficult to locate him.

"Mrs. M., of Clark, has returned to Kentucky. She expects to be back in Dixie soon. She promised to write you from her old home. She passed here in company with Mrs. Gen. Helme. Is a young lady in years and appearance, of medium size, pleasant manner, and frank, cordial address,—not petite, yet handsome, and withal a woman of attractive social qualities. She is stopping in Athens, East Tennessee. So is Mrs. Gov. Foote. Mrs. E. M. Bruce, wife of an M. C. from Kentucky, in Confederate Congress. resides here. She dresses splendidly, and appears on public occasions glittering in diamonds. She attended a soirée given Gen. Johnston some time since at this place, and it was remarked by all that she wore on that occasion more jewels than any lady had ever been known to wear in the South before. Her husband you may remember as a large Government contractor and pork-packer at Nashville during the early stages of the existing Revolution. He is very wealthy. Mrs. General Breckinridge is at Winchester. She is of a quiet, retiring disposition, and few have ever seen her there. Col. Wm. Breckinridge's wife is at Lexington. Sweazy has been contriving letters to her by the under-ground mail line. She was Miss Desha. His first wife was a Miss Clay, daughter of Charles Clay, and grand-daughter of great Harry of the West. You know the Breckinridges always marry into the oldest and most intellectual families.*

"Mrs. Gen. Joe Johnston is at Jackson, Mississippi, but the general is at Tullahoma. Mrs. Gen. Buckner is with her husband at Mobile. Mrs. Gen. Wm. Bate is at her father's, in Huntsville. Mrs. Gen. Withers is at Shelbyville. So is Mrs. Gen. Geo. Massey. Mrs. Maj. Stevenson, Mrs. Maj. Cunningham, and Mrs. Maj. Schon are with their husbands, at Atlanta, Georgia. Maj. Gen. McCown, of Tenn., is under arrest for sending off one of his staff without Gen. Bragg's permission: so the newspapers state. Col. Burch Cook has resigned his commission in the C. S. Army: cause, bad health. Col. John Savage has resigned, because Lt. Col. Maurice J. Wright, his junior, was promoted over him. Public opinion justifies Savage's course. He is said to be very bitter in abuse of Gov. Harris and others. Though not popular personally, yet all admit that a better colonel than Savage was cannot be found in either army, while all equally agree that few, if any, would surpass him.

"As Brigadier-General Bob Foster and his brother William make this place

* Mrs. Bruce, above spoken of, has her chapter in this work.—Author.

head-quarters, Mrs. Bolling, of Nashville, is here. It is said she is treated with so much kindness (!) by Federals and others at Nashville, that she contemplates an early return to the capital. At all events, such is the street-gossip, and is credited here. Henry Watterson, editor of 'Chattanooga Rebel,' is said to be very much in love with Miss Fogg, sister to the A. Q. M. Col. Reece, formerly paymaster in the Army of Tennessee; ditto Miss Rut ledge. Lt. Cooper, of Georgia, it is said, is the fortunate suitor for the hand of Mollie Bang. Capt. Frank Green will be married to Miss Pattie so soon as the war ends. The Misses Ewing, of Nashville, are here, and receive much attention, of course. Yours, respectfully, visits them when he can, but not often. We hear funny—yes, very facetious—reports concerning a Miss B———, of Edgefield. We have it in Dixie that she has been enlisting soldiers in our ranks. Is it so? We hear—— But no matter! We defer interrogations for those who write to us. The Southern prisoners, when out from Nashville, all have something to tell about Nashville girls. One tells us he heard Miss Bellie curse a Yankee soldier.

"Dave Jackson passed here recently, en route to Richmond. When he returns, will hand him his mother's letter. Joe Pickett is in Charleston. Tom Cook left here on the 30th of March for La. He was well,—well pleased with his visit to all. J. Jr. is sick. He has been confined to his room for two weeks. He has some kind of fever—nothing serious. Should he become seriously ill, will advise his father's family. Dr. Smith is at Winchester. He has letters from Edgefield dated 23d March. Shelby Williams is here, and wishes his wife to know he is well. Neil Brown, Jr., is travelling as special messenger for Major Bransford, Chief of Transportation at this place. Tom and Tully are with Capt. Cheney at Tullahoma. All quite well. Mr. McWhisten, at Kingston, and his father-in-law at Talladega, both well. John Green has gone to Atlanta to live. Rawworth and Morgan remain. Ike, Dan, Gabe, and Allen are here—all well. Moss Goodbar is in distress. He has not received his ——, and his —— has been broken up. The wagon gentleman is thought to be doing well. He is at Gainesborough. His sister's letter was forwarded to him. He sends us many newspapers. Mr. Darrah, of Breckinridge's staff, is in Lagrange, Georgia, making love to Miss Lucy Seifer. Maggie S. and Fanny C. are both well, and both wish to return. Bob B. has been advised to tell them to stay where they are—the former, at least—until ——. Tom Cook's ambrotype and Dave Jackson's photographs are here in our keeping for their friends and relations at home."

The foregoing letter was addressed to Mrs. Dr. A. G. McWhorter, residing at Edgefield, opposite Nashville, a noted admirer of Southern "rights," and an uncompromising rebel, whose husband we have heard mentioned as a surgeon in the Confederate army.

The following are extracts from letters written by rebel citizens of Nashville, to be sent through our lines, and which were intercepted and passed upon or pigeon-holed by the Chief of the Army Police, as was deemed advisable.

(A Lady in Connecticut to her mother, Mrs. B. Pringle, at Charleston, S.C. Sent by Mrs. Cheatham to Mrs. Morgan, to be mailed.)

[*Extract.*]—"Recent events show so plainly that, if man proposes, God disposes. You can imagine how I shuddered when I heard Federal officers tell their friends how easily my dear old home is to be captured; their plan being to run their iron MONSTERS *so close under Sumter* that her guns *cannot* be depressed, while they fire their Satanic balls of 450 pounds each at her walls, and crumble them as they wish. You know these iron boats fire *two* guns from one side, making a discharge of 900 pounds, they say, upon Sumter. God grant that your noble B. [Beauregard] knows more about this than the 'Feds' imagine!"

We have not space to spare for the insertion of the above letter, entire, as it merits. Its author, to judge her by her letter, is one of the wildest rebel women yet put upon our record,—albeit she is enjoying all the rights, privileges, and comforts of a Connecticut home. The Chief of Police very greatly regrets that he was unable to ascertain her name and publish it in this connection. There was no signature attached to the letter.

(From "Gertrude," at Nashville, to Frank S. Scott, February 19, 1863.)

[*Extract.*]—"When will redemption from these despots come to us? When—how long—ere with shouts of joy we shall make the welkin ring at the entrance of *our South's noble boys?* Come! We crouch to the foe, and await but your coming to spring up and help you to strike for liberty!"

(From Gertrude to "Rob," February 19, 1863.)

[*Extract.*]—"To say you were in the battle of Murfreesborough, that admits you into the confidence and hearts of all Southern friends. Bravely, boldly, gloriously, knights of imperial valor, you withstood the overwhelming numbers of the Huns, who indeed have proved the 'scourge' of God. From atrocities committed, they place themselves in history with the Flemish banditti under William de la Mark; and our defenders climb to the summit of chivalry and nobility's heights, and o'ershadow the Scottish Archers' Body-Guard, who existed and fought at the same date in history. Perhaps ere this reaches you another Golgotha will sadden the land, already draped in 'trappings of war.' Once more our sacred soil will receive to its keeping those caskets rifled of the pearl which makes them so beautiful, so dear to friends and associates. Not many sweet smiles and kindly words are wasted on the *would-be* elegant officers of the *grand Federal Army.* Arrests are

still being made, Donigan & Calhoun being the last victims I have heard of. 'Tis said they are to be held as hostages for two Yankee pedlars taken by General J. H. Morgan. The penitentiary received them as inmates. Forty-six escaped a night or two since, one being a spy for the general just mentioned. Frank McNairy and Johnnie Kirkman's remains have been brought up and buried. The former had *not been treated* as we heard."

(From "NANNIE," Balcony Place, Nashville, February 20, 1862, to DR. L. T. PAYNE, *per* DR. WILLIAMS, S.C.A.)

"You have doubtless heard of that unfortunate affair at Fort Donelson, which resulted in a defeat, with the loss of some gallant officers, among whom were my brother-in-law's youngest brother and nephew,—the *choicest flower of our land.* So young, too! But the hardest of all is, after treating the corpse with every *indignity possible,* they [the Federals] refused even a Christian burial: not a *prayer at the grave,* nor any demonstration whatever!"

(From MRS. WILLIAMS [Nashville], Home, February 20, to her husband, ROBERT A. WILLIAMS.)

"Poor Colonel Frank's [meaning Frank McNairy] remains are still at his mother's. She is almost a maniac, and cannot decide what to do, as he has been denied the right of a Christian burial. Is it not sad?"

[N. B.—General Rosecrans refused any other than a respectful private burial.]

(From —— ——, Nashville, February 20, 1863, to her sister, MRS. H. J. JONES.)

"Can it be that the South regards with suspicion all who are in Nashville? If so, I do not know who they may regard as true: certainly not those who have fled from Nashville, leaving it to be no less than a Union town. There is more good accomplished by remaining here and bearing the brunt of this terrible time—of holding up the hands of those who fall—than to take a musket into the ranks. This town now is settled alarmingly with Northern people; and although the old residents may stand firm, of course they will ever (if voting should be allowed) be outnumbered. Frank McNairy has not been buried yet. They are afraid to do so, for fear of some violence from the base Tennessee [Union] troops. You know that foolish and unfortunate advertisement for bloodhounds has exasperated Governor Johnston, and unjust vengeance is muttered."

(From Mrs. Dr. Hall to her brother in the Confederate Army.)

[*Extract.*]—"The detective police system here exceeds any thing you ever saw. Not wishing to fall into their hands, I have not even asked for a pass these three months."

The foregoing letters and extracts may well be preserved, as evidence of the course of Southern women.

A Cincinnati Spy.

For several months past the Army of the Cumberland has known a jovial, smiling, wide-awake personage (a native of the "Green Isle," but who is remarkably well cut-and-dried and seasoned, nevertheless), by the name of M. E. Joyce. He corresponds for different Northern papers, visits around among the camps, is always in with his laugh and his story, and is as fond of accompanying an expedition, sharing danger, and having a rough time, as "any other man."

Who of our army officers does not remember little Joyce,—or "Jice," as we term him? That he is useful as well as ornamental, and that his brains were put in pretty nearly the right place, let the following facts be ample proof.

In November last, while plodding in the vicinity of Nashville, crossing over from one camp to another, our hero was picked up, or, rather, pulled down, from his horse by some rebel guerrillas or patrols. He was rather taken aback; but for an instant only. He was soon entirely "aisy" with them,—telling them all sorts of a story, and, as he states it, "letting on seecsh like the d——l," as a butternut citizen. Satisfied that he was "a good enough Morgan" for them, he was not retained long; and he hastily scrambled back to the city, highly elated with his adventure.

"Hark'ee, now, Joyce; you are just my man," said Colonel Truesdail. "You can go to Murfreesborough without any trouble,—can get me the information we desire. I will get you a good horse and outfit, and pay you three hundred dollars for the trip, if you are quick and smart."

The newspaper-man's chuckle rounded into an attentive period, as he pondered over the idea, and heard all about the "how to do it" from the Chief of Police. He was to ride boldly up to the rebel lines and claim to be the regular correspondent of the Cincinnati "Enquirer,"—a man of conservative sentiments, who was friendly to the South, was opposed to the war, was in the Union army as regular correspondent, had written something to offend General Rosecrans, and the latter had imprisoned and abused him; and he was now determined to injure Rosecrans and his crowd all he could. Joyce liked the idea. It was novel and feasible,—would take him into tall company, and would pay well. Joyce, therefore, prepared;

and about the 25th of November last he sallied forth as boldly as would the knight of La Mancha, and as happy as Sancho, his squire, when at his best estate, as "governor of an island."

The joke and Joyce succeeded admirably. He was taken to Murfreesborough, and into the august presence of Bragg. He told his tale with an air of injured innocence, and swore great oaths of vengeance against the "stupid Dutchman," the leader of the Yankee fanatics and cowards at Nashville, &c. His assertions were partially borne out by one of General Bragg's principal officers, who stated that he had recently seen an account in a Nashville or Louisville paper of a difficulty with some writer of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," whom the Union commander had imprisoned and then banished from his army lines.

Bragg was not a little pleased at the incident. A tyrant in his own "bailiwick," he was gratified to hear of the malignant fanaticism and injustice of the opposing commander.

"I am glad to see you, sir," he said, addressing the humble representative of Cincinnati, "for I respect your occupation and admire the men who employ you. The Cincinnati 'Enquirer' is the only paper in the West that does the cause of the South even common justice. I will protect you within my lines, and render your stay as comfortable as possible."

Mr. Joyce was thankful and at ease: he always is. He was again slightly severe on the "Dutchman" in command at Nashville, and on the "Abolition fanatics" of the North, and, now that he was in the proper position, it should not be his fault if he did not write home to the Cincinnati "Enquirer" some homely truths, *pro bono publico*. His only fear was that he would not be able to send his productions to the "Enquirer."

"Never fear about that," replied General Bragg: "I will see to that. My man John Morgan is superintendent of the railroad-system in the Southwest, and will get your letters through by first trains."

Pleased with the conceit, Bragg and Joyce both smiled over a nip of quite new and sharp Robertson county whiskey. Supper being announced, Joyce was invited to the table, and, with the usual modesty and timidity of his ancestry in the ascendant, he sat down to his rations of beans, coffee, and corn bread. Bragg and his staff were there assembled, and the tale of Joyce was again unfolded to admiring auditors. After supper Joyce retired to a vacant corner, and with pen and paper he toiled for an hour, writing up one of the most scathing and glowing diatribes upon low-lived "Dutchmen" and high-toned gentlemen, the horrors of war, the blessings of peace, and the ignorance and folly of Northern Abolitionists and fanatics. The epistle was properly enveloped, addressed in style (for Joyce is an elegant and rapid penman) to the editor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," and handed to an aide of General Bragg's to be forwarded by the Morgan line; and thus ended the task of our quondam correspondent. He strolled over the town in company with an under-officer or two, and a fair cigar. To his companions he expatiated largely upon Nashville army affairs and Northern sentiments and sympa-

thies; and it need not be specially set down, for aught we know, that he told any more of "whoppers" than the time and occasion would warrant.

Next day the man of the "Enquirer," after breakfasting with some officers at Bragg's head-quarters, set out to view the town, as per assurance of the officers that he was quite at liberty to do. The railroad-depot, the store-houses, the outer works, &c., were visited, in the most indifferent and unconcerned manner. Ere long, however, some military officer, dressed up in a little "brief authority," accosted our explorer after items and demanded that he give an account of himself.

"To the divil with ye! An' is it the likes of you that is afther stoppin' me and axin' me name an' business? Go to Major-General Bragg, an' he'll tell ye who I am!"

The officer was not to be thus put aside: he collared Joyce forthwith, and led him to the provost-marshal's office, near by, supposing him to be a shirking soldier or skulking conscript. The provost-marshal was of the same opinion.

"I'll send you to your regiment. What is it?" asked the marshal.

"You'll not do the likes at all, now," said Joyce; "for I don't belong to any."

"Oh, ho! you don't? Then you're just the man I want; for I know of a regiment that has just room for you," replied the marshal.

Matters began to look serious for Joyce. The town was all astir, for this was but a few days before the battle of Stone River. He told his story to the marshal, and it was agreed that if he should go back at once to Bragg's head-quarters and get a pass, or endorsement, it would be all right. Joyce did so; and an actual pass was granted to him, over Bragg's sign manual, giving him the run of the town,—which pass Joyce showed to the marshal with considerable glee and, withal, a slight taste of impudent defiance.

After looking about the town, our correspondent took the cars for a trip down towards Bridgeport,—was away two or three days, going as far as Atlanta, Ga., ascertained the general condition of the rebel rear, and returned to Murfreesborough. Again he basked at times in the presence of General Bragg and his officials, and wrote lively and caustic philippics for the able "Enquirer," and sat at Bragg's table and discussed the war and his muttons. And, to cap the very climax of absurdity and impudence, our man mounted his "Rosinante"—the horse he sallied forth with from the police stable at Nashville—and rode out to one or more of the grand division reviews with President Jefferson Davis, Bragg, and his escort,—Davis being then on his Southern tour.

It was now time for Joyce to be off, while his budget was full of news and the signs were favorable. Some officers invited him on the night of the review to go out with them to see some fair maids and have a good time. The girls were at an out-of-the-way place; and the less said about their chastity the better,—so reports Joyce. Arrived there, the party dismount, hitch their horses, and make themselves agreeable within-doors. Joyce watches his

opportunity, slips out for a moment, unties the horses and turns them loose in the darkness to prevent possible pursuit, stealthily mounts his own horse—or, more probably, the best one of the lot—and makes off for dear life. He was fortunate enough to elude the pickets, the night being very dark; and ere morning he made his way across to the Cumberland River, and thence to the Federal lines.

His information was received with the liveliest satisfaction, and the joke thus perpetrated upon both Bragg and the Cincinnati "Enquirer" was the talk of the day. Its importance can be estimated when we state that the Union army advanced towards Murfreesborough a short time after his return. His statements were corroborated by two other spies just in from Murfreesborough, and two days after his return there came into our lines a most respectable citizen, previously and now a merchant of Murfreesborough, who also confirmed Joyce's story, not only as to his army information, but as to the *rôle* he had played and the manner in which it was done.

There is something more than a joke left in the mind of the thoughtful, patriotic reader. There is a future, when the actions, the motives, and the errors of men will be truly judged by posterity. That time will soon come throughout the United States, if it is not already here. The editors of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" will be arraigned before that bar of enlightened, patriotic public opinion, and the question will be asked, Where was *their* influence during the darkest hours of the slaveholders' rebellion against liberty and human rights as guaranteed to their descendants by the Revolutionary fathers?

Two Rebel "Congressmen's" Wives.

On the evening of the 26th of December last, a carriage containing two ladies and three children, and trunks and packages betokening the party to be travellers, came to the picket-line of the Army of the Cumberland, some four miles out from Nashville, on the road leading from Murfreesborough. Being utter strangers, and having no pass or permission to enter our lines, they were sent in to head-quarters under guard, as is the invariable rule.

Arrived in Nashville, the carriage was driven to the office of the Chief of Army Police, and the case was investigated by the provost-judge, in conjunction with the Chief of Police. The facts elicited were as follows, and were freely and candidly stated by the ladies.

Their names, Mrs. L. B. Bruce and Mrs. E. B. Burnett,—late residents of Kentucky. Their husbands, they [illegible], now resided within the lines of the Southern Confederacy,—were at that time in or about Richmond, Virginia, in attendance upon the so-called Confederate Congress, of which body they claimed to be members, representing two Congressional districts of the State of Kentucky. These men had been members of the United States Congress for those districts at the breaking out of the rebellion. They seceded and joined

the Confederate Congress, declaring at the same time that Kentucky had also seceded. For thirteen months past these ladies had lived within the lines of the new Government, they stated, their husbands being thus "in Congress" a portion of the time: the balance of the year they had dwelt in East Tennessee, as near to "the old Kentucky home" as they could well get.

In reply to queries of the provost-judge, the ladies stated that they had come to our lines in order to pass through to their homes in Kentucky. When informed that he feared this might not be permitted, they were apparently astonished.

"What! stop women and children from passing to their homes?" they exclaimed.

Even so. But they were assured that their cases should be stated to the general commanding, whose decision would be final. The ladies were much distressed at the thought of being prevented from "going home." Mrs. Burnett said she had two little sons in Kentucky, and all her relatives and friends, whom she had not seen for thirteen months, nor heard from for many weeks. Mrs. Bruce said she was the daughter of ex-Governor Helm, who resided at Elizabethtown, Ky. She *must* go home to her parents, for a cause that was plainly apparent,—her approaching confinement.

The day had been raw and cold, for it was mid-winter, and the ladies and children were chilled, tired, and dismal in feeling indeed. They were made as comfortable as possible before a cheerful fire. Some remnants of Christmas confectionery, stowed away in the pigeon-holes of the judge's desk, were distributed to the little ones, who devoured them as only children can. Remarking their glee, one of the mothers observed,—

"Ah, sir! that is the first candy they have had for a long time. There is none to be had where they have just come from."

The ladies further stated that they presumed they would remain permanently in Kentucky. When told that this would involve entire separation from their husbands, they looked blank astonishment; and they knew not what to answer when informed that if allowed to pass on to Kentucky they probably would not be permitted to return. They appeared to realize very feebly, if at all, the actual condition of their section of the country,—and had been of the opinion that, as ladies and non-combatants, they could pass about as freely as in times past.

They stated, also, that they had taken this latter step of their own accord,—their husbands neither advising nor restraining them. Mrs. Bruce said her husband had expressed to her his fears, or doubts, when they parted, that perhaps the Federals would not receive them within their lines.

The pseudo-Congressmen had come with their wives and babes to Murfreesborough, and there left them ....turned to East Tennessee and Richmond,—to their warm and congenial nests in that mansion of political bliss, the Confederate Congress, composed of Virginia and Carolina negro-driving aristocrats.

Without detaining the ladies and their little ones longer, they were driven to the St. Cloud Hotel, and the best in the house was speedily at

their disposal. The Chief of Police made up his report of the facts, and sent it forthwith to the general commanding. The report, ere midnight had elapsed, elicited the following response. For the sake of brevity we omit the formalities and signatures of the documents:—

"SIR:—In your report of this evening you state that two ladies, their children and baggage, with vehicle and driver, came to our lines without permit to enter; that they were apprehended and reported to your office. Their statements made in writing are to the effect that they are the wives of men prominent in aiding and abetting the rebellion, who now seek protection from a great and good Government which their husbands are aiming to destroy.

"The Provost-Marshal General will provide conveyance for these ladies and their children beyond these lines in the direction of Murfreesborough, from whence they say they came; or they may be carried quite to Murfreesborough, upon the pledge of the ladies, for themselves and for their husbands and friends, guaranteeing the safe and speedy return of the driver and carriage.

"By command of," &c. &c.

Early the next morning the following order was handed in to the ladies' rooms, at their hotel:—

"The ladies herein referred to—Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Burnett—are respectfully informed that, in accordance with the foregoing order of the general commanding, a conveyance will be in attendance upon you at eight o'clock to-morrow (Saturday) morning, to convey you as indicated.

"Respectfully, yours," &c.

So far had the case progressed, when an unseen difficulty sprung up. This day the Federal army was under orders to march on to Murfreesborough, and the awful scenes of the tragedy of Stone River were about to commence. No hack-driver nor team could be hired in Nashville to take the party back to Murfreesborough, for fear of trouble—conscription, confiscation, etc.—upon the road, lined as it was with rebel guerrillas and thousands of rebel troops. At length the Chief of Police procured one of his own employés, and pressed the horses and carriage of a colored hackman, upon the ladies' giving the following document to satisfy the unwilling driver:—

"NASHVILLE, TENN., December 27, 1862.

"MR. GEORGE F. MOORE.—SIR:—This is to assure you that you, in undertaking to drive us to Murfreesborough, will not be molested by the forces or pickets of the Confederate Army; and we guarantee your safe and speedy return to Nashville upon the day following our arrival at Murfreesborough, or at safe quarters for us within the Confederate lines.

"MRS. L. B. BRUCE.

"MRS. E. S. BURNETT.

While giving this assurance to their driver, the ladies cried as if their hearts would break at their disappointment and unlucky predicament. They complained of the destitution and discomfort of life at the South, and of their long absence from children, parents, &c.; and there was much sympathy expressed for them by the officers at head-quarters, who, nevertheless, acknowledged the justice and necessity of the action of their general. The Chief of Police having made all needful arrangements, the carriage was ordered up, when a heavy rain-storm set in, continuing until after dinner, and their departure was postponed until the next day. Perceiving the scantiness of the children's clothing, &c., he gave the ladies permission to purchase such articles of personal comfort as they might desire,—a privilege eagerly accepted. They shopped for two or three hours during that afternoon, each purchasing some twenty dollars' worth of small articles, for which they gave orders on their relatives in Kentucky to the obliging storekeepers, the ladies being quite without money, it seemed.

The next morning the rain was falling briskly,—a continuous drizzle. The carriage was at hand, and the party was ensconced therein, they receiving due attention from several officers about head-quarters. New blankets were purchased, to wrap around the children and to stop up the cracks of the carriage-doors. It was a miserable day; the army was in motion, too, and there was fighting going on out on the Murfreesborough pike, cannonading being heard at intervals. A circuitous route of over forty-five miles must be travelled to avoid the armies. The carriage drove away upon its tedious, dreary journey, and at nine o'clock that night entered the town of Murfreesborough. There all was on the *qui vive*. The rebel army was preparing to meet General Rosecrans on Stone River, a mile or two north of the town, and the people feared that the place might be destroyed ere the contest was decided. After inquiring all over the town, shelter was at last found for the exhausted party. But times were stirring. People were fleeing. Our Congressmen's wives and little ones were among the early birds next day, leaving Murfreesborough before daylight for their husbands in Richmond, Virginia, or in East Tennessee, by the five o'clock train. One of them remembered her pledge, and spoke to an officer about her driver. The officer may have promised; but that was all. The next day our man was allowed the run of the town; but as for a pass through the lines to Nashville, nobody had any ears for his case. The battles of Stone River commenced a day or two afterwards, and the driver and his team were pressed to haul in wounded soldiers from the battle-field to the town hospitals. When the rebel army evacuated in the night, they carried off his horses and vehicle, and would have taken him, he thinks, had he not hidden himself in an old outbuilding or house and escaped the notice of their press-gangs, which swept over the place, taking the active negroes and able-bodied white men with their army.

Upon the Union troops entering Murfreesborough, the most joyful man of the hour was this carriage-driver. As for the team, it was gone, none knew whither, and must be paid for. The non-return of our driver also frustrated

a very nice little arrangement our police had planned,—to make a good spy of the driver on the rebel movements at Murfreesborough!

Some weeks now elapsed, and the matter had quite passed from mind (except an occasional dun from the poor darkey at Nashville, whose carriage and horses were gone, and for which he was promised payment), when the Chief of Police learned that these ladies—or at least one of them—had arrived in Kentucky; and, without any desire to harass rebel women, but simply to recover the value of the lost property, to pay it over to its owner, he resolved to investigate the matter still further.

The discovery was accidental; and we relate it as an apt illustration of the importance of apparent trifles, all through life. John Morgan's gang had made their raid into Kentucky, destroying the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, some two weeks before, and stages were now running between the break, where two very high trestle-work bridges were destroyed, at Muldraugh's Hill. One morning, at Elizabethtown, before daylight, the stage-agent overheard two negro hostlers conversing about affairs at "Mass'r Helm's," while currying their horses. Says one of them,—a bright, likely slave, owned by ex-Governor Helm, of that town,—

"I say, Joe, somefin gwine on at mass'r's house. Did yer know dat?"

"What is it, Bill? Didn't know of nuffin."

"Well, ole mass'r's daughter, Mrs. Bruce, has jest slipped in from de Souf; and quite a time dar last night, shore."

The stage-man was from Nashville, and conversant with the facts above related. He questioned the negro, and learned that Mrs. Bruce had got home secretly, *via* the Cumberland Gap route. As the train went down to Nashville next day, he saw the provost-judge of the department on the train, by mere chance: he also happened to remember, as a simple incident, the conversation of the negroes; and he asked, for information, whether the general had revoked his decision respecting the traitors' wives. Proper steps were now taken; and thus, ere the lapse of many days, the vigilant Chief of Police was officially apprized that one of these ladies—Mrs. Bruce—had arrived at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, and was then at her father's house. He reported the case to head-quarters, with the following order as the result:—

"Sir:—Your report respecting the return of one, and probably of two, ladies,—Mrs. L. B. Bruce and Mrs. E. S. Burnett,—wives of two notable rebels, formerly of Kentucky, and now assuming to be members of Congress in the so-called Congress of the rebels at Richmond, Virginia, claiming to represent the loyal State of Kentucky therein, has been submitted to the general in command.

"You state in said report that one of the ladies in question, after having been refused entrance within these lines at Nashville, and having been sent back to the rebel army at Murfreesborough in December last, has since then passed into Kentucky through the Cumberlands without permission of the United States Government or military authorities, and is now in our

midst, in the enjoyment of rights and privileges due only to loyal citizens, the husband of this lady meanwhile being still at his nefarious work of violence against the nation and fraud upon the people of Kentucky.

"As appears from documents in the office, copies of which are hereto annexed, the ladies in question were furnished with a carriage and two horses and a driver, to convey them from our lines back to Murfreesborough, they guaranteeing safe and speedy return to head-quarters of the same. You report that said property was never returned, but was taken South by the rebels when they evacuated Murfreesborough several days thereafter. Also you report the special guarantee to the driver of the carriage (a copy of which is also hereto annexed) was not in the least observed by the ladies in the premises nor by the rebel authorities, and that said driver was held as a prisoner, and hid himself in a building when the rebels evacuated Murfreesborough, to prevent their forcing him away as a prisoner or conscript.

"This exceeding bad faith on the part of the ladies above named, coupled with their act of stealing within our lines against the express order in their case, has received the serious consideration of the general commanding.

"You are herewith ordered to send a competent officer to where they may chance to be, if within this department, and there demand and receive speedy and full payment for the value of the said horses and carriage, and also proper compensation to the driver for his wrongful detention, the amount being left to your judgment, or others who knew the property and its value; and, in case of refusal of said persons so to do, you will have them arrested at once and sent to these head-quarters.

"If not in this department, you will confer with proper authorities where they are. You will, further, prepare a full statement of the case, together with a copy of this order, and transmit the same to Brigadier-General Boyle, presenting the case to him as to whether he deems such persons, under such peculiar circumstances, entitled to residence within his lines.

"You will report especially to these head-quarters your action in these premises.

"By order of," &c. &c.

In accordance with the above order, an officer was sent to Kentucky, who found one of the "Congressmen's" wives at the house of her father, ex-Governor Helm, in the full enjoyment of all the blessings—peace, comfort, and *dry-goods*—vouchsafed to her people by the good old Union. The lady prayed that she might be allowed to stay. Her father begged and implored. He paid nine hundred dollars cash for the lost horses and carriage; and the lady was permitted to remain, as a matter of humanity. Thus ended a chain of events which at the time created no little remark in official army circles; and, although of no remarkable importance as respects war results, these cases may well be preserved as matter of minor history for future reading, which will "point a moral or adorn a tale."

As will be seen by reference to "A Gossiping Letter," in this volume, written by a rebel officer to a secesh lady of Nashville, our friend Mrs. Bruce soon returned to the land of Dixie, where she has since cut a very

superior figure, through the aid of silks, jewelry, &c., that she was able to purchase at Louisville and eastward, probably from the pay of the bogus Congressman her husband, and from his army contracts with the Southern clique of masters.

Morford, the Daring Spy.

"JOHN MORFORD"—so let us call him, good reader—was born near Augusta, Georgia, of Scotch parents, in the year 1832. A blacksmith by trade, he early engaged in railroading, and at the opening of the rebellion was master-mechanic upon a prominent Southern road. Being a strong Union man, and making no secret of it, he was discharged from his situation and not allowed employment upon any other railroad. A company of cavalry was also sent to his farm, and stripped it. Aggrieved at this wholesale robbery, Morford went to John H. Morgan,—then a captain,—and inquired if he would not pay him for the property thus taken. Morgan replied that he should have his pay if he would only prove his loyalty to the South. Morford acknowledged this to be impossible, and was thereupon very liberally cursed and vilified by Morgan, who accused him of harboring negroes and traitors, and threatened to have him shot. Finally, however, he was content with simply arresting him and sending him, charged with disloyalty, to one Major Peyton.

The major seems to have been a somewhat talkative and argumentative man; for upon Morford's arrival he endeavored to reason him out of his adherence to the Union, asking him, in the course of a lengthy conversation, many questions about the war, demonstrating, to his own satisfaction at least, the necessity and justice of the position assumed by the seceded States, and finishing, by way of clenching the argument, with the inquiry, "How *can* you, a Southern man by birth and education, be opposed to the South?" Morford replied that he saw no reason for the rebellion, that the Union was good enough for him, that he should cling to it, and, if he could obtain a pass, would abandon the Confederacy and cast his lot with the North. The major then argued still more at length, and, as a last resort, endeavored to frighten him with a vivid description of the horrors of "negro equality,"—to all of which his hearer simply replied that he was not afraid; whereupon, as unskilful advocates of a bad cause are prone to do, he became very wrathy, vented his anger in a torrent of oaths and vile epithets, and told Morford that he ought to be hung, and should be in two weeks. The candidate for hempen honors, apparently not at all alarmed, coolly replied that he was sorry for that, as he wished to live a little longer, but, if it must be so, he couldn't help it. Peyton, meanwhile, cooled down, and told him that if he would give a bond of one thousand dollars and take the

oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy he would release him and protect his property. After some hesitation,—no other plan of escape occurring to him,—Morford assented, and took the required oath, upon the back of which Peyton wrote, "If you violate this, I will hang you."

With this safeguard, Morford returned to his farm and lived a quiet life. Buying a span of horses, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his land, seeing as few persons as he could, and talking with none. His house had previously been the head-quarters of the Union men, but was now deserted by them; and its owner endeavored to live up to the letter of the obligation he had taken. For a short time all went well enough; but one day a squad of cavalry came with a special written order from Major Peyton to take his two horses, which they did. This was too much for human nature; and Morford, perceiving that no faith could be placed in the assurances of those in command, determined to be revenged upon them and their cause. His house again became a secret rendezvous for Unionists; and by trusty agents he managed to send regular and valuable information to General Buell,—then in command in Tennessee. At length, however, in May, 1862, he was betrayed by one in whom he had placed confidence, and arrested upon the charge of sending information to General Crittenden, at Battle Creek. He indignantly denied the charge, and declared that he could easily prove himself innocent if released for that purpose. After three days' confinement, this was assented to; and Morford, knowing full well that he could not do what he had promised, made a hasty retreat and fled to the mountains, whence, some days afterwards, he emerged, and went to McMinnville, at which place General Nelson was then in command.

Here he remained until the rebel force left that vicinity, when he again went home, and lived undisturbed upon his farm until Bragg returned with his army. The presence in the neighborhood of so many officers cognizant of his former arrest and escape rendered flight a second time necessary. He now went to the camp of General Donelson, with whom he had some acquaintance, and soon became very friendly there,—acting the while in the double capacity of beef-contractor for the rebel army and spy for General Crittenden. Leaving General Donelson after some months' stay, although earnestly requested to remain longer, Morford next found his way to Nashville, where he made numerous expeditions as a spy for General Negley. Buell was at Louisville, and Nashville was then the Federal outpost. Morford travelled about very readily upon passes given him by General Donelson, making several trips to Murfreesborough and one to Cumberland Gap.

Upon his return from the latter, he was arrested near Lebanon, Tennessee, about one o'clock at night, by a party of four soldiers upon picket-duty at that point. Halting him, the following conversation occurred:—

"Where do you live?"

"Near Stewart's Ferry, between here and Nashville."

"Where have you been, and what for?"

"Up to see my brother, to get from him some jeans cloth and socks for another brother in the Confederate army."

"How does it happen you are not in the army yourself? That looks rather suspicious."

"Oh, I live too near the Federal lines to be conscripted."

"Well, we'll have to send you to Murfreesborough. I reckon you're all right; but those are our orders, and we can't go behind them."

To this Morford readily consented, saying he had no objection; and the party sat down by the fire and talked in a friendly manner for some time. Morford soon remembered that he had a bottle of brandy with him, and generously treated the crowd. Further conversation was followed by a second drink, and soon by a third. One of the party now proposed to exchange his Rosinantish mare for a fine horse which Morford rode. The latter was not inclined to trade; but objection was useless, and he finally yielded, receiving seventy-five dollars in Confederate money and the mare. The trade pleased the soldier, and a present of a pair of socks still further enhanced his pleasure. His companions were also similarly favored, and testified their appreciation of the gift by endeavoring to purchase the balance of Morford's stock. He would not sell, however, as he wished to send them to his brother at Richmond, by a person who had given public notice that he was soon going there. A fourth drink made all supremely happy; at which juncture their prisoner asked permission to go to a friend's house, only a quarter of a mile off, and stay until morning, when he would go with them to Murfreesborough. His friend of the horse-trade, now very mellow, thought he need not go to Murfreesborough at all, and said he would see what the others said about it. Finally, it was concluded that he was "right," and might; whereupon he mounted the skeleton mare and rode rejoicingly into Nashville.

On his next trip southward he was arrested by Colonel John T. Morgan, just as he came out of the Federal lines, and, as his only resort, joined Forrest's command, and was furnished with a horse and gun. The next day Forrest made a speech to his men, and told them that they were now going to capture Nashville. The column immediately began its march, and Morford, by some means, managed to have himself placed in the advance. Two miles below Lavergne a halt for the night was made; but Morford's horse was unruly, and could not be stopped, carrying its rider ahead and out of sight. It is needless to say that this obstinacy was not overcome until Nashville was reached, nor that when Forrest came, the next day, General Negley was amply prepared for him.

At this time Nashville was invested. Buell was known to be advancing towards the city, but no scouts had been able to go to or come from him. A handsome reward was offered to any one who would carry a despatch safely through to Bowling Green, and Morford undertook to do it. Putting the document under the lining of his boot, he started for Gallatin, where he arrived safely.

For some hours he sauntered around the place, lounged in and out of bar-rooms, made friends with the rebel soldiers, and, towards evening, purchased a small bag of corn-meal, a bottle of whiskey, a pound or two of salt, and

some smaller articles, which he threw across his shoulder and started up the Louisville road, with hat on one side, hair in admirable disorder, and, apparently, gloriously drunk. The pickets jested at and made sport of him, but permitted him to pass. The meal, &c. was carried six miles, when he suddenly became sober, dropped it, and hastened on to Bowling Green, and there met General Rosecrans, who had just arrived. His information was very valuable. Here he remained until the army came up and passed on, and then set out on his return on foot, as he had come. He supposed that our forces had gone by way of Gallatin, but when near that place learned that it was still in possession of the rebels, and so stopped for the night in a shanty between Morgan's pickets, on the north side, and Woolford's (Union), on the south side. During the night the two had a fight, which finally centred around the shanty, and resulted in driving Morford to the woods. In two or three hours he came back for his clothes, and found that the contending parties had disappeared, and that the railroad-tunnels had been filled with wood and fired. Hastily gathering his effects together, he made his way to Tyree Springs, and thence to Nashville.

For a short time he acted as a detective of the Army Police at Nashville, assuming the character of a rebel soldier, and living in the families of prominent secessionists. In this work he was very successful; but it had too little of danger and adventure, and he returned again to scouting, making several trips southward, sometimes without trouble, but once or twice being arrested and escaping as best he could. In these expeditions he visited McMinnville, Murfreesborough, Altamont, on the Cumberland Mountains, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, and other places of smaller note. He travelled usually in the guise of a smuggler, actually obtaining orders for goods from prominent rebels, and sometimes the money in advance, filling them in Nashville and delivering the articles upon his next trip. Just before the battle of Stone River he received a large order to be filled for the rebel hospitals, went to Nashville, procured the medicine, and returned to McMinnville, when he delivered some of it. Thence he travelled to Bradyville, and thence to Murfreesborough, arriving there just as the battle began. Presenting some of the surgeons with a supply of morphine, he assisted them in attending the wounded for a day or two, and then went to a hospital tent in the woods near the railroad, where he also remained one day and part of another. The fight was now getting hot, and, fearful that somebody would recognize him, he left Murfreesborough on Friday, and went to McMinnville. He had been there but little more than an hour, having barely time to put up his horse and step into a house near by to see some wounded men, when two soldiers arrived in search of him. Their description of him was perfect; but he escaped by being out of sight,—the friend with whom he was supposed to be declaring, though closely questioned, that he had not seen and knew nothing of him. In a few minutes pickets were thrown out around the town, and it was two days before he could get away. Obtaining a pass to Chattanooga at last, only through the influence of a lady acquaintance,

with it he passed the guards, but, when once out of sight, turned off from the Chattanooga road and made his way safely to Nashville.

General Rosecrans was now in possession of Murfreesborough, and thither Morford proceeded with some smuggler's goods, with a view to another trip. The necessary permission was readily obtained, and he set out for Woodbury. Leaving his wagon outside the rebel lines, he proceeded on foot to McMinnville, arriving there on the 19th of January last, and finding General John H. Morgan, to whom he represented himself as a former resident in the vicinity of Woodbury; his family, however, had moved away, and he would like permission to take his wagon and bring away the household goods. This was granted, and the wagon brought to McMinnville, whence Morford went to Chattanooga, representing himself along the road as a fugitive from the Yankees. Near Chattanooga he began selling his goods to Unionists and rebels alike, at enormous prices, and soon closed them out at a profit of from four hundred to five hundred dollars. At Chattanooga he remained a few days, obtained all the information he could, and returned to Murfreesborough without trouble.

His next and last trip is the most interesting and daring of all his adventures. Making a few days' stay in Murfreesborough, he went to McMinnville, and remained there several days, during which time he burned Hickory Creek Bridge, and sent a report of it to General Rosecrans. This he managed with so much secrecy and skill as to escape all suspicion of complicity in the work, mingling freely with the citizens and talking the matter over in all its phases. From McMinnville Morford proceeded to Chattanooga, and remained there nearly a week, when he learned that three of our scouts were imprisoned in the Hamilton county jail, at Harrison, Tennessee, and were to be shot on the first Friday in May. Determined to attempt their rescue, he sent a Union man to the town to ascertain who was jailer, what the number of the guards, how they were placed, and inquire into the condition of things in general about the jail. Upon receipt of his report, Morford gathered about him nine Union men, on the night of Tuesday, April 21, and started for Harrison. Before reaching the place, however, they heard rumors that the guard had been greatly strengthened; and, fearful that it would prove too powerful for them, the party retreated to the mountains on the north side of the Tennessee River, where they remained concealed until Thursday night. On Wednesday night the same man who had previously gone to the town was again sent to reconnoitre the position. Thursday morning he returned and said that the story of a strong guard was all false: there were but two in addition to the jailer.

Morford's party was now reduced to six, including himself: but he resolved to make the attempt that night. Late in the afternoon all went down to the river and loitered around until dark, when they procured boats and crossed to the opposite bank. Taking the Chattanooga and Harrison road, they entered the town, looked around at leisure, saw no soldiers nor any thing unusual, and proceeded towards the jail. Approaching quite near, they threw themselves upon the ground and surveyed the premises carefully. The jail

was surrounded by a high board fence, in which were two gates. Morford's plan of operations was quickly arranged. Making a prisoner of one of his own men, he entered the enclosure, posting a sentinel at each gate. Once inside, a light was visible in the jail, and Morford marched confidently up to the door and rapped. The jailer thrust his head out of a window and asked what was wanted. He was told, "Here is a prisoner to put in the jail." Apparently satisfied, the jailer soon opened the door and admitted the twain into the entry. In a moment, however, he became alarmed, and, hastily exclaiming, "Hold on!" stepped out.

For ten minutes Morford waited patiently for his return, supposing, of course, that he could not escape from the yard, both gates being guarded. Not making his appearance, it was found that the pickets had allowed him to pass them. This rather alarming fact made haste necessary, and Morford, returning to the jail, said he must put his prisoner in immediately, and demanded the keys forthwith. The women declared in positive terms that they hadn't them, and did not know where they were. One of the guards was discovered in bed and told to get the keys. Proving rather noisy and saucy, he was reminded that he might get his head taken off if he were not quiet,—which intimation effectually silenced him. Morford again demanded the keys, and the women, somewhat frightened, gave him the key to the outside door. Unlocking it, and lighting up the place with candles, he found himself in a room around the sides of which was ranged a line of wrought-iron cages. In one of these were five persons, four white and one negro. Carrying out the character he had assumed of a rebel soldier in charge of a prisoner, Morford talked harshly enough to the caged men, and threatened to hang them at once, at which they were very naturally alarmed, and began to beg for mercy. For a third time the keys to the inner room, in which the scouts were, were demanded, and a third time the women denied having them. An axe was then ordered to be brought, but there was none about the place: so said they. Morford saw that they were trifling with him, and determined to stop it. Snatching one of the jailer's boys standing near by the collar, and drawing his sabre, he told him he would cut his head off if he did not bring him an axe in two minutes. This had the desired effect, and the axe was forthcoming.

Morford now began cutting away at the lock, when he was startled by hearing the word "halt!" at the gate. Of his five men two were at the gates, two were inside as a guard, and one was holding the light. Ready for a fight, he went out to see what was the matter. The sentinel reporting that he had halted an armed man outside, Morford walked out to him and demanded,—

"What are you doing here with that gun?"

"Miss Laura said you were breaking down the jail, and I want to see McAllister, the jailer. Where is he?" was the reply.

"Well, suppose I am breaking down the jail: what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to stop it if I can."

"What's your name?"

"Lowry Johnson."

By this time Morford had grasped the muzzle of the gun, and told him to let go. Instead of complying, Johnson tried to pull it away; but a blow upon the neck from Morford's sabre soon made him drop it. Morford now began to search him for other weapons, but before he had concluded the operation Johnson broke away, leaving a part of his clothing in Morford's hands. The latter drew his revolver and pursued, firing five shots at him, sometimes at a distance of only six or eight paces. A cry, as of pain, showed that he was struck, but he managed to reach the hotel (kept by his brother), and, bursting in the door, which was fastened, escaped into the house. Morford followed, but too late. Johnson's brother now came out and rang the bell in front, which gathered a crowd about the door; but Morford, not at all daunted, told them that if they wanted to guard the jail they had better be about it quick, as he was going to burn it and the town in the bargain. This so frightened them that no further demonstration was made, and Morford returned to the jail unmolested. There he and his men made so much shouting and hurrahing as to frighten the people of the town beyond measure; and many lights from upper-story windows were extinguished, and the streets were deserted.

A half-hour's work was necessary to break off the outside lock,—a splendid burglar-proof one. Morford now discovered that the door was double, and that the inner one was made still more secure by being barred with three heavy log-chains. These were cut in two with the axe; but the strong lock of the door still remained. He again demanded the key, and told the women if it was not produced he would murder the whole of them. The rebel guard, Lew. Luttrell by name, was still in bed. Rising up, he said that the key was not there. Morford now ordered Luttrell to get out of bed, in a tone so authoritative that that individual deemed it advisable to comply. Scarcely was he out, however, before Morford struck at him with his sabre; but he was too far off, and the blow fell upon one of the children, drawing some blood. This frightened the women, and, concluding that he was about to put his threat in execution and would murder them surely enough, they produced the key without further words. No time was lost in unlocking the door and releasing the inmates of the room. Procuring their clothes for them and arming one with Johnson's gun, the whole party left the jail and hurried towards the river. Among the released prisoners was a rebel with a wooden leg, the original having been shot off at Manassas. He persisted in accompanying the others, and was only induced to go back by the intimation that "dead men tell no tales."

Crossing the river in the boats, they were moved to another place at some distance, to preclude the possibility of being tracked and followed. All now hid themselves among the mountains, and the same Union man was again sent to Harrison, this time to see how severely Johnson was wounded. He returned in a day or two, and reported that he had a severe sabre-cut on the shoulder, a bullet through the muscle of his right arm, and two slight wounds in one of his hands. Morford and his men remained in the moun-

tains until all search for the prisoners was over, then went to the Cumberland Mountains, where they remained one day and a portion of another, and then proceeded in the direction of McMinnville. Hiding themselves in the woods near this place during the day, seeing but not seen, they travelled that night to within eleven miles of Woodbury, when they struck across the road from McMinnville to Woodbury. Near Logan's Plains they were fired on by a body of rebel cavalry, but, though some forty shots were fired, no one of the ten was harmed, Morford having one bullet-hole in his coat. The cavalry, however, pursued them across the barrens, surrounded them, and supposed themselves sure of their game; but Morford and his companions scattered and hid away, not one being captured or found. Night coming on, the cavalry gave up the chase, and went on to Woodbury, where they threw out pickets, not doubting that they would pick up the objects of their search during the night. Morford, however, was informed of this fact by a citizen, and, in consequence, lay concealed all the next day, making his way safely to Murfreesborough, with all of his company, the day after.

Fraudulent Transfer of Rebel Goods.

On the 10th of December, 1862, the Chief of Police of the Army of the Cumberland seized the large wholesale store and stock of goods of Morgan & Co., a noted dry-goods house at Nashville, Tennessee, previous to the breaking out of the rebellion. When war convulsed that section of country, the store was closed, and upon the occupancy of Nashville by the Union troops, after the fall of Fort Donelson, Samuel D. Morgan went South with the rebel army, with which he was identified as a contractor, as a manufacturer of percussion-caps, and as a very wealthy, ardent, Southern secessionist. After the store had been closed several months, it suddenly was made known that this stock of goods, $26,000 in value, had been sold to Messrs. Moore & Kyle, who were formerly clerk and book-keeper, respectively, in the same store,— who were notoriously young men of no capital, and were not known as Union men in that community. The facts we glean from the papers in the case to be as follows:—

This stock of goods was the property of Samuel D. Morgan and Charles J. Cheney, partners, doing business under the style of Morgan & Co. At the breaking-out of the rebellion, and before the State of Tennessee seceded, Samuel D. Morgan, a zealous rebel sympathizer, started a factory for the manufacture of percussion-caps. He was chairman of an ordnance bureau. He applied to Andrew Anderson, a foundryman and machinist in Nashville, to make machines for making the caps, and on his refusal called him a Union man, and threatened to have his property seized by the authorities if he refused to make them. Upon this Anderson made the machines,

and Morgan took from him his foreman, Horatio North, to superintend the manufacture of the percussion-caps. He manufactured about one million caps per week, and shipped them to Richmond, Mobile, New Orleans, &c. On the fall of Fort Donelson, Morgan fled with the Southern army. On the secession of the State, Morgan turned the factory over to the Confederate authorities, and he has never returned since.

This stock of goods remained in store until the summer of 1862, when said Cheney, who is Morgan's son-in-law, executed a sale of it to John F. Moore and James Kyle. It is not pretended that either of these persons had any means. Moore had been a clerk in the house of Morgan & Co. and Kyle had also been a clerk. Moore is shown to have been a secession sympathizer; nothing is stated as to Kyle's political views. To these persons the stock was sold for the sum of $26,000 (it is stated that the stock is of far greater value), on a credit, their notes being taken for $2000 each, payable to Morgan & Co. every three months, making a time-sale running through thirty-nine months. It is stated that the firm of Morgan & Co., owed a heavy debt in New York and other Eastern cities of from $25,000 to $30,000, and that it was their intention to pay this indebtedness, and that it was the desire of Mr. Cheney to apply the amounts of these notes in liquidation of this debt.

Mr. Cheney states the indebtedness due the firm of Morgan & Co. at $300,000; that the notes of Moore & Kyle, together with all the notes due the firm, were sent by him to Mr. Morgan, then in Middle Alabama, in September last.

It appears from the statement of Mr. Moore that the amount of the first note has been fully paid in supplying the families of Morgan and Cheney, still in the city of Nashville, with necessaries.

It is stated by Mr. Cheney, and by other testimony, that the stock of goods was four-fifths Morgan's and one-fifth his; that the store was closed from the time of the taking of Fort Donelson, February, 1862, until the sale in the same summer, because licenses were required. It appears that the requirement for a license was the oath of allegiance; but no effort appears to have been made by Mr. Cheney to obtain a license, although, as he states, the goods were damaging. It further appears that on the sale to Moore & Kyle they obtained license by taking the oath of allegiance.

Moore & Kyle state that if the seizure of these goods be preparatory to the confiscation thereof as the property of Morgan, it is inflicting a severe and disastrous blow upon them; that they owe the notes, but, if the goods are taken, have no means of payment; that if the object were to reach the property of Morgan, they suggest that the notes should have been seized; that the transfer to them was a *bona fide* transaction; that, at any rate, it is a proper case for civil, not military, proceeding, and that they suggest the propriety of seizing, by process in the nature of attachment or injunction, their indebtedness to Morgan & Co.; and that they have acted in perfect good faith in this transaction throughout.

The foregoing is the substance of the evidence in this case, though it is

hoped that the evidence of Mr. Joseph Clark, of Liberty, De Kalb county, Tennessee, can be obtained.

The facts show,—

1st. That this stock was owned by parties hostile to the Union and sympathizing with rebellion; one of the parties being in active hostility, not as an individual merely, but with a wide-spread influence as a man, and rendering assistance to the rebellion of the utmost importance as a manufacturer.

2d. That Morgan, whose only two sons are, or were, in the rebel army, fled with the Southern army as a rebel, and engaged in rebellion, leaving his property and goods; and that Mr. Cheney, from his own statements, though not an active participator, was and is a rebel sympathizer to such an extent that he either did not dare to take steps to procure license for the sale of the stock, or did not choose to.

3d. That from these facts alone it would appear that, so far as Morgan was concerned, he fled, leaving these goods because he had not time to make a proper disposition of them; that they remained as lawful prize to the army of the United States; that, by the very nature of the transaction, the title became vested in the United States as a military capture,—not as goods subject to confiscation.

4th. The sale to Moore & Kyle seems to have been only a sham. Morgan has with him in the South, sent there in September last by Mr. Cheney, the substance of the concern,—$300,000 of evidences of debt due the house, and the notes of Moore & Kyle. It is not presumable that men engaged as he and Cheney should be willing, upon the policy of the South, to pay Northern debts; to the contrary of the assertion of Mr. Cheney to that effect, the proceeds of the sale of these goods have so far been applied to the support of the families of Morgan and Cheney.

In case this stock of goods is not to be looked upon as a military capture, it was respectfully recommended by the provost judge that they be turned over to the United States Marshal for libel and confiscation.

This latter recommendation was approved by the general commanding, and the case is now before the United States District Court, to be heard at its next sitting at Nashville. Of course good Union lawyers will be feed to prevent the confiscation of these goods if possible. But the case is a plain one, from the above showing. At all events, this chapter is worthy of perusal, as representative of the multitude of cases of confiscation that will flood upon the country upon the close of the war.

Mrs. Y——'s Boots and Dry-Goods.

About the 15th of December, 1862, while the Army of the Cumberland was occupying the city of Nashville, Tennessee, the rebel army being but thirty-two miles south, at Murfreesborough, and smuggling and spying at full tide, the following important and amusing case occurred.

A Mrs. Y —— entered the house of a neighbor in that city at the time above mentioned, both being Southern sympathizers, and spoke of her intention to go South soon to her husband; also, she desired to take with her a quantity of clothing for him and other friends in the Southern army, especially some boots, coats, &c.; and, furthermore, she had a large lot of store goods, which would pay well, and also greatly aid the cause, if she could run them through safely. She said she had recently made a trip to the rebel army, cheating the Yankee authorities badly; that she took with her quite a lot of goods, letters, &c., but that she had no conveyance, and was compelled to walk several miles at one time: she now desired to get a team to go with, &c.

There was present at this conversation a man whom the ladies thought to be all right; and so he really had been. They freely consulted with him, he having been at one time in the Southern army. A change, however, had

come over this man, and he had silently come to the conclusion that the rebellion was wrong and would prove a failure. As soon as Mrs. Y—— departed he also left the house, and ere long the whole matter was known to the Chief of the Army Police.

The man was instructed to aid Mrs. Y—— in all her movements, but was particularly cautioned not to encourage or advise her to do unlawful acts. He returned to that house, and soon was assisting her in that spirit and intent. She wanted a team: he assisted her in purchasing two mules and a double-spring wagon. He procured boxes and bales at her request, and helped her to stow away her things in a friendly manner. It seemed that her husband or friends had formerly kept a store in Nashville until the war set in, when it was closed, and the goods taken to her dwelling and there hidden away in back-room, garret, or cellar.

At length she was ready; and so was the Chief of Police. Several days were required to perfect all her arrangements, down to the final one of getting her pass to move South with her household goods; for this was her pretence, and at that time the general commanding permitted Southern sympathizing families to go South. Of course a pass was granted to her. The informer often cautioned her as to the risk of detection, and the sure confiscation that would follow; but she was fearless and reckless and determined.

Mrs. Y—— and party left Nashville one morning in style, as follows:—two mules drawing spring wagon, with a black man as driver, and herself and her black female servant mounted high upon the load of beds, bales, and bundles of what seemed to be common household "plunder." Arriving at the outer lines, the wagon was halted and the pass demanded and exhibited. "All right; pass on," were the cheering words of the picket-guard; and Mrs. Y—— must have breathed much easier as the team started on cheerily for the land of Dixie. Her exultation was short-lived. Some Federal patrols (policemen), whom Colonel Truesdail has constantly on that road, were on the alert. The wagon was again halted, the pass exhibited, and then the lady, her driver, and the woman-servant were invited to dismount, that the goods might be examined. Mrs. Y—— protested, expostulated, and stormed; but it was of no avail; alight they must. She did so, followed by the driver. Her black woman then essayed to get down; for she was fat, old, and clumsy, and had on hoops, and negro-finery of latest pattern. When almost down, she gave a jump, and brought up on the ground "all standing." Alas for that jump! A string broke from about her waist, and down tumbled to the ground from beneath her well-developed hoops *two pairs of long-legged cavalry boots*. The surprise and mortification of the lady, the horror of the darkies, and the smiles of the officers and men may well be imagined. Our artist has presented the scene on the foregoing page.

This evidence was sufficient to warrant the detention and return to Nashville of the party. The policemen, however, knew their business, and a moment's examination of the beds, &c. satisfied them of other mysteries packed away in the wagon. The party were at once returned to the city

police office,—the lady in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

Then occurred another scene, to be witnessed but once in a lifetime. The wagon-load of bedding was taken into the police office and examined. In the midst of feather beds, &c. were found new shoes, boots, balls of ribbon, articles of clothing, hoop-skirts, packages of gloves and stockings, bunches and spools of thread, whole pieces of lace and edging, dress-patterns of various hue and texture, entire pieces of domestic and muslins,—in short, the remnant of a considerable stock from a city dry-goods store, which would have been worth to Mrs. Y——, once safely in rebeldom, five hundred per cent. more than the original cost, and which she counted good to her for eighteen thousand dollars.

As the negro servants and orderlies worked away in uncovering and disembowelling the goods, the large parlor of the noted Zollicoffer mansion, where the army police office has been located for several months, presented a singular appearance. A pile of goods was made in the middle of the floor like a pyramid, reaching above the centre-table. The atmosphere was thick with downy feathers which came out with the goods. Around the room were standing crowds of officers from head-quarters, who had heard of the event and come over to witness the developments. At one time the general commanding was an interested witness. The facts were noised about the neighborhood, and for some time afterwards the police office was a "curiosity-shop" of the highest pretension.

Upon the person of Mrs. Y—— were also found some eight hundred dollars in money, a gold watch, &c., which were retained for the time, and she was permitted to go to her home. The case was reported to head-quarters; and orders were thereupon issued that her store-goods and team, and five hundred dollars of her money, be turned over to the United States Government as subject to confiscation, and that she be sent south of our lines, with her household goods proper, clothing, &c., with strict command that she return to the North no more during the war.

The following letter was found upon Mrs. Y——'s driver, and contains some interesting items:—

"NASHVILLE, December 17, 1862.

"IRA P. JONES, ESQ., CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

"DEAR SIR:—It is now nine o'clock at night, and, feeling quite lonely, my mind runs back to pleasant hours that I have spent with you, your dear wife, and sweet little darlings, and, thinking a word from me would be exceptable to you, I will write a line informing you of our good health. I say our,—and mean sister, the black ones, and I; for these compose my family. Since you left here we have all had fine health; and well that it is so, for we have had but little else to cheer us; but I have as little to complain of as any one, for as yet not one tree, bush, or shrub has been destroyed inside of my home place. I hope it may continue so. Your home is in like condition. Soon after you left, I got a man to go in the house, and he is still there. I

have claimed the property; and so far all is well taken care of. We have a hard way of getting on now: every thing is high and scarce; and I suppose it will be so while the war continues. Do you see any thing bright or hopeful in the future? Oh, I wish it was stopped! but God only knows when it will cease. I think it very doubtful whether you get this note or not: if you do, please write to me, for I would be glad to hear from you and any of the children. Mr. Armstrong and family are all well. My servants are all with me yet, but I am looking for an outbreak with them. The men have been working on fortifications nearly all the summer. They are quite free; but still they are home. The servants are ruining! our country is ruining! all, all are ruining! Please write if you can.

"I am, as ever, yours,

"I—— P——."

The Case of Mrs. Molly Hyde.

In April last, Mrs. Hyde, of Nashville, a young, ardent, handsome, and smart rebel lady, mother of two children, and whose husband was in the rebel army, was arrested within our lines as a spy and a dangerous political character. Also her sister, Mrs. Payne, likewise a resident of Nashville, was subsequently arrested as connected with, aiding, and abetting her.

A detective policeman, whose *rôle* was to get into the confidence of notable secessionists, had become acquainted with the lady and all her ways. He reported to Colonel Truesdail, and at the proper time the arrest was made. We will call the detective by the name of Randolph, and let him tell the story. We only publish two statements made after her arrest, as they give a fair insight into the case,—one of them made by her to her *confidential* friend, as she supposed, and the other an open, defiant confession, made to the police-officer who had her in charge. Says Randolph,—

"Mrs. Molly Hyde has told me that when she was last at General Morgan's head-quarters she gave Harry Morgan a fine horse; that she paid eight hundred dollars for him; that Harry Morgan was a cousin of John Morgan; that she was glad that she did it, for the Yankees would have got him if she had delayed it any longer, and that she would rather see the horse shot than to see them get him; that he was in good hands now; and that if she ever needed a horse she could get as many as she wanted of Morgan.

"She told me that she wanted to be sent South. She did not care if she did have to go by the way of Vicksburg; she would be at Morgan's head-quarters as soon as she could get there, and that would be in two weeks after her arrival at that point; that she regretted nothing that she had done for the Confederacy, for her whole heart was with the South, and she would remain as true as steel.

"The only thing that she was sorry for was that she had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. She wished she could have an opportunity to scratch her name from that paper: she regretted it more than any act of her life; but, said she,

"'If ever I get my liberty, *the oath won't stop me. No, sir!* Not until every one of old Truesdail's devils is caught and hung. I would rather Morgan would catch him than any other man in the world. He has had a man on my track ever since I took the oath. If he had not known that I went to the Southern army, he would not have stopped my letters at the Nashville post-office. I wish he was hung for that! I have sent word to every one of my friends that I could not to write to me through the post-office any more, for if they did I would not get them.

"'I think that old Church Hooper has told something on me that makes Truesdail or some of the Yankees watch me so,—and Clay Drake too. He offered me five hundred dollars to get him released from the conscript that was on him. I would not get him released for one thousand dollars: they will shoot him if they ever get him,' &c. &c.

"She then repeated,—

"'I wish they would send me South; but I will not let them know that I want to go there, for if I do they will be sure to send me North. I am going to tell them that I am not at all particular where I go, they may do just as they please with me. But I tell *you*, Mr. ——, if I do go to the Alton or Camp Chase prison, I want you to come and see me and help me out.'

"'That will be a very difficult task to undertake,' I remarked.

"'I know that,' she replied, 'but where there is a will there is a way; and if you want money to do it with, my friends will furnish all your wants, and you can do it easy enough. These Yankee officers are easy enough bribed: you know that *yourself*, for you was one *yourself* once, or *thought you were as good as any* of them, and *now* see *how you feel* towards the *whole Lincoln tribe*. I am glad that you are now going to do something for people that can appreciate your services and not treat you like a dog.'

"Mrs. Molly Hyde stated to me yesterday—my last interview with her—that Captain Dick Gladden, who was discharged from the 1st Middle Tennessee Infantry,—Union,—was now an officer in the Confederate army; that he went from here to Columbia, Tennessee, with a man from Edgefield by the name of Madison Stratton, who was held in hostage for D. D. Dickey, when the Confederates had him; that Gladden had recognized several men from Nashville from Yankee regiments, who were supposed to be spies, five of whom were hung. She saw the execution take place, and expressed much regret that there had not been twice as many. She saw Gladden at Tullahoma, about eight days before her arrest. Mrs. Hyde said she carried very important papers and information to Generals Wheeler and Van Dorn, which officers made a great ado over her upon her arrival. She said she bribed the Federal pickets on her return home with apples, cakes, and candy,

which she obtained of her aunt, who lives near Columbia. I did not learn the name of her aunt and uncle."

The foregoing is the substance of Mrs. Hyde's revelations to the detective. She prevailed upon Randolph to go and see a Federal officer and get assistance from that quarter. He did so,—with the following result, says Randolph:—

"During an interview with Captain ——, of the Ohio cavalry, he stated to me all of the friendly relations that existed between himself and Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Payne. He said he had known them for some time, and that they had been very kind to him in several instances. When he was sick they visited him, and brought all sorts of delicacies to him, and nursed him as kindly as his own mother could have done. 'And now, Randolph,' said he, 'I cannot forget such kindness. I do not want to do any thing that will *criminate me*. I am in the Government service; but I will exert myself to any honorable extent to relieve them from their present confinement.' We talked of every plan by which their release could be effected. The captain's opinion was that the best thing they could do would be to go before the military authorities and acknowledge they had done wrong, and that they had been influenced to do as they had by those who had pretended to be their friends, but in whom they had lost all confidence, and that they were now willing to abide by the laws of the Federal Government while they occupied this country. If this policy did not gain them their liberty, it would have a very good influence upon the general commanding the post, also with General Rosecrans, &c. &c."

Thus the reader will perceive the craft and deceit of these secession females, in paying ladylike attentions to Federal officers, to gain favors and protection, while in their hearts are only hatred and curses. In this case we are pleased to see that the officer properly remembered their kindness to him in sickness, but was true to his flag. Finding all hopes of release vain, Mrs. Hyde puts on a bold air of defiance, and reveals her doings to the police-officer at the hotel who has her in charge. We will also let him tell his part of the story:—

"Mrs. Hyde told me, in a conversation I had with her alone at the City Hotel, in Nashville, on May 1, 1863, that she had been doing an immense deal of service for the rebel Government for the last twenty months,—had been all through Southern Kentucky, in fact, all over the State. Near Lexington, Kentucky, she bought the fine blooded mare that John H. Morgan now rides. She presented it to said Morgan; and it is the same one which he rode when he made his escape from the Federals at McMinnville about one week ago. She further said she was in McMinnville last winter; she was then employed by said John H. Morgan in obtaining information for him of all that would be of any advantage to him, of the movements of the enemy, or of their whereabouts, &c.

"In presenting the mare to Morgan, she told him the mare had done her good service: 'Take her, and do all the good you can with her for our cause.' She further told me she made a trip for Bragg into East Tennessee

last winter to gather all the information she could in regard to who were in sympathy with the Lincoln Government, and to ferret out the bridge-burners in that region. She also said she was in Middleton last winter when Major Mint Douglas and his men were captured by the Federals,—said she saw the whole of it. She then came to Murfreesborough, and stopped at the house of Mrs. Davis.

"On the same night Mrs. Story, of Shelbyville, came and stayed at the said Mrs. Davis's. Said she slept with a lady at Mrs. Davis's, but did not tell me her name. Her object in coming to Murfreesborough was to get all the information of the movement of the Federal troops and of their strength,—in fact, she said, all that would be of any value to the Confederate forces. Said she had for the last twenty months out-generalled the Yankees, but they had at last beat her, and she was resigned to her fate, be it what it might. Said she had done nothing she was sorry for, and would do the same again if she could get the chance; said it was not the amount of money she was to receive for her labor, but it was done for the good of the rebel cause. Said her sister knew nothing of her secrets. She did most of her travelling by night. Said she had furnished rebel generals with important information, and a large amount of it.

"The circumstances under which I obtained this information from Mrs. Hyde were as follows:—I was in charge of Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Payne at the City Hotel, to see that they were well provided for; and, after she thought that the Federals knew all she had done, she told me that it would not make her case any worse, and she gave me this history of her own accord. I did not seek it: she told me of her own free will. I carefully avoided asking her any questions, but treated her with due deference and kindness."

It appears from the evidence that Mrs. Molly Hyde was the travelling member of the firm of spies, while her sister, Mrs. Payne, collected the news and letters, and superintended generally the Nashville terminus of their grape-vine line of communication. We have given enough of the evidence, from the great mass before us, to properly illustrate the case, and will bid adieu to the ladies in question, one of whom was ordered to be sent North, to remain until after the war. Mrs. Hyde is now an occupant of the Alton (Illinois) military prison.

The Adventures of Two Union Spies.

The following statement of two young members of the army police is strictly reliable, and will amply repay a perusal.

"On the 15th of April, 1863, we were sent from Nashville by Colonel Truesdail, Chief of the Police and Scout service, to gather knowledge of

parties engaged in smuggling goods through the lines, and to gain all information possible as to the strength and position of the enemy's forces. Assuming the character of deserters from the Federal army, we started out, and arrived at the house of one Thomas Hooper, below Sam's Creek, twenty miles from Nashville, on the 17th instant, at evening. We remained at his house one day, and found that the suspicion that was resting on Hooper of being a rebel had no foundation: he was very poor, scarcely able to obtain food for his family. During conversation with Hooper we learned that one Rook, who was a neighbor to Hooper, had a boat which he used to convey deserters and others across the river. On drawing near to Rook's house we saw two horses, apparently belonging to two rebel cavalrymen, standing at the door. After a short time, Rook, with two rebel officers, came out of the house and proceeded to the boat and crossed the river. After a considerable lapse of time they returned, and, on their coming up the bank of the river, we, being in a clump of bushes, heard them say that they had succeeded in seeing and learning all they wished; that, as the Federals had cavalry all along that road, they would take the south side of the river to march on Nashville, which was Van Dorn's plan. Captain Eastham, who was one of the officers, stated that he had been to our picket-line, and he was sure they could march into Nashville and destroy all the Government stores and take the place, and in two or three weeks he would be in his native city. He further stated that the business of Lieutenant King and himself was to find the strength and distribution of the forces in and about Nashville. We heard Rook tell Lieutenant King that he (Rook) had received some articles direct from Nashville which he wanted Lieutenant King to take with him. The parties then moved up towards Rook's house. We fell back to the woods and came upon a blind road, sufficiently wide to move a large body of troops and yet be under cover from the river,—leaving a road unguarded by our pickets on which the enemy can move to a point within six miles of Nashville. Proceeding on our way up this road, we met many scouts of the enemy passing in every direction, closely watching all the by-paths. On the next morning, in endeavoring to cross the river we were captured by a squad of rebel cavalry, who mounted us on mules, and we were taken to Spring Hill, to Van Dorn's head-quarters,—they stating that we would be paroled and sent back home. From our guard on the way we learned that General Van Dorn would soon march over the road before mentioned to Nashville. On arriving at Van Dorn's head-quarters we were immediately questioned as to the strength of Federal forces and the fortifications about Nashville. We stated that we knew nothing, as our regiment was stationed near Murfreesborough. We were questioned very closely, but gave them no information. We were held at Spring Hill but two or three hours, when we were sent on to Columbia, where we were to be paroled.

"We arrived at Columbia and were there paroled, but, at the suggestion of one of the officers, were placed in prison to await the order of General Bragg. There was no force at Columbia but a small provost-guard. Provisions

were very scarce, half-rations only being issued. Rations consisted of corn-meal and bacon. There were no fortifications of account,—some small breastworks and rifle-pits. On the 23d, General Forrest with his command passed through Columbia, taking most of the stores in the commissary department: their destination, we learned, was the Tennessee River. The men were all well mounted. In conversation with imprisoned conscripts we gleaned that the farmers were all discouraged about the coming crop; that unless the war was soon closed they would starve, for the draft on them for food was so heavy and frequent that they had barely enough to live upon. The coming crop will be very small. The prison was filled with deserters and conscripts. The prisoners stated that they were tired and discouraged, and they would all leave if it were not for the tyranny exercised over them. We had a conversation with one Wiley George, who was a leader in the burning of the bridge over Duck River; Wm. Sander assisted in the work. The talk of the prisoners was in favor of the Union,—many stating that they had been deceived. We met one Killdare, who stated that he had brought out of Nashville seven hundred dollars' worth of goods. He said his three girls would come to the city and carry them to him, and he would bring them to the rebel lines. We were taken from prison and marched to Shelbyville, where we arrived the 5th of May. We saw their batteries within six miles of Shelbyville,—one brigade of infantry and one of cavalry lying on the pike. The fortifications extended one and a half miles in length. There is stationed there one brigade of infantry. General Cheatham commands the post. The prisons there are full of deserters and conscripts, who are dissatisfied and who were poorly fed and clothed. Many stated that they did not wish to fight longer,—that they were compelled to do so, as Bragg was having all deserters shot. We had a little corn-meal and a little bacon for our rations. The whole country, citizens and soldiers, are on half-allowance. Flour was selling at eighty dollars per barrel, corn five dollars per bushel, bacon one dollar and a half per pound. Little of the country we passed through was cultivated. The wheat-fields are badly affected with the rust. We were then sent on to Tullahoma by railroad, where Generals Bragg and Johnston had their head-quarters, but learned that they would soon move to Shelbyville. All goods are enormously high; food very scarce. Morgan's and McCown's forces were reported to hold themselves in readiness to go into Kentucky. We were charged at Tullahoma with being spies; but, there being no testimony, we were sent to Chattanooga, where we lay in prison three days. There are but few troops there,—perhaps two thousand. The crops are very poor and scant, and all along the route we were questioned concerning the police of Nashville, and many swore that they would hang every one they captured without a trial; and as for 'old Truesdail,' they wished to have him once in their power, and they would teach him what it was to arrest women and children. Some Texas Rangers said that they were watching a chance to shoot Generals Rosecrans and Rousseau, and when that was done they could manage the rest.

"When we arrived at Chattanooga we were put in the guard-house: the prison was filled with conscripts. With few exceptions, they were in favor of deserting and coming over to the Federal army. Many said that they never fired a gun against the Federal army, and never would. The Tennesseeans are tired of the war, and if allowed to go home would go.

"We were then ordered to Knoxville, leaving Chattanooga on the 25th and arriving at Knoxville the 26th. The line of the railroad is guarded; stockades are being erected, and, where the railroad crosses the Tennessee River, fortifications are being made. Here there are three regiments of infantry and one battery of eight guns stationed. The jail at Knoxville is filled to overflowing, prisoners being mostly Union men and Federal officers,—the only charges against them being disloyalty to the Southern Confederacy. All the way from Knoxville to Richmond, to which place we were carried for exchange, provisions are very scarce. Provisions about Knoxville are not plenty; all parties complain of the scarcity. The pedlars along the line of railroad would call out, 'Three dollars Confederate for one greenback.' We fell in with three men on the cars: they said they were Eastern men, and shoemakers by occupation; they said there were many Union men in the city who have the 'Stars and Stripes,' and who were only waiting for an opportunity to hoist it as soon as the army made its appearance. They said that it would be almost impossible to take Richmond, the fortifications being immense, and forts at every available point. At Knoxville we passed one company of Indians, whose business was to hunt up Union men in the mountains. At Richmond three Merrimacs were building, and one was ready for service: the others would not be completed for several months. Two were on the stocks, and looked like rough customers. The city was in a great fever of excitement consequent upon the raid of General Stoneman; and if General Stoneman had only gone ahead he could have taken Richmond. At Richmond our prisoners were placed in rooms, so many in one room that it was difficult for them to move, and were fed on half-rations, and when we were marching through the streets were not allowed the privilege of buying any thing to eat. Pedlars were denied the right of coming into prisons to sell their goods. We learned nothing as to the fortifications about Richmond in particular. We heard it said that there was considerable smuggling going on between Maryland and Virginia. At Tullahoma we found Ricketts, a scout sent out from this office, in chains, sentenced to be shot as a spy; another, by name Kelley, was shot there some days since as a spy."

The Misses Elliott.

Only excepting Charleston, perhaps no more determined, fanatical lady rebels can be found than in the city of Nashville. The following is a case where two stylish young ladies of that city were dealt with.

"Office Chief of Army Police, Nashville, May 2, 1863.

"General:—

"I herewith submit you the papers in the case of Misses Susie and Mary Elliott, daughters of Dr. Elliott, a chaplain in the so-called Confederate army. These young ladies reside with their mother in this city. Their father and two brothers are in the rebel army. They returned to this city on Thursday afternoon, contrary to orders (see pass), and were arrested. After having their baggage examined (finding amongst it a large number of letters to parties residing in this city and elsewhere), they were placed under guard. Both and each of them stated that their sympathies were with those in rebellion. They are extreme Southern sympathizers. They contemplated returning South. When asked whether they visited the rebel camps, they declined answering; and to all questions relative to the Confederate army they refused giving answers. Miss Susie Elliott had a Federal officer's belt in her possession, which she stated was worn by a rebel officer at the battle of Stone River last December. They are young women of education, and, judging from their abilities, if allowed to remain in this city are capable of doing injury to the cause for which we are so earnestly striving. I would especially call your attention to the conditions of the pass on which they left this city; further, to the letter of their father (C. D. Elliott), in which he states that his family 'will take no oath and give no parole.' The sympathies of the whole family are extremely Southern.

"I am, general, your obedient servant,

"William Truesdail,

"*Chief of Army Police.*"

The following is a copy of the pass in question:—

"Head-Quarters, Nashville, March 24, 1863.

"The guards and pickets will pass Miss Mary and Susan Elliott through our lines on the Hardin pike, with carriage, driver, and private baggage, not to return without permission from these head-quarters.

"Good for three days.

"Robert B. Mitchell,

"*Brigadier-General commanding Post.*"

One of the Misses Elliott made the following statement, in which the other concurred upon being requested to do so, at the army police office at Nashville:—

"I am a resident of Nashville. On or about the 23d of March, I, with my sister Mary, obtained, through the influence of our uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Elliott, late of the 69th Regiment Ohio Volunteers, a pass to go out on the Hardin pike. The said pass was marked 'good for three days,' by special request made by my sister. We went out on the Hardin pike on the 26th of March, and proceeded to Shelbyville to see my father and brother and to obtain some money. These facts we stated to General Mitchell before obtaining our pass. We arrived at Shelbyville on Wednesday evening, April 2, and went to the residence of Mr. John Cowan, where my father was stopping. We remained at Shelbyville quite a number of days, and then proceeded, in company with my father, to Fayetteville to visit a brother (ten years of age), then lying sick. We stopped at Fayetteville some days, returned to Shelbyville, remained there a few days, and then proceeded to return to Nashville, where we arrived this afternoon. Whether I went through the camps of the so-called Confederate army or not I do not feel inclined to state. Neither is it agreeable for me to state any thing about the rebel army in any particular. I decline to make any statement as to any of the generals. I obtained the belt that was taken from me by Colonel Truesdail from a cousin of mine, at Shelbyville. His name is Bright Morgan. It was worn at the battle of Murfreesborough by a young man by the name of John Morgan.

"Susie R. Elliott.

"I subscribe to this statement. "Mary Elliott."

Among the papers of the Misses Elliott were found the passes they had used in Dixie. Let us preserve them in the "Annals."

"Days ———.

"No. ———.

"Provost-Marshal's Office, Shelbyville, Tenn., April 6, 1863.

"Pass Dr. Elliott and two daughters to Fayetteville, Tennessee, upon honor not to communicate any thing that may prove detrimental to the Confederate States.

"(Signed) Wm. B. Dallas, for J. M. Hawkins,
"*Major and Provost-Marshal.*"

"Shelbyville, April 26, 1863.

"Confederate States of America.—Guards and pickets will pass Miss Susie Elliott to Nashville and return. Baggage not to be searched.

"C. A. Thompson,
"*Colonel Confederate Army.*"

As usual, the letters found with these young ladies were mainly of a domestic, melancholy character. We subjoin the following extract from a letter—writer unknown to us—to Mark Cockrill, Esq., of Nashville:—

"We are all doing well,—doing extremely well, considering that we are confined to the limits of the army, and are dieted—from necessity—to oven beans and corn bread,—all of which we get in greatest plenty. The rumor which you all have afloat about the rations of our army being short is not true. As yet we have plenty; and there seems to be very *good* prospect of the continuation of that abundance. The South is full of corn, and the wheat-crop in the portion of Tennessee which we hold is very fine. . . . Provisions South are all purchased by the army, and 'tis very difficult for families to procure the necessaries of life; and I would advise you all not to come unless you are unsufferably oppressed."

The subjoined letter is also readable. Our readers in Nashville will know to whom it is addressed:—

"Shelbyville, April 26, 1863.

"Dear Niece:—

"Tell Dewess that I am happy and proud to know that he is still faithful to the cause of the South, and that it is my sincerest prayer and firmest belief that he will remain so. Tell him that his old friends in the army understand his position, appreciate his feelings, and sympathize with him; and tell him, above all, that if necessary he must sacrifice his own happiness to that of his mother, and in the end all will be well. Now comes the secret and equally foolish part. Tell Mary—I can't say Miss Mary—that I still love, but without hope; and I can only hope that she will think of me as a friend and as the friend of her brother. Do you think she would correspond with me?—as a friend, I mean. Write to me about all these things as soon as you can. I enclose a very brief note for Miss Bessie Thompson. Be certain to let no one see it, and give it to her the first opportunity you have. Tell grandma that I would write now, but that you can tell her every thing, and that it is unsafe for you to carry letters, and that I will write the first chance I have. The rebels will be in Nashville this summer; but you must not wait for them, but come out as soon as you can. Give my best love to grandma, Aunt Lizzie, Julia, Lizzie, Uncle Frank, and all my friends in Nashville. Remember me to Ellen, Ann, and all the servants, *if they are there.* But I must close. My very best love to Mary and yourself. Porter."

Attached to this epistle is the following order for "something to wear," &c., for which the valiant "Porter," it seems, has to look to the miserable Yankee mudsills:—

Order for Bill of Goods for Summer.

"Socks, drawers, and other summer clothes, with my black suit, soft hat, shoes, and two pair kid gloves, pants suitable for summer; a suit of summer clothes: let the clothes be a dark gray; two tooth-brushes, and three fine combs."

List of prices of different articles in the South, contained in one of the letters found with the Misses Elliott.

Ginger-cakes, 50 cents to $1.
Candy, $10 per pound, 25 cents per stick.
Tobacco, $3 to $4 per pound.
" smoking, $3.50 to $4 per pound.
Whiskey, $40 to $50 per gallon,—all taken at that.
Sardines, $4 to $5 per box, 50 cents each retail.
Wine, $8 to $10 per bottle,—$100 to get tight.
Cigars, 12½ cents, 15 cents, and 25 cents each. Sticking-plaster, to draw on back of neck, thrown in.
Pocket-knives, $12, $15, and $20 each,—prices sharp as razors.
Oysters, $1 per dozen, $6 per can,—three years old.
Breakfast at restaurant, $16; wine extra.
Eggs, $1.50, $2, and $3 per dozen; chickens thrown in.
Butter, $2 and $3 per pound. "Whistle and it comes to you."
Pan-cakes, 50 cents each. "One lasts all day."

The Misses Elliott were sent South speedily, to revel in the full enjoyment of all their "rights," where it is to be hoped they will ere long become wiser and better women.

Killdare, the Scout.

One of the most active and efficient men in the secret service is Killdare, the scout. For prudential reasons, we withhold his real name. The circumstances attending his first introduction to the Chief of Police and leading to his subsequent employment by that official have already been related in a preceding sketch,—"A Nest of Nashville Smugglers,"—and need not be repeated here. Whatever it is necessary to know of his personal history, too, is there told; and all that the author proposes in this notice is to give, as nearly in his own words as possible, the report of two trips which he made into the rebel lines. In themselves interesting narratives, affording an inside view of rebeldom, they become still more so as a descriptive revelation of some of the devices and subterfuges necessarily resorted to by this class of men in the prosecution of their dangerous and most important enterprises.

In March last, Killdare left Nashville on horseback with a small stock of goods, of less than a hundred dollars in value, with the purpose of making his way into and through a certain portion of the Confederacy. Swimming his horse across Harpeth Creek, and himself crossing in a canoe, he journeyed on, and passed the night at a house some six miles beyond Columbia, having previously fallen in with some of Forrest's men going to Columbia. The next morning he started for Shelbyville, where he arrived in due season. What there, and in the subsequent portions of his trip, occurred, we will let him tell in his own words.

"When I arrived, I could find stabling, but no feed, for my horse. I put

the animal in the kitchen of a house, and gave a boy five dollars to get me a half-bushel of corn, there being none in the town. I sold the little stock of goods to the firm of James Carr & Co., of Nashville, who gave me eight hundred dollars for the lot, and then went to visit General Frank Cheatham, General Maney, and General Bates, whom I saw at the house where I stopped. At the head-quarters of General Cheatham, Colonel A—— arrived from the front, and stated in my presence that the whole Federal line had fallen back; and I further understood from the generals present and Colonel A—— that there would be no fight at Shelbyville. They said that probably there would be some skirmishing by the Federals, but that the battle would be fought at Tullahoma, and they had not more than one corps at Shelbyville, which is under General Polk.

"Forage and provisions for man and beast it is utterly impossible to obtain in the vicinity of Shelbyville. The forage-trains go as far as Lewisport, in Giles county, and the forage is then shipped to Tullahoma, and even farther back, for safe keeping,—as far as Bridgeport. Confederate money is two for one of Georgia; Tennessee, two and one-half for one.

"I next went to Tullahoma; and there I met on the cars a major on Bragg's staff, and scraped an acquaintance through the introduction of a Nashville gentleman. When we arrived within a few miles of Tullahoma, he made a short statement to me, called me to the platform, and pointed out the rifle-pits and breastworks, which extended on each side of the railroad about a mile, in not quite a right angle. The whole force of Bragg's army is composed of fifty-five thousand men, well disciplined: twenty thousand of them are cavalry. When I left Tullahoma, I could not buy meat nor bread. When I arrived at Chattanooga, I gave a nigger one dollar for a drink of whiskey, one dollar for a small cake, and fifty cents for two eggs, which I took for subsistence and started for Atlanta. I met, going thitherward, a good many acquaintances on the trains. When I arrived at Atlanta, I found a perfect panic in money-matters. Georgia money was at seventy-five cents premium, and going up; gold, four and five dollars for one. I remained at Atlanta three days. Full one-half of those I met were from Nashville: they were glad to see me.

"I commenced my return to Tullahoma with a captain from Nashville, who also showed me the rifle-pits, as I before stated. I made my way on to Shelbyville, and then I got a pass from the provost-marshal—a Major Hawkins—to Columbia, where I arrived on Sunday morning. There I found Forrest and his command had crossed Duck River on their way to Franklin. As I started from the Nelson Hotel to the provost-marshal's office, I was arrested on the square as a straggling soldier; but I proved myself the contrary, and started without a pass to Williamsport. There some fool asked me if I had a pass. I told him 'yes,' and showed him the pass I had from Shelbyville to Columbia and the documents I had in my possession, which he could not read. I gave the ferryman a five-dollar piece to take me across the river, and he vouched for my pass,—when I safely arrived at the Federal pickets."

About a month after this, Killdare made another, and his last, trip, the full report of which is subjoined. It will be seen that he was watched and several times arrested. Though he finally escaped, his usefulness as a spy was totally destroyed, his name, appearance, and business having been betrayed to the enemy. He has consequently retired from the business. On his return he made the following report:—

"I left the city of Nashville on Tuesday, the 14th instant, to go South, taking with me a few goods to peddle. I passed down the Charlotte pike, and travelled two miles up the Richland Creek, then crossed over to the Hardin pike, following that road to Harpeth Creek, and crossed below De Morse's mill. At the mill I met —— De Morse, who said to me, 'Killdare, do you make another trip?' I replied, 'I do not know.' De Morse then said, 'If you get below the meeting-house you are saved,' and smiled. I proceeded on my way until I came to a blacksmith-shop on the pike, at which a gentleman by the name of Marlin came out and asked if I had heard any thing of Sanford being killed on the evening of the 13th instant. I told Marlin I did not know any thing about it, and proceeded on to South Harper to Squire Allison's, which is seventeen miles from Nashville. I then fed my mules, stopped about one hour, and proceeded across South Harper towards Williamsport.

"About one mile the other side of South Harper, two rebel scouts came galloping up, and asked me what I had for sale. I told them needles, pins, and playing-cards. They then inquired, 'Have you any papers to go South?' I replied I had, and showed them some recommendations. They asked me to get down from my carryall, as they wanted to talk with me. This I did; and they then asked,—

"'Have you any pistols?'

"'No,' I replied.

"Stepping back a few paces, and each drawing a pistol, one of them said, 'You ——— scoundrel, you are our prisoner: you are a Yankee spy, and you carry letters from the South, and at the dead hour of night you carry these letters to Truesdail's office. We lost a very valuable man on Monday while attempting to arrest you at your house: his name was Sanford, and he was a great deal thought of by General Van Dorn. So now we've got you, —— you, turn your wagon round and go back.'

"We turned and went to Squire Allison's again, at which place I met Dr. Morton, from Nashville, whom I requested to assist in getting me released. Dr. Morton spoke to the men, who, in reply, said, 'We have orders to arrest him as a spy, for carrying letters to Truesdail's head-quarters.' They then turned back to South Harper Creek, and took me up the creek about one mile, where we met about eight more of these scouts and Colonel McNairy, of Nashville, who was riding along in a buggy. The lieutenant in command of the squad wrote a despatch to Van Dorn, and gave it to one of the men, by the name of Thompson, who had me in custody, and we then proceeded up the creek to Spring Hill, towards the head-quarters of General

Van Dorn. About six miles up the creek, Thompson learned I had some whiskey, which I gave him, and of which he drank until he got pretty well intoxicated. In the neighborhood of Ivy we stopped until about six o'clock in the evening. About one mile from Ivy the wheel of my carryall broke. A neighbor came to us with an axe and put a pole under the axletree, and we proceeded on our way. We had gone but a few hundred yards when the wagon turned over: we righted it, and Thompson took a carpet-sack full of goods, filled his pockets, and then told me 'to go to ———: he would not take me to head-quarters.' Changing his mind, however, he said he *would*, as he had orders so to do, and showed me the despatch written by Lieutenant Johnson to General Van Dorn. It read as follows:—

"'I have succeeded in capturing Mr. Killdare. Archy Cheatham, of Nashville, says Killdare is not loyal to the Confederacy. The Federals have mounted five hundred light infantry. Sanford's being killed is confirmed. (Signed) LIEUT. JOHNSON.'

"Thompson, being very drunk, left me, taking the goods he stole. Two citizens came up shortly and told me to turn round, and stop all night at Isaac Ivy's, 1st District, Williamson county. There we took the remainder of the goods into the house. At three o'clock in the morning a negro woman came and knocked at the door.

"Mr. Ivy says, 'What do you want?'

"'A soldier is down at the creek, and wants to know where his prisoner is,' was the reply.

"'What has he done with the goods he took from that man?'

"'He has left them at our house, and has just started up the creek as I came up.'

"'That will do. Go on.'

"I was awake, and tried to make my escape, asking Mr. Ivy if he had a couple of saddles to loan me. He said he had; and I borrowed from him seven dollars, as Thompson took all my money (fifty dollars in Georgia currency). He (Ivy) then told me the route I should take,—going a few miles towards Franklin, and then turn towards my home in Nashville. Taking Ivy's advice, we proceeded on our way towards Franklin. About eight miles from Franklin, four guerrillas came up to me and fired two pistols. 'Halt!' said they: 'you want to make your way to the Yankees. We have a notion to kill you, any way.'

"They then ordered me to turn, which I did,—two going behind, whipping the mules, and hooting and hallooing at a great rate. We then turned back to Ivy's. When we got there, I said,—

"'Where is Thompson, my guard, who told me to go on?'

"'He was here early this morning, and has gone up the hill hunting you, after borrowing my shot-gun,' was the answer.

"Some conversation ensued between the parties, when Ivy wrote a note to General Van Dorn and gave it to Thompson. Ivy then gave us our equip-

age, and we went towards Spring Hill. On the way we met, on Carter's Creek pike, a camp of four hundred Texan Rangers. We arrived at Spring Hill at sundown of the day following. At Van Dorn's head-quarters I asked for an interview with the general, which was not allowed, but was ordered to Columbia to prison until further orders.

"On Friday evening a Nashville soldier who stood sentinel let me out, and said, 'You have no business here.' I made my way towards Shelbyville, crossed over Duck Creek; made my way to the Louisburg and Franklin pike, and started towards Franklin. Before we got to the pickets we took to the woods, and thus got round the pickets. A farmer reported having seen me to the guard, and I was taken again towards Van Dorn's head-quarters, six miles distant. I had gone about one mile, when I fell in with Colonel Lewis's command, and was turned over to an orderly-sergeant with whom I was acquainted and by whom I was taken to the head-quarters of Colonel Lewis. There I was discharged from arrest, and was told by the colonel what route I should take in order to avoid the scouts. I then started towards Columbia, and thence towards Hillsborough. At Hillsborough I met a friend by the name of Parkham, who guided me within five miles of Franklin, where I arrived at daylight this morning. On Friday last Colonel Forrest passed through Columbia with his force (three thousand strong), and six pieces of artillery, to Decatur, Alabama. One regiment went to Florence. The whole force under Van Dorn at Spring Hill does not exceed four thousand; and they are poorly clothed. I understood that the force was moving towards Tennessee River, in order to intercept forces that were being sent out by General Grant.

"SAM. KILLDARE."

This Archy Cheatham, who it appears had informed upon Killdare, was a Government contractor, and professed to be loyal. The manner in which he obtained his information was in this wise.

One day a genteel, well-dressed young man came to the police office and inquired for Judge Brien, an employé of the office. The two, it seems, were old acquaintances, and for some time maintained a friendly conversation in the presence of Colonel Truesdail. The visitor, whose name was Stewart, having taken his leave, Brien remarked to the colonel,—

"There is a young man who can do us a great deal of good."

"Do you know him?" said the colonel.

"Very well. He talks right."

The result was that Stewart and Colonel Truesdail soon afterwards had a private conversation in reference to the matter. Stewart stated that he lived about two miles from the city upon his plantation, that he was intimate with many prominent secessionists, was regarded as a good Southern man, and could go anywhere within the lines of the Confederacy. The colonel replied that he was in want of just such a man, and that he could be the means of accomplishing great good. It was an office, however, of vast responsibility, and, if he should be employed, he would be required to

take a very stringent and solemn oath, which was read to him. To all this Stewart assented, and took the oath, only stipulating that he should never be mentioned as having any connection with the police office. He was consequently employed, and told to go to work at once.

For a time all seemed well enough. One or two minor cases of smuggling were developed by him. He subsequently reported that he had become acquainted with the cashier of the Planters' Bank and a Mrs. Bradford, who lived five miles from the city and made herself very busy in carrying letters, in which she was aided by Cantrell, the cashier. He was also in the habit of meeting large numbers of secessionists, among whom was Archy Cheatham. He also was a member of a club or association which met every Saturday to devise ways and means for aiding the rebellion, and at which Mrs. Bradford and Cantrell were constant attendants. One day he reported that Mrs. Bradford was just going to carry out what was ostensibly a barrel of flour, but really a barrel of contraband goods covered over with flour at each end. And so it went on from week to week. Somebody was just going to do something, but never did it, or was never detected; and, despite the many fair promises of Stewart, the results of his labors were not deemed satisfactory.

On the night that Killdare came in from his last trip, Stewart was at the office. Something was evidently wrong, and Stewart soon left. To some natural inquiries of the colonel, Killdare answered, excitedly,—

"Somebody has nearly ruined me, colonel!"

"How is that, and who can it be?"

"Well, I am sure that it is a man by the name of Stewart and Archy Cheatham who have done the mischief. Cheatham has been out in the country some fourteen miles, and there he met Lieutenant Johnson, whom he told that I was disloyal to the Confederacy and one of your spies. The result was that I was arrested, and came near—altogether too near hanging for comfort. Johnson telegraphed to Van Dorn that he had caught me; but I got away, and, to make a long story short, have been arrested and have escaped three times."

This opened the colonel's eyes somewhat, and inquiries were at once set on foot, which disclosed the fact that Stewart was a rebel of the deepest dye and had been "playing off" all the time. It was found that he had not only informed Cheatham of Killdare's business and position, but had himself been out in the country some fourteen miles, and had told the neighbors that Killdare had gone South in Truesdail's employ. He told the same thing to two guerrillas whom he met, and even taunted Killdare's children by saying that he knew where their father had gone. The colonel, for once, had been thoroughly deceived by appearances; but it was the first and last time. After a month or six weeks' search, Stewart was found and committed to the penitentiary; and before he leaves that institution it is by no means improbable that he will have ample time and opportunity to conclude that his operations, though sharp and skilful, were not of the most profitable character.

Death of a Rebel General and Villain.

The name of the rebel General Earl Van Dorn will figure largely in the history of the rebellion in the Southwest. A bold, bad, brave man, his sudden and tragic death is a fit ending of his earthly career. A betrayer of his country, of his own home and fireside, and of the honor and peace of another once loved and happy family, the penalty he paid for his crimes was merited, if not lawful. The several newspaper versions of the affair heretofore published are grossly incorrect; and to the records of the police of the Army of the Cumberland we can appeal with confidence in the truthfulness of their revelations.

Upon the escape of Dr. George B. Peters and his arrival within the lines of the Federal army, Colonel Truesdail, then at Murfreesborough, learning of his arrival, ordered him to be held, that he might be examined as to the facts touching his killing of Earl Van Dorn, and also as to his political sentiments, whereupon he was arrested and held until Colonel Truesdail's return, and the following narrative of facts obtained, as well as conclusive evidence that he was and had been a loyal citizen to the United States Government.

"Office of Army Police, Nashville, May 23, 1863.

"voluntary statement of dr. george b. peters.

"I was born in the State of North Carolina, and raised in Murray county, Tennessee, where I now reside. I have practised medicine twenty-three years in Bolivar, Hardeman county, Tennessee. I was State Senator from the Twenty-First Senatorial District of Tennessee in the years 1859–60–61. For some years past I have been planting in Philips county, Arkansas, where I have been constantly during the last twelve months. After the Federal troops reached Helena, Arkansas, and had possession of the Mississippi River to that point, I went to Memphis and took the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. This was in the summer of 1862. After that time I dealt in cotton and carried supplies to my neighbors by consent of the military authorities there commanding, and never went beyond the Federal lines until recently. I have in my possession safeguards from Rear-Admiral Porter, commanding gunboat flotilla, and Major-General U. S. Grant, commanding Department of Mississippi, for the protection of my property. About the 4th day of April, 1863, I came to Memphis and obtained a pass to go to Bolivar, Tennessee, at which place I received a pass from General Brannan, commanding post, to pass out of the Federal lines, my intention being to go to Spring Hill, Murray county, where my wife and family were staying. I arrived at my home on the 12th of April, and was alarmed at the distressing rumors which prevailed in the neighborhood in relation to the attentions paid by General Van Dorn to my wife. I was soon convinced of his intentional guilt,—although a doubt still lingered on my mind as to the guilt of my wife. After witnessing many incidents too numerous and unpleasant to relate, and which confirmed the

guilt of General Van Dorn, on one occasion, when a servant brought a note to my house, I distinctly told him I would blow his brains out if he ever entered the premises again, and to tell his whiskey-headed master, General Van Dorn, that I would blow his brains out, or any of his staff that stepped their foot inside of the lawn, and I wanted them to distinctly understand it. My wife did not hear this order.

"Notwithstanding all this, I came to Nashville on the 22d of April, and was exceedingly mortified on my return home to hear that Van Dorn had visited my house every night by himself during my absence, my wife having no company but her little children. I then determined to catch the villain at his tricks: so I feigned a trip to Shelbyville, but really did not leave the premises. The second night after my supposed and pretended absence, I came upon the creature, about half-past two o'clock at night, where I expected to find him. He readily acknowledged my right to kill him, and I fully intended to do so,—gave him a few moments to make certain declarations,—in which he intended to exonerate my wife from dishonor and to inculpate himself completely,—and, upon his agreeing to make certain acknowledgments over his own signature, I agreed to give his life to his wife and children. He readily, upon the honor of a soldier, accepted the proposition, but stated that he cared but little for his wife. I then ordered him off, and we parted about three o'clock. Next day, being sick in bed, I was unable to call upon him as agreed upon between us; but the second morning, after having recruited my health sufficiently, I called upon him and notified him that I was ready to receive that written acknowledgment,—when he attempted to evade it by springing a discussion as to its propriety. I unhesitatingly told him I would give him one half-hour, and further told him that he knew what the consequence would be in case of a refusal to comply. I then went up through the village to communicate to a friend these facts, inasmuch as no one else was privy to them. At the expiration of the time, I returned to Van Dorn's head-quarters, and found him engaged in writing. He stopped and read to me what he had written. The first proposition was written out in accordance with the previous interview; the second was a misrepresentation and lie; the remaining two he utterly refused to comply with. I then denounced him for his bad faith; and he in reply said it would injure the cause, the service, and his reputation for that thing to be made public. I answered, 'You did not think so thirty hours ago, when your life was in my hands: you were then ready to promise any thing. Now you think I am in your power, and you will do nothing; but, sir, if you don't comply with my demands I will instantly blow your brains out.' He replied, scowlingly, 'You d—d cowardly dog, take that door, or I will kick you out of it.' I immediately drew my pistol, aiming to shoot him in the forehead, when, by a convulsive movement of his head, he received the shot in the left side of his head just above the ear, killing him instantly. I picked up the scroll he had written, for evidence. I then went to Shelbyville to surrender myself to General Polk, believing they would not arrest me. Finding out, however, that they

intended arresting and incarcerating me, I came around by McMinnville, thence by Gallatin to Nashville, within the Federal lines. I shot him about eight o'clock in the morning. Van Dorn was seated at his desk. When I arrived at Spring Hill first, Van Dorn immediately had me paroled. When I reached Nashville, having left my certificate of having taken the oath of allegiance at Memphis, I renewed the oath and gave security.

"GEORGE B. PETERS."

Prison-Experience of a Union Spy.

As an illustration of the cruelty of the Southern rebels, the following narrative of James Pike, a member of Company A, 4th Ohio Cavalry, is given in his own words. Upon leaving Macon, Georgia, he came to Richmond, and after considerable delay he was exchanged and went to Ohio, where he was ordered to report to Governor Tod, who sent him to his command at Murfreesborough. Much of Pike's statement has been fully corroborated by other testimony. The spirit which could prompt such treatment towards helpless prisoners needs no comment. It exhibits a phase of Southern character which should call to the cheek of every friend of humanity a flush of indignation, and inspire within his breast a determination to visit upon the heads of these violators of the laws of humanity and civilization well-merited retribution.

"MURFREESBOROUGH, March 22, 1863.

"On the 24th of April, 1862, I was taken prisoner near the town of Bridgeport, Tennessee, by a battalion of rebel cavalry under command of a Colonel Starns. I was alone on a scout at the time, and fell in with nine of the enemy's pickets. I got the first shot, and killed the sergeant (so I was told by Captain Poe, who had command of the pickets). I was pursued by five companies of cavalry. After running several miles, I was obliged to stop and dismount at a house to get something to eat, and while there was surrounded by one of the pursuing companies and captured. I was then tied on a horse and carried over a mountain to where the battalion was camped, arriving there about nine o'clock P.M. When we got there, I was immediately surrounded by about two hundred men, some crying, 'Hang him!' 'Shoot him!' 'Shoot the d——d Yankee!' and several levelled their guns on me, some of them being cocked. A Captain Haines told them that I was his prisoner and under his protection, and he detailed twenty-four men to guard me, placing two men at each corner of my blanket. When we went to bed, the captain lay down on one side of me and his first lieutenant on the other; and in this way I was preserved from assassination.

"The next day I was taken to Bridgeport. I fared very well at that place; but the day following I was taken to Chattanooga and confined in the jail, a

two-story building. The upper story, where I was confined, was about twelve feet square. Here were confined nineteen Tennesseeans, a negro, and myself. In the dungeon, which was only ten feet square, were confined twenty-one men belonging to the 2d, the 31st, and 33d Ohio Infantry, who were charged with being *spies*. They were under command of a Captain Andrews, who was then under sentence of death by a court-martial recently held at Chattanooga. They were waiting for the Secretary of War at Richmond to ratify the proceedings of the court-martial previous to executing the captain, and they said if they were ratified that the rest would certainly be hung. I was afterwards informed by the rebels that Andrews and eight of the men were hung at Atlanta, Georgia. I was told subsequently by rebel citizens that they hung Andrews and seventeen men. I once went into the dungeon where these men were, and found them handcuffed, and chained in pairs by the neck with a heavy chain, which was locked around each man's neck with a padlock that would weigh two pounds. These padlocks were larger than a man's hand. We were fed twice a day on tolerably good bread, spoiled beef, and coffee made of cane-seed. There was no sink in the jail; and our offal stood in a bucket in the room where we were confined, day and night, and was only emptied twice a day, and of course the stench was intolerable. We were denied the privilege of washing our clothes, or having it done. The jail was literally swarming with vermin, nor was it ever cleaned out.

"From Chattanooga I was taken to Knoxville to another jail, and confined in an iron cage. Here I was told by a man named Fox, the jailer, that I was brought to Knoxville to be tried by a court-martial as a spy, and that if I was tried I would no doubt be hung. This court-martial adjourned without bringing me to a trial, as did the one at Chattanooga. From there I was sent to Mobile, where another court-martial was in session. After keeping me about eight days at this place, I was next sent to Tuscaloosa, Alabama. From this city I was taken, in company with all the prisoners at that post, to Montgomery, Alabama. The first day out I was taken ill with pneumonia and typhoid fever; but the rebel surgeons refused me any medicines, and even a bed, and I was left for twelve days lying on the deck of the boat, with nothing to eat but corn-bread and beef, which latter, the rebels said, had been packed five years. At Tuscaloosa they shot a Federal soldier for looking out of a window, and wounded another in the face for the same offence. At Montgomery they refused to let me go to a hospital, although in an utterly helpless condition. Here they shot a Federal lieutenant under the following circumstances: he had been allowed to go out for milk, accompanied by a guard, and he was waiting for a woman to hand the milk out through a window, when the guard gave the order to '*come on*.' 'Wait a moment till I get my milk,' said the lieutenant. The guard made no reply, but instantly shot him in the breast with a shot-gun, killing him forthwith.

"From Montgomery I was taken to Macon, Georgia, in company with twelve hundred others. Here we were allowed seven pounds of corn-meal

and two and a half pounds of bacon of bad quality for seven days. We were allowed two surgeons and but very little medicine. Our men fared badly here, being punished severely for the most trifling offences. One man, named Cora, was kept tied up three days by the wrists to a tree, so that his toes just touched the ground, because he helped kill a yearling calf that got into the camp. A Floridian and two Kentuckians, political prisoners, were confined in the jail of Macon on quarter-rations for twenty-two days. The only offence they had committed was to attempt to escape from the prison-lot. Our men were pegged down on the ground for any misdemeanor. This was done by stretching out the limbs and driving a forked stick down over them, and the operation was completed by driving one down over the neck. It would be impossible to tell all of the hardships to which we were subjected; but I have endeavored to portray a few of them. They may be summed up thus:—

"We were confined in bad quarters, and many were without any quarters. Our dead were left unburied for days together, and some entirely so,—at least to our knowledge. We were denied medical attendance. Our chaplains were forbid preaching to us or praying for us (*by order of Major Rylander*). Our men and officers were shot without cause. An insane Federal was shot at Macon, Georgia, for no offence. We were compelled to bury our dead in the river-banks where their bodies were liable to be washed out. We were beaten with clubs while on board the steamer *en route* for Montgomery, Alabama. We were fed on foul and unwholesome diet, and frequently left without any rations for two or three days at a time. Our exchange was delayed as long as possible, and we were confined in camps surrounded by swamps, as the rebels said, that we all might die. I find it impossible to enumerate all the hardships put upon us, but have enumerated such as were the most intolerable.

"James Pike,
"*Co. A, 4th O. V. C.*"

Having thus been imprisoned in several of the Southern States, our spy was finally exchanged in Virginia, and returned to our army in March last, after eleven months of absence, and mostly of captivity.

A Nameless Spy.

We have a difficult task to perform in this chapter,—to describe the operations of one of the most daring and valuable spies of the Army of the Cumberland, and yet to so protect him as regards identity that he may not incur the risk of future injury, and perhaps of assassination, at the hands of rebels or their sympathizers in the South. We are about to speak of a

spy who went into and came out from Bragg's army at Murfreesborough three times during the week of battles at Stone River,—who even dined at the table of Bragg and of his other generals,—who brought us correct information as to the force and position of the rebel army, and of the boasts of its head-officers. This spy was the first to assure us positively that Bragg would fight at Stone River, telling us of that general's boast that "he would whip Rosecrans back to Nashville if it cost ten thousand men." For the four days' service thus rendered by our spy he was paid five thousand dollars by order of our general, and the author saw the money passed to him.

In 1862 there lived in the State of ——— a Union man, with wife and children. He was a friend of the Union, and an anti-slavery man upon principle. After the rebellion broke out, and when the "Southern heart" had become fired, this man, living in a strong pro-slavery region and surrounded by opulent slaveholders, his own family connections and those of his wife being also wealthy and bitter secessionists, very prudently held his peace, feeling his utter inability to stem the tide of the rebellion in his section. This reticence, together with his known Southern birth and relations, enabled him to pass unsuspected, and almost unobserved, at a time when Breckinridge, Marshall, Preston, and Buckner, and other ardent politicians of Kentucky chose the rebellion as their portion and endeavored to carry with them the State amidst a blaze of excitement. Thus, without tacit admissions or any direct action upon his part, the gentleman of whom we write was classed by the people of his section as a secessionist.

Circumstances occurred during that year by which this person was brought into contact with a Federal commander in Kentucky, General Nelson. Their meeting and acquaintance was accidental. Mutual Union sentiments begat personal sympathy and friendship. Nelson wished a certain service performed in the rebel territory, and he persuaded the citizen to undertake it,—which the latter finally did as a matter of duty, we are assured, rather than of gain, for he made no charge for the service after its speedy and successful performance. Soon after, a similar work was necessary; and again was the citizen importuned, and he again consented, but not considering himself as a professional spy.

During this or a similar trip, and while at Chattanooga, our man heard of the sudden death of General Nelson. He was now at a loss what to do. Finally he determined to return and report his business to Major-General Rosecrans, who had assumed command of the Federal army. Thus resolved, he proceeded to finish his mission. After ascertaining the position of military affairs at Chattanooga, he came to Murfreesborough, where Bragg's army was then collecting. Staying here several days, he was urged by his Southern army friends to act as their spy in Kentucky. The better to conceal his own feelings and position, he consented to do so, and he left General Bragg's head-quarters to go to that State by way of Nashville, feigning important business, and from thence to go to his home, passing

by and through Rosecrans's army as it lay stretched out between Nashville and Louisville.

The nameless man now makes his way to the Federal head-quarters, seeks a private interview with General Rosecrans, and states his case fully as we have just related. Here was something remarkable, surely,—a spy in the confidence of the commanders of two great opposing armies! Our general took much pains to satisfy himself of the honesty and soundness of the stranger. He was pleased with the man's candid manner, and his story bore an air of consistency and truth. Yet he was a Southerner, surrounded by rebellious influences, and enjoyed Bragg's confidence; and what guarantee could be given that he was a Union man at heart? None; and our general, in great perplexity, held council with his Chief of Police, and requested the latter to "dig up" the case to its very root. This was done; but in what manner we need not specially state. Satisfied that it would do to trust the spy, to a certain extent at least, he was now sent on his way to perform his mission for Bragg. At all events, that scheming general so supposed when our man's report was made at the rebel head-quarters a few days afterwards. His information was very acceptable to Bragg; but we strongly question its value to rebeldom, as the spy reported only what he was told by that old fox Colonel Truesdail.

Perhaps the reader will inquire, how can we answer for the report thus made to Bragg? it may have been more true and valuable than we supposed. Well, there is force in the query. We are fallen upon strange times, when honesty, virtue, and patriotism are at heavy discount in rebeldom, and the Indian's idea of the uncertainty of white men is by no means a myth. However, we were then quite confident of the worthlessness of the report of our spy to Bragg, because *he had nothing else* to tell him. For five days did our spy keep himself locked in a private room in the police building at Nashville. His meals were carried to him by a trusty servant. His door was "shadowed" constantly by our best detectives, and so were his steps if he ventured upon the street for a few moments after dark. It was cold and bleak winter weather, and he toasted himself before his comfortable fire, read books and papers, and conferred often with the Chief of Police and his assistant, affording them, strangers as they were to that region of country, a fund of valuable information respecting the rebels of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a man of fine address and good intellectual attainments. When our man concluded it was about time for his return to Bragg's army, he was politely escorted by our mounted police to a proper point beyond our lines, and by a route where he would see nothing of our forces. The reader will now appreciate the grounds of our confidence, we doubt not, in the worthlessness of at least one of General Braxton Bragg's spy reports.

In due time this nameless gentleman again enters our lines, and is escorted in by our pickets to the general commanding, to whom he reports in person concerning all that is transpiring in Bragg's army at Murfreesborough, and then he resumes his pleasant private quarters at the army police building.

How little could the rebel general Zollicoffer have thought, or have imagined as the wildest dream, while building his elegant house in High Street, Nashville, that its gorgeous rooms should ever be devoted to such purposes! After a brief stay, another trip was made by our man to Bragg's head-quarters, we using the same precautions as previously. In fact, our spy desired, and even demanded, such attention at the hands of the Chief of Police. Said he,—

"I am a stranger to you all. I can give you no guarantee whatever of my good faith. It is alike due to you and to myself that I be allowed no opportunities for deceiving you."

The report he carried to Bragg on his second trip delighted the latter. His officers talked with our man freely, and, after staying at Murfreesborough two or three days and riding and walking all about in the most innocent and unconcerned manner, he was again sent back to Nashville to "fool that slow Dutchman, Rosecrans," as one of the rebel officers remarked. Of the importance of the report now brought to the "slow Dutchman" we need not state further than that it contributed its due weight to a decision fraught with tremendous consequences to the army and to the country. Marching-orders were soon after issued for the advance of the Army of the Cumberland upon Murfreesborough.

Now commenced a period of excessive labor and peril for the nameless spy. Generals Rosecrans and Bragg each wanted instant and constant information as the armies approached. The minutiæ of this man's work for four or five days we need not stop to relate: it is easily imagined. Within that time he entered the rebel lines and returned three times. He gave the outline of Bragg's line of battle, a close estimate of his force, an accurate account of his artillery and his earthworks, the movements of the rebel wagon and railroad trains, &c. &c. He was very earnest in assuring Rosecrans that Bragg intended to give severe battle with superior numbers.

This information proved true in all essentials, and its value to the country was inestimable. We had other spies piercing the rebel lines at this time, but they did not enjoy the facilities possessed by the nameless one. Almost with anguish did he exclaim against himself, in the presence of the author, for the severe manner in which he was deceiving the rebel general and involving the lives of his thousands of brave but deluded followers.

After the first great battle the work of such a spy is ended, or, rather, it ceases when the shock of arms comes on. Thenceforth the armies are moved upon the instant, as circumstances may require. Our man, who during the four days had been almost incessantly in the saddle, or with his ears and eyes painfully observant while in the camps, took leave of our army upon the battle-field, and retired to a place of rest.

One incident occurred during his last visit to Bragg which is worthy of mention. That general took alarm in consequence of his report, and at once started a special messenger to General John H. Morgan—who was then absent with his cavalry in Kentucky to destroy Rosecrans's railroad-com-

munications (in which Morgan succeeded)—to return instantly with his command by forced marches to Murfreesborough. That same night our man reported this fact to the Federal commander, described the messenger and what route he would take, &c. The information was telegraphed at once to Nashville, Gallatin, and Bowling Green, and a force was sent from each of those posts to intercept the messenger. They failed to apprehend him,—which, however, proved of no consequence, as the battles of Stone River were fought and Bragg was on his retreat from Murfreesborough by the time Morgan could have received the orders.

Our spy was a brave man: yet during the last three days of his service he was most sensible of its peril. To pass between hostile lines in the lone hours of the night,—for he did not wait for daylight,—to be halted by guerrillas and scouts and pickets, with guns aimed at him, and, finally, to meet and satisfy the anxious, keen-eyed, heart-searching rebel officers as well as our own, was a mental as well as physical demand that could not long be sustained. While proceeding upon his last expedition, the author met the nameless one upon a by-road. We halted our horses, drew near, and conversed a few seconds in private, while our attendants and companions moved on. He was greatly exhausted and soiled in appearance,—his clothing having been rained upon and splashed by muddy water, caused by hard riding, and which had dried upon him. He said he was about to try it once more, and, though he had been so often and so successfully, yet he feared detection and its sure result, the bullet or the halter. He had been unable, amid the hurry and excitement, to make some final disposition of his affairs. He gave us a last message to send to his wife and children in case it became necessary; and he also desired a promise—most freely given—that we would attend to the settlement of his account with our general for services recently rendered. Thus concluding, he wrung our hand most earnestly, and, putting spurs to his fresh and spirited animal, dashed off upon his mission. Twenty hours afterwards we were relieved of our anxious forebodings by his safe and successful return. We have stated the price paid him for his labors: it was well earned, and to our cause was a most profitable investment.

Nashville as a Type of the Rebellion.

The disorders which afflict a nation are most perceptible in a large city. Congregated iniquity there spawns its mass of corruption, to fatten, fester, and decay, and to reproduce itself in succeeding generations. The polluting tide floods in, increasing wave upon wave, threatening society with its utter contamination, and almost denying an expectation or hope that more of good than evil can emanate from such a Nazareth.

Reasonable fears are entertained, by many citizens, that, in some of the larger cities of the United States, virtue and religion have lost their power as controlling political forces,—that the true principles of government, upon which alone a republic can be founded and maintained, are displaced by those resulting from passion and vice,—and that it is already written that Rome and her degenerate people, who were the sport and the prey of party leaders and were lost two thousand years ago, will find a parallel in the cities of the great Republic of the nineteenth century. But, happily, our country is not all Rome. THE PEOPLE, who dwell in mountain, valley, and plain, are yet pure; and through them the reigning vices of the city stews are yet controlled and controllable. And when the present purification by fire and the sword shall be complete, these rural virtues, shining all the brighter, will blazon forth to the world, still higher and grander evidences of man's capability of self-government.

The present rebellion was hatched in the cities of the South, by her partisan leaders. From these centres of political influence there were sent forth false doctrines during many years, intended as firebrands to enkindle a terrible conflagration in "the Southern heart." To the Southern leaders political power and place—only truly honorable when unsolicited—became an all-absorbing passion. The natural growth of the free States, and the consequent loss of political ascendency to the hitherto dominant South, disturbed her politicians in their present desires and alarmed them respecting the future: hence their rebellion, and their appeal to that "last argument of kings," *ultima ratio regum*,—the musket and the sword.

In the Revolution of '76 the loyal people of our country sprang alike to arms and achieved their independence as a republic. The rebellion of 1861 culminated in Southern cities,—among the wealthy, the aristocratic, and the ambitious. It first broke forth at a point where the seeds of social dissolution of the republic had taken earliest and deepest root. The rural population of the Southern States were not prepared for such a step: they held back, appalled at the course of the leaders and their mobs in Charleston, New Orleans, Mobile, and Nashville. By means and appliances the most artful and the most violent,—which will fully test the patience and research of the future historian to solve and portray,—the reluctant and protesting rural population of the South, urged with all the mock philosophy of an Antony, watched with the myriad prying eyes of an Argus, and forced as by the hundred bloody hands of a Briareus, were launched into a hapless sea of rebellion; and thus were a great, happy, prosperous people seduced into a causeless and destroying civil war.

We write of Nashville,—the gem and the boast of Tennessee,—the Western queen of the vaunted Southern Confederacy,—where centred the wealth, the aristocratic refinement, the talent, and the political influence of the State. We charge it boldly upon that city that, by the grandest sublimation of political finesse upon the part of her party leaders, rebellion was inaugurated in old Tennessee,—the most populous and fertile and, as regards war-*material*, the most valuable of all the slave States. For this

reason have we chosen Nashville as a text for this chapter; for truly her past history and position, contrasted with her present prostrate condition, present her as a memorable and pitiable type of the pending rebellion. The thousands of desecrated and burning homes of Tennessee are reflected from her domes, and the countless graves of her lost and dishonored sons have no monument save the profaned temples of this proud and ruined city.

Previous to 1861, Nashville was one of the most beautiful, gay, and prosperous cities of the Union. Her inhabitants numbered thirty thousand, and were rapidly increasing. She was the wealthiest place of her class in the country. Her public buildings and private edifices were of the grandest and most costly character. The State Capitol rose from a rock one hundred and seventy-five feet above the Cumberland River,—is said to be the finest structure of its kind in America, and cost over a million of dollars. Church-edifices reared their tall spires upon every hand. An extensive State penitentiary, a medical college with three hundred students, and a university, styled the "Western Military Institute" and boasting of three hundred scholars, were here located. At one period twelve newspapers were published in this city,—five of them being dailies. She possessed a banking-capital of $5,181,000. Her suspension bridge, spanning the Cumberland River, was a glory in architecture and popular estimation, erected at a cost of upwards of $100,000. Her public water and gas works were ample, and built at great expense; and she boasted of eight elegant stone (Macadam) turnpikes leading to the interior in various directions and to adjoining States. At her feet was poured the traffic from three extensive railroad-thoroughfares, which extended hundreds of miles to Alabama, to Georgia, and East Tennessee, and through Kentucky to Louisville. She lay at the head of navigation of the Cumberland River,—a fine boating-stream during two-thirds of the year and navigable for small craft the year round. Her merchants controlled a vast cotton and tobacco trade, and supplied the Southern interior, hundreds of miles in extent, with dry-goods, hardware, and the thousand articles of American and foreign manufacture. Her business streets were lined with monster mercantile concerns, and her suburbs were resplendent with beautiful cottages and almost palatial mansions, and delightful groves of aged forest-trees. A visitor to this fair city previous to the rebellion, when viewing all that we have just described, and witnessing in addition the fleet of steamers at the levee, the rush of business upon the streets, and the sweeping by of dashing carriages and gayly-arrayed riding-parties mounted on blooded horses, might safely conclude that Nashville was one of the favored cities of the world.

The boom of the cannon that first opened upon Sumter proved the funeral knell of all this peace and happiness. Intoxicated with prosperity, its votaries abandoned the principles of government which alone had created and secured it. Spoiled by a pernicious social system, they launched forth upon an ocean of false doctrines which were repudiated by all civilized nations. The story of the political storms in Tennessee,—of the persistent efforts of the Nashville secession leaders,—of the several votes forced upon

the people before secession could be invested with a legal semblance,—of the distrust and reluctance of the masses,—we need not pause to relate: it is history.

Once fully committed to the rebellion, the rebel leaders at Richmond deigned to throw some sops to their Western "metropolis," and extensive military depots were created, shops and foundries were set in motion, cannon were cast, gunboats were put in process of construction, percussion-caps, soldiers' clothing, &c. were manufactured by the million, and thousands of hogs were packed for the use of the Confederate armies. Verily, it was asserted that Nashville would speedily eclipse Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis,—that her prospects were excellent for becoming, in fact, the capital of the great Southern Confederation.

Thus for a season affairs went on swimmingly in Nashville, and until the fall of Fort Donelson occurred. Up to that period, almost, there had existed a strong Union element in the city; but the secessionists had taken measures to root it out effectually, the prominent Union men being driven from their homes to the North. A "vigilance committee" had been formed, its avowed object being to "spot" every adherent to the old Government, and to notify him to take the oath of allegiance to rebellion, to enter its ranks as a soldier, or contribute visibly and liberally to its support, or to choose the alternative, banishment from the place. Such a notice was served upon the venerable patriot, Judge Catron, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was a resident of that city. He scornfully cast the dust of the rebellious city from his feet, and left his home and property to their fate. Upon the evening of the day preceding the surrender of Fort Donelson, the rebel citizens of Nashville held high carnival. They met in a public place, indulged in wild, vociferous speechification and shouts, and improvised a torchlight procession, carrying secession flags, emblems, and transparencies, bearing aloft huge, rough iron pikes,—which latter invention signified utter demolition of the invading Yankees. The orgies were under the management of little Dick Cheatham, the mayor of the city. Speeches were made of an extravagant character,—a liberal portion of them being devoted to denunciation of the Unionists of that city and State.

"Yes," quoth Cheatham, "drive 'em out from among us. Let me deal with these traitors, and I will hang them first and try them afterwards!"

But there was a fate in store for the rebels of Nashville of which they little dreamed. Up to the time above mentioned, all had gone well at Donelson. Hourly reports came up that the Federal army was kept at bay and their gunboats were repulsed. Steamers were plying busily between the city and the fort, forwarding supplies and reinforcements. The weather was extremely inclement, the late snows and rain-storms of winter being at hand, and the men of both armies were suffering almost incredible hardships, standing ankle-deep in the frozen slush and mud of the trenches. During the week previous, the ladies of Nashville, with a devotion worthy of a better cause, had loaded a steamboat with carpets taken from their floors, and spare bedding and warm clothing of all kinds, for their suffering

soldiers. Upon the surrender these carpets were found cut into strips, with a hole in the centre, hanging over the shoulders of the half-frozen rebel soldiers.

The Sabbath of February 16, 1862, is an epoch in the history of Nashville and of Tennessee. Until ten o'clock that morning all was well with the rebellion. The last boat up from Donelson, arriving several hours previous, reported still stronger evidences of the defeat of the Federals. At the usual hour the church-bells of the city called its people forth to public worship. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, bright sunshine succeeding many days of winter darkness and storm, and there was a general attendance. The clergy of Nashville had offered their prayers for the rebellion,—for they were wild secessionists to a man,—and had taken their texts, when, lo! a hum of excitement and commotion began to be manifest in the streets. Soon notices were handed in at the doors and were carried to the sacred desks. The ministers paused, and clutched eagerly at what they supposed was welcome intelligence. They read it aloud with ashen cheek and faltering tongue. Donelson had surrendered!—the Confederate army was captured!—the Federal gunboats were now on their way up the river to destroy the city!

The people rushed from the churches, to find confusion and dismay visible in the streets upon every hand. There was now a gathering-up of valuables and a pressing of teams of every description. Wagons, carts, drays, and every animal that could be found were at once put in requisition. The city authorities were palsied. The rebel army stores were opened, and the citizens urged to aid in removing the vast amounts of pork, sugar, &c. to the railroad depot and to the interior. But the people had their personal safety nearest at heart, and the invitation was disregarded. A crowd of the poorer classes swarmed around the commissary and quartermaster depots, and began an indiscriminate appropriation of hams, shoulders, sugar, clothing, and goods of every description. The wholesale stores, and even dry-goods and silk houses, were burst open, or purposely thrown open, and whole bolts of cloth, entire pieces of costly fabrics, arms-full of boots and shoes, and rolls of new carpeting, were thrown pell-mell into the street, or lay loose upon the floors and walks, awaiting the disposal of the mob. Squads of soldiers assailed the beautiful suspension bridge with axes, saws, and cold chisels, and, after hours of cursing and exertion, succeeded in utterly destroying it. The elegant railroad-bridge was given to the flames. At the State-House were to be seen gangs of excited men in shirt-sleeves, rushing out with the archives and other valuable public property and tossing them loosely into wagons, to be carried to the Chattanooga depot for instant shipment to the South. Ere long the hegira of Nashville secessionism was under full headway. Families were hurried off in every possible manner, the turnpikes leading southward being lined with the fugitives. By sunset all had gone who could go; and these kept going all night, many of them not stopping until they reached Shelbyville, Fayetteville, and even Huntsville, Alabama.

This frantic evacuation was in character with the preceding features of the rebellion,—as wild and as causeless. Vast amounts of property were needlessly destroyed, and the boastful secessionists who had so valiantly carried the pikes in procession the night previous, and had cheered at the spectacle, had shown the world that their courage was of words rather than of deeds. No gunboats came up the river; and not until a full week afterwards—the following Sabbath—did the Federal army arrive opposite Nashville. The rebels thus had ample time to move off their stores and goods. Lest this account of the rebel flight from Nashville be considered overdrawn, we insert the following description of the event from a rebel source,—Pollard's "Southern History of the War," published at Richmond, Virginia, 1862.

"The fall of Fort Donelson developed the crisis in the West, which had long existed. The evacuation of Bowling Green had become imperatively necessary, and was ordered before and executed while the battle was being fought at Donelson. General Johnston awaited the event opposite Nashville. The result of the conflict each day was announced as favorable. At midnight on the 15th of February, General Johnston received news of a glorious victory,—at dawn, of a defeat.

"The blow was most disastrous. It involved the surrender of Nashville, which was incapable of defence from its position, and was threatened not only by the enemy's ascent of the Cumberland, but by the advance of his forces from Bowling Green. Not more than eleven thousand effective men had been left under General Johnston's command to oppose a column of General Buell of not less than forty thousand troops, while the army from Fort Donelson, with the gunboats and transports, had it in their power to ascend the Cumberland, so as to intercept all communication with the South. No alternative was left but to evacuate Nashville or sacrifice the army.

"The evacuation of Nashville was attended by scenes of panic and distress on the part of the population unparalleled in the annals of any American city. The excitement was intensified by the action of the authorities. Governor Harris mounted a horse and galloped through the streets, proclaiming to everybody the news that Donelson had fallen,—that the enemy were coming and might be expected hourly, and that all who wished to leave had better do so at once. He next hastily convened the Legislature, adjourned it to Memphis, and, with the legislators and the State archives, left the town.

"An earthquake could not have shocked the city more. The congregations at the churches were broken up in confusion and dismay; women and children rushed into the streets, wailing with terror; trunks were thrown from three-story windows in the haste of the fugitives; and thousands hastened to leave their beautiful city in the midst of the most distressing scenes of terror and confusion, and of plunder by the mob.

"General Johnston had moved the main body of his command to Murfreesborough,—a rear-guard being left in Nashville under General Floyd, who had arrived from Donelson, to secure the stores and provisions. In the first wild excitement of the panic, the store-houses had been thrown open to the poor. They were besieged by a mob ravenous for spoils, and who had to be dispersed from the commissariat by jets of water from a steam fire-engine. Women and children, even, were seen scudding through the streets under loads of greasy pork, which they had taken as prizes from the store-houses. It is believed that hundreds of families, among the lower

orders of the population, secured and secreted Government stores enough to open respectable groceries. It was with the greatest difficulty that General Floyd could restore order and get his martial law into any thing like an effective system. Blacks and whites had to be chased and captured and forced to help the movement of Government stores. One man, who, after a long chase, was captured, offered fight, and was in consequence shot and badly wounded. Not less than one million of dollars in stores was lost through the acts of the cowardly and ravenous mob of Nashville. General Floyd and Colonel Forrest exhibited extraordinary energy and efficiency in getting off Government stores. Colonel Forrest remained in the city about twenty-four hours, with only forty men, after the arrival of the enemy at Edgefield. These officers were assisted by the voluntary efforts of several patriotic citizens of Nashville, who rendered them great assistance.

"These shameful scenes, enacted in the evacuation of Nashville, were nothing more than the disgusting exhibitions of any mob brutalized by its fears or excited by rapine. At any rate, the city speedily repaired the injury done its reputation by a temporary panic, in the spirit of defiance that its best citizens, and especially its ladies, offered to the enemy. We discover, in fact, the most abundant evidence in the Northern newspapers that the Federals did not find the 'Union' sentiment that they expected to meet with in the capital of Tennessee, and that, if there were any indications whatever of such sentiment, they were 'found only among the mechanics and laboring-classes of the city.' The merchants and business-men of Nashville, as a class, showed a firm, unwavering, and loyal attachment to the cause of the South. The ladies gave instances of patriotism that were noble testimonies to their sex. They refused the visits of Federal officers, and disdained their recognition; they collected a fund of money for the especial purpose of contributing to the needs of our prisoners; and, says a recipient of the bounty of these noble women, as soon as a Confederate prisoner was paroled and passed into the next room, he found pressed in his hands there a sum of money given him by the ladies of Nashville. Many of the most respectable of the people had been constrained to leave their homes rather than endure the presence of the enemy. The streets, which, to confirm the predictions of Northern newspapers of the welcomes that awaited the 'Union' army in the South, should have been gay and decorated, presented to the enemy nothing but sad and gloomy aspects. Whole rows of houses, which but a short while ago were occupied by families of wealth and respectability, surrounded by all the circumstances that make homes happy and prosperous, stood vacant, and the gaze of the passer-by was met, instead of, as in former days, with fine tapestry window-curtains and neatly polished marble steps with panes of dust-dimmed glass."

After a day or two, the valorous rebel citizens recovered from their fright, began to realize the value and comforts of home, and commenced their return to the city. During the entire week after the flight, Mayor Cheatham was anxiously casting about for some appearing Federal force, to whom he could perform the farce of a formal surrender of the city. Upon the succeeding Sabbath, the Federal army appeared across the river, and Cheatham and one or two other city dignitaries crossed in "a dug-out," and, in terms and manner very different from the week before, he tendered the submission of the helpless and prostrate city.

As is related by the Southern historian above quoted, the Federal army met with a chilling reception upon its entering Nashville. The streets were almost deserted; the stores and shops were entirely closed; there was not a

hotel open. Where but a few days before rebel flags had waved defiantly upon hundreds of house-tops, now not one could be seen to greet the presence of national Government. If there were a few Unionists present, they were as yet too greatly cowed, and the Federal power was as yet too recently asserted, to permit a demonstration in the midst of such universal hatred.

Matters thus remained during Buell's campaign in the South. Upon his retreat to Kentucky in pursuit of Bragg, the rebel citizens of Nashville were greatly emboldened. And when Bragg again retreated from Kentucky and moved up to Murfreesborough, they were still confident of his victory over the Federal forces; for up to this time they had not lost confidence in the ultimate success of the rebel armies and leaders. But when General Rosecrans entered Nashville with his army, matters began to wear a different aspect. Other causes also contributed to this result. New Orleans was conquered and firmly held; the national Government was beginning to put forth its power in earnestness,—its vast armies and fleets assailing the rebels upon every quarter; and we had commenced undermining them in their most vital point, by operating against them with their slaves. The vast fortifications now being erected by the Federals around the city assured them that they were conquered; and the influence of all this upon such a people was plainly visible. Still they clung feebly to hope, until after the final defeat of Bragg before Murfreesborough.

Oh, the anxiety, the agony, of the rebellious people of Nashville during that week of battle! Their fathers, brothers, and sons were mingling in that conflict. Upon its result hung the issue of their cause. The boldest of the men gathered in knots at their door-steps to discuss the probabilities, while the women met in parlor groups, prepared lint and bandages, and eagerly hoped for good tidings. When the report of the first day of heavy battle came in, announcing the defeat of Rosecrans's right wing, there was intense joy and renewed hope in many a Nashville home. Rebels clustered in the streets and flitted about their houses during all that eventful New Year night. The next day they still had faith and hope; and, as several hundred rebel prisoners, taken in battle, were marched through the city to the State-House, smiles and the waving of handkerchiefs greeted their passage up the streets. The bitter truth came at last,—too bitter for ready belief. Its realization was the death-knell of their hopes. From that day to the present the leading rebels of Nashville and of all Tennessee have despaired, and, as time has rolled away, they have gradually become more disheartened in their own bad cause and more ready and desirous to make their peace with the Federal Government.

The police record of the Army of the Cumberland is fraught with interesting items pertaining to the rebel citizens of Nashville. That record is before us; and it is due to history, to the cause of the Union, to our army, and to the memory of the two thousand of our brave Northmen who laid down their lives upon the battle-fields of Stone River, that this people, who have been mainly instrumental in bringing on the war in Tennessee, should

now be held responsible to public opinion and to the law of the land for their outrageous "deeds done in the body."

Andrew Ewing was one of the most prominent rebels of Tennessee. He was a lawyer and a politician,—a man of notoriety and influence. He lived upon a beautiful place in the suburbs of Nashville, the mansion standing amid a grove of noble forest oaks and hickories which were valuable beyond price. He was reputed to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, most of which he inherited from his father. He was one of the first and wildest of secessionists. The Union had been a good thing for Andrew, and for his father, and for his father's father. He was rich and influential, lived in a prospering country, and was threatened by no violence, present or prospective. He turned rebel solely to be President of the rebels, or for something of that sort. At least we can conceive of no other possible reason. Ewing was severe upon Union men before the fall of Fort Donelson. He walked at the head of the torchlight procession at Nashville which we have referred to above; he made a speech to the mob during that evening, urging that every Union man be "spotted" and be forced to join them or to leave. He carried a pike in that procession. He fled with his family from Nashville during the general panic and evacuation, and has since abode in the far South. His son is in the rebel army. He was with Forrest's men when they attacked Nashville last fall and were repulsed by General Negley. The day previous to that event, he made a speech in Franklin, twenty miles below, in which he declared the true policy to be to attack the city, and, if necessary, "to make Nashville ash-ville." During that battle he stood where he could witness the cannon firing about his home and the premises of his neighbors. Our troops found his great house deserted, and made use of it all winter. His beautiful grove has been felled for fortification-timber and fuel,—not a shade-tree left standing upon the place. Ewing is ruined. Truly, his case may be cited as a faithful type of the results of this rebellion.

John Overton, living four miles south of Nashville, on the Franklin pike, is noted upon the police records as one of the rank, original secessionists of Nashville. He is said to be the richest man in Tennessee,—worth five millions of dollars. He has given, or boasted of having given, a large sum of money to aid the Southern cause. He was at the battle of Shiloh, acting as an adviser and sympathizer. His only grown son is in the rebel army. The immense new hotel at Nashville, covering a block of ground, was his project, the citizens also contributing one hundred thousand dollars to aid in its erection. The walls were laid, and the roof put on, when Overton turned his attention to rebellion, and the work stopped. He ran off at the time of the general "skedaddle," and is now a fugitive. The great hotel has been used for military barracks and hospital purposes. He was not a notable man at all, save as a money-jug; and that trait will not constitute him a specialty hereafter, we apprehend.

The records state that John M. Bass was another very active leader in the Tennessee rebellion. He lived in a fine mansion on Church Street, Nashville,—became uneasy at the proximity of Yankee bayonets before the

fall of Donelson, and went to Louisiana and Arkansas to look after his plantations. His wealth is reputed at a million of dollars. His eldest son, a Dr. Bass, was killed, while among a guerrilla-band, by our troops under General Negley. Bass is a ruined man. A single grown-up daughter, and one or two house-servants, have had charge of his house, &c., and have not as yet been disturbed, we presume.

Thomas Acklin, a hearty secessionist, very wealthy, and residing on a most gaudy, showy place near Nashville, was a lawyer from Huntsville, Alabama. He married a widow Franklin, whose first husband was immensely wealthy. She had two children by her former marriage, to whom the property was mainly devised. They both died, and the property descends to the second tier of children. The police record contains a description of Acklin's premises; for they are rather a specialty in the way of extravagance. The place is situated two miles out from the city, and comprises about one hundred acres of land. His buildings are gothic-ified and starched and bedizened to perfection. Serpentine walks, shrubbery, and all of that sort of thing, abound in great quantity and profusion. A tower, one hundred and five feet high, is built near a spring a fourth of a mile distant from the buildings, and a steam-engine within its base forces water to its top, whence it is piped in every direction over the grounds. The improvements upon this place, such as the buildings, statuary, walls, &c., cost over a quarter of a million of dollars. Looking over upon it from adjacent high grounds, the white marble fountains, emblems, and statues cause the place to resemble somewhat a fashionable first-class cemetery. The Acklin place exhibits a vast outlay of money, and but little artistic skill in its expenditure. Its proprietor, not satisfied with all this wealth, must needs dabble in secession; and he, too, is off with the rebel army. His wife, however, well fills his place, says our report, so far as rebellion sympathies and hate can extend. With such a record of Thomas Acklin, the author simply puts the question to the country, what is to be done?

General Hardin is one of the notable rebel citizens of Nashville, possessing great wealth and descending from an old and influential family. He was an ardent, original secessionist. The old Government was quite too oppressive upon him to be longer content. Let us endeavor to ascertain the particular *oppression* under which this man groaned. He lived six miles west from the city, on the Hardin pike. He had a little farm of some five thousand acres. His mansion and all its appurtenances would, in many respects, vie with those of the old manorial estates of the English barons. His buildings were very extensive,—great barns, and outlying tenements for his tenants and his slaves. He was reputed to be worth two and a half millions of dollars. He was not only a millionnaire: he was also a great stock fancier and breeder. His stables were filled with the most beautiful and valuable horses and horned cattle, many of them imported. He kept two or three celebrated blooded stallions. A herd of elegant deer tossed their antlers in his park, unmolested, and a herd of buffalo—the genuine article, from the plains of the far West—bellowed and butted over his great pastures in half-

civilized mood. A flock of imported Cashmere goats were also here upon exhibition,—possibly divers other quadrupeds, too numerous to mention,—and also barn-yard fowls of all the ordinary and fanciful varieties. Added to all this, Hardin was a man of social note: he was a live general. Happily, too, he had acquired the title without wading through any extensive ocean of blood. How he became a general is immaterial; and we must pass on. As he was a judge of horse-flesh and of short-horns, he usually sat in the judge's stand at the prominent races; and his knowing pinch of a prize steer's rib, or rump, at a country fair, was highly prized. Last, but certainly not least, the general has an interesting family of wife and daughters, who are highly esteemed by all, and against whom the police records contain not one word of reproach.

Such being the social and the pecuniary status of General Hardin, the reader will inquire where comes in the unbearable oppression which drove such a man into rebellion. We cannot explain. Our records, usually so suggestive, are here silent, and the hiatus must pass with the history into the womb of time. All we can say upon this head is soon said. Hardin had wealth and family position,—which latter means something among the Southern aristocracy,—but he was not eminently a man of brains, and had no reputation as a speaker or writer. His ideas hardly rose above the eaves of his stables, and his tastes were upon a level with the roll of his grazing-lands. He had just sufficient ability to conceive that horses and negroes are the *summum bonum* of this life, and that a separate and distinct Southern Confederacy was the best form of government for rich men of his ilk. Hence, we repeat, he was an *original* secessionist, one who upheld the firing upon Fort Sumter, and gloried in the pluck of the little man in large leathers, South Carolina. When the secession of Tennessee was advocated, he was quite conspicuous, but principally as a tool of the Ewings, Isham Harris, and others; and he gave—at least it was so reported at the time, for political effect—half a million of dollars to aid that cause.

General Hardin was bitterly opposed to the North from education, aristocratic affinities, and supposed personal interests. Formerly he was in the habit of travelling to the North in the summer-season on trips of pleasure. A circumstance occurred during one of these excursions which, we are assured by Nashville citizens, had a strong tendency to further embitter Hardin's mind against Northern institutions. Some years ago he visited Cape May, a notable sea-shore rendezvous of the fashionables of our country. He was accompanied by the two young McGavocks, his nephews, scions of rich Tennessee stock, and a group of ladies. The McGavocks had a difficulty with the colored servants at the Cape, and a regular pitched battle ensued, we believe, which resulted in the triumph of the negroes, the discomfited Southrons retiring from the field in disorder. Hardin remembered the affront, and from that time was more than ever opposed to the "nigger-equality" doctrines of the North.

When the Federal troops entered Nashville, General Hardin did not

evacuate. He was summoned before the military authorities, and, with General Barrow, was sent to Fort Mackinaw, Lake Michigan, where he remained as a prisoner of war from the 6th day of April until about the last of September, 1862, when he was released upon a bond of twenty thousand dollars to appear and answer before the United States District Court of Tennessee to the charge of treason, and the trial is still in abeyance. We must briefly conclude with the statement that civil war has well performed its mournful task in the case of Hardin. A portion of our army was quartered on or near his place during many weeks. There was grand hunting after those deer and buffalo. The goats were ruthlessly taken "in the wool." The stables were confiscated,—what were left of the stud, the rebels having taken the best of the serviceable blooded nags. Hundreds of tons of his hay and thousands of bushels of his grain were hauled into our camps. Miles of his fencing were burned. His men negroes kept company with his departed stock. We recollect the trouble the general had concerning his old imported gray stallion: it was taken—we might as well say stolen—from him three or four times. The general commanding had given him a protection document, and the army police had upon several occasions discovered and restored the noble animal, which was really fit for breeding-purposes only. The last time the old horse was seized he was found in a solitary place, a forest, where he had been placed for security. Some negroes reported the fact to a squad of Federal cavalry, and the commander of the latter, unaware of the peculiar circumstances attending the ownership, gobbled the animal forthwith. Hardin once more visits head-quarters, then at Murfreesborough, finds his horse, upon which is mounted a Federal officer of the first degree, and the latter, to his intense disgust, is compelled to surrender the beast. This account of General Hardin is gathered from many sources, and may be incorrect in minor points. But it portrays the general character and position of the man; and that is the sole aim of the author. May we not safely conclude this sketch by classing its subject, after contrasting his former prosperity with his present misfortunes, as another eminent type of the rebellion?

General Washington Barrow, the companion of Hardin in his imprisonment at the North, was also a prominent citizen of Nashville, or, rather, he resided at Edgefield, on the opposite side of the river. He was a member of the rebel State Senate. His wife's father was a very rich man. He gave no bond, but was finally paroled from prison and exchanged, and has since remained in rebeldom. A few weeks since a party of Tennessee rebel politicians met at Winchester, where was located a portion of General Bragg's army, and performed the farce of a State Convention; and then and there General Barrow was nominated as the secession candidate for Governor. Since then Bragg's army has been driven entirely from the State, excepting a little nook at Chattanooga; and how to make his "calling and election sure" must be a puzzler indeed to the secession candidate, as none but Union candidates and Union voters will ever again be tolerated in the old Mountain State.

Richard Cheatham, Esq., Mayor, &c. of the rebel city of Nashville, was a very rabid secessionist. He was not wealthy, nor was he a man of any especial talent. A few years since he was a dealer at faro-tables, and was one of the fast, rattling young men of the day, who occasionally are thrown to the surface by the rolling waves of violent times. Cheatham's ability was about equal to the task of hounding down Union men, of managing vigilance committees, and of the superintendence of torchlight processions. The patriotism, or rebelism, or call it what you will, of such men, rarely carries them up to the cannon's mouth, or to a severe death in that "last ditch." He has taken excellent care of his individual bacon, while hundreds of the poor youth of Tennessee, goaded on by his and kindred efforts, now fill unknown graves. Since the battle of Stone River and the abandonment of rebel hopes, Cheatham has become quite moderate and affable, and has even ventured slightly into Federal army contracts, we hear it asserted. Good for Richard! He will make just as good a Union man as he was a bad rebel; for circumstances control such men. Major-General Cheatham, of the rebel army, is his cousin.

John Weaver, Esq., president of the Planters' Bank, wealthy and influential, resides upon an elegant place five miles south of Nashville, near the State Lunatic Asylum. He was an original secessionist. Persons coming into his bank during the few bright days of the rebellion would hear his earnest and honeyed argument, which ran thus:—"The true policy of the South is to set up for herself. At any rate, now that she has done so, Tennessee must go with her. As for our city, it will be the making of us. The North will get no more of our cotton and tobacco: we will ship from here direct to Europe via New Orleans, with free trade as our great lever. Nashville stands by far the best chance of being the capital of the Confederacy, in which case our real estate will advance in value two hundred per cent. In any event, we will eclipse Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, if Missouri don't come in with us, and thus we will knock those cities cold as a wedge." Mr. Weaver was a fair, earnest secessionist, really one of the most respectable and dangerous in the South. He has not been damaged greatly by the war as yet, we believe; and what will be done in his case is involved in the great question of the final adjustment of the rebellion. That such cool, clear, cautious men as Weaver will entirely escape the calamities which he and his class have been greatly instrumental in bringing upon the thousands of ruined families of Tennessee, is too monstrous an idea to be entertained.

John Kirkman, Esq., of the Union Bank, Nashville, also occupies a page in the police record of the Army of the Cumberland. He was rich, influential, and lived in the finest style. He was a secessionist, cautious, but of unquestionable fulness and ripeness. His only son was in the rebel army, and was killed at the last battle of Fort Donelson. Like Weaver, Mr. Kirkman was a secessionist in a financial point of view. He argued in this wise:—"The wealth of the South is in cotton. We cannot produce cotton without slaves. The North is growing ahead of us, and threatens slavery

with extermination, and the only safety of the South is a separate government and her taking her half of all the new territory." He opined, with Weaver, that Nashville would prove the Western star of the Southern Confederacy. Last winter he was called upon by our army officials to explain certain transactions of his bank which were deemed suspicious. The Nashville banks were then issuing large amounts of new paper money to the people and to the army. Some of it was got up in "greenback" style. The new notes were of small denominations,—one and two dollar bills. For banks to be issuing new money at such a time, when it was notorious that they had not a dollar of gold in their vaults to redeem with, was a circumstance that demanded attention. Mr. Kirkman explained that these banks were simply issuing this small-bill money for public convenience, they retiring in its place, and to its precise extent, bills of large amounts, as twenty, fifty, and one hundred dollar notes. The explanation was satisfactory, as these banks were permitted thus to change their currency by legislative enactment, and there had been a great want of bills under five dollars up to that time, the army having been paid off in fives, this being before the day of abundance of small United States ones and twos, and of postage currency. Incidentally the conversation turned upon banking-affairs. Kirkman assured the official that the bullion of his bank had been sent to the North for security in the early days of the rebellion. This is not believed by the Union men of Tennessee, they being positive that the specie of not only the Nashville banks, but of all the banks in the South, has been sent to Europe, and has formed the fund from which ships, arms, and munitions of war have thus far been furnished to maintain the Southern rebellion. At all events, Mr. Kirkman freely admitted that the deposits of the Southern banks would not cover a tithe of their circulation, even if secure,—that the securities of the banks for the redemption of their issues were mainly in notes, stocks, bonds, and judgments,—and that if the Southern revolution was unsuccessful all the banks would be ruined.

"For," said he, "if the people are impoverished, if they cannot pay their notes, if the stock of our corporations, such as gas-works, turnpikes, railroads, &c., become worthless, if State stocks fall to a mere nominal value, and if our judgments are not liens upon real estate, hereafter, because of confiscation, &c., then the entire banking-system of the South is exploded."

There lives a lady in Nashville who figures slightly upon our records,—a lady who is extensively known in city and general circles,—Mrs. Ex-President Polk. She is a woman of note,—wealthy, smart (that is a better term than "talented" in this instance), and was rather at the head of the female sex of that region as regards all the social bearings. Mrs. Polk was a true rebel. She was too shrewd to be violent, however, and too well-bred to evince her dislike openly to even the humblest member of our army. Severely cool and reticent, she was unmolested, and, when necessary for her to approach the military authorities for a pass or other requisites, she was sufficiently bending and gracious to gain her point. She has no children: she took to nursing the rebellion of the Southern aristocracy. Her influence upon the wealthy females of her city must have been

almost unbounded. She was the President of the Nashville Ladies' Southern Aid Society, and occupied much of her time in duties pertaining to that position. The society met at her house occasionally, and at other private houses upon special occasions; but its general place of meeting was at the Masonic Hall. It is stated upon good authority that Mrs. Polk was greatly intent upon urging the men of Nashville to enter the rebel army, and that she advised the young ladies of that city to send petticoats and hoop-skirts to young men who had proved backward in volunteering. Since the permanent occupation of Tennessee by our army, this lady has been entirely unmolested in person and property. When the stables of the town were swept of every serviceable horse for army use, General Rosecrans ordered hers to be exempted, from a proper respect to the past. She now reposes amid comfort and elegance, while desolation sits brooding around her over the face of a once happy and prospering country. There is a wisdom in the ordering of earthly things past all human comprehension, and the fiat of Heaven alone can right many of the wrongs of erring mortals.

We might pass on through this police record, filling a volume with its gleaming and bristling facts; but our space is limited, and we must forbear. We have commented upon several of the prominent characters; and yet upon how small a portion of the ground have we trenched! To pass by such men as Bird Douglass,—rich, prosperous, and who ought to have been contented and thankful,—and French, and McNairy, and Evans, and the Strattons, *et id genus omnes*, is gross injustice. Douglass, a rich merchant, made wealthy by extensions granted him by his Northern creditors, now repudiates by rebellion, and advertises in the public newspapers that he has one thousand dollars to give as his first offering to secession, and has two sons for its army, and that if they are killed he has two negro servants, each of whom can pick off a squirrel from a tree-top at two hundred yards, to take their place. R. C. McNairy was an active member of their vigilance committee, &c.: now he sees matters in a different light: the cannon has become a telescope, and he sighs for a return of the old order of things. He is a fair sort of a man, and was rather forced along by the all-powerful current. God has given to some men pluck and denied it to others, and is merciful. Henry S. French was a rebel, and then played the Union card to subserve rebelism. Reporting himself as an impoverished Union refugee, he obtained a permit to pass three thousand eight hundred barrels of salt from Louisville, through the canal, to a point on the Ohio River where he could pack some meat for the United States Government or for sale. At that time it was policy to prevent salt being sold to rebels, and the river salt-traffic was closely guarded. French takes his salt down to a point near the mouth of the Cumberland, whence it was engineered up that river, past the military authorities, gunboats, &c., in some way not explained in our records, was brought to Nashville, and there sold to the Confederate Government at forty dollars per barrel, it costing Mr. French but three dollars per barrel. With the aid of this salt, the rebels packed one hundred and fifty thousand head of hogs, at Nashville, for their army that season. This statement is vouched for by several Union citizens of Nash-

ville. Meanwhile, Mr. French passes as one of the peaceable, quiet, non-committal do-nothings of the rebellion.

One other case we cannot pass by,—that of Mark R. Cockrill,—an old man of great wealth, living near Nashville. He was reputed to be worth two million dollars, and owned twelve miles of land lying on the Cumberland River. It was reported to the Chief of Army Police that this Mr. Cockrill had induced guerrillas to lie in wait near his place for the purpose of seizing upon and destroying our forage-trains, &c., and that he was still a very bitter rebel. Having been ordered to appear at the office of the Chief of Police, he made the subjoined statement:—

"I am upwards of seventy-four years of age, and have six children, —three of them being sons, and one of them is in the Confederate army. I was born near this city. I had about ninety-eight slaves, but most all have left me. My son has been in the Confederate service since the war began; is twenty-two years old; was captain in that service; think he is now in the Commissary Department. I voted for separation every time; was not a member of any public committee; have had nothing to do with getting up companies or any thing else connected with the army. Have talked a good deal: was opposed to guerrillaism; have ordered them away from my house. I have lost twenty thousand bushels of corn, thirty-six head of horses and mules, sixty head of Durham cattle, two hundred and twenty sheep,— very fine ones, valued at one hundred dollars each,—two hundred tons of hay. The Federals have taken all this. I have two thousand sheep left, and I have a few milch-cows and five or six heifers. I was worth about two million dollars before the war commenced. The Confederates have taken three horses from me only. I have loaned the Confederates twenty-five thousand dollars in gold. They have pressed from me no other property. I have their bonds at eight per cent. interest, payable semi-annually in gold, for this twenty-five thousand dollars. I thought when I loaned this money that the South would succeed, and I think so now. I do not think that the two sections can ever be brought together. The Federals also took two thousand pounds of bacon from me; also two thousand bushels of oats. Some twenty-five or thirty of my men negroes ran away,—six of them, however, being pressed. I have about five thousand six hundred acres of land. My son James R. is with the South; lives on a place belonging to me: but he has never taken any active part. The Federals have taken over three thousand dollars' worth of wood from me. I have never received any pay for any thing taken from me. I came in yesterday to get a negro blacksmith of mine to go out with me: he consented to go if I could get a pass for him; have not been in town before for four months. I paid one thousand dollars as an assessment by General Negley about four months since to the United States Government, as a loan. I have been very much aggravated by the taking of my property, and have been very harsh in my expressions towards those who have visited my place for such purposes. I will not give bond for loyal conduct, or that I will not aid or abet by word or deed the Southern cause. The loan to the South was made voluntarily, and supposing it to be a good investment. While I was loaning to individuals the loan was made to the Southern Government just as I would have loaned to any other party.

"(Signed) M. R. Cockrill."

There is Mr. Cockrill's case, in his own language. Need we add a word to it? When brought into the police-office, the poor old man was almost beside himself with passion. The language he used respecting the Federal troops was, "Kill 'em! Plant 'em out! Manure the soil with em! ——

—— 'em!" &c. He utterly refused to give the non-combatant's oath and bond; and when assured by General Rosecrans that he must do so or he would be sent out of the state, and perhaps to a Northern prison, he struck his hands against his breast, and exclaimed,—

"Take my heart out,—kill me, if you will: I will not give any bond by which enemies here can swear falsely and I be prosecuted for its forfeiture."

The general assured him that he had but a choice of two evils,—to give the bond, or be sent away. He preferred the former.

We must pass over an interesting police case where a rebel family of Nashville were called upon to answer for exhibiting "a Yankee bone" upon their parlor-table,—which bone was declared by them to be a relic from the Bull Run battle-field. Also of several female rebel smugglers, upon one of whom was found divers articles, and among them a piece of fine gray cloth, in extent twenty-one yards, to be used for rebel officers' uniforms, which she had tucked together and hung upon her as a skirt. We regret that our space for such mention is entirely exhausted.

The rebel people of Nashville have been rigorously dealt with in consequence of their wild conduct. Brigadier-General Mitchell, commandant of that post during last winter and spring, and Lieutenant Osgood, his aide and pass-officer, were very strict and inflexible in their administration of city affairs. These people were not allowed to travel or to do business; and the most wealthy have been troubled at times to get fuel, food, and clothing.

The rebel ladies made such an ado over wounded Confederate soldiers as to give rise to the following military order:—

"Head-Quarters U. S. Forces, Nashville, Tenn., February 1, 1863.

"*Orders.*—The general commanding at this post desires to express his admiration of the zeal evinced by certain secession families in administering to the wants and alleviating the sufferings of the Confederate wounded to-day brought to this city. Great praise should be awarded them for their devotion for the suffering soldiers of that cause to which they are so enthusiastically allied.

"Desiring to give them still greater facilities for the exercise of that devotion which to-day led them through the mud of the public streets of this city unmindful of the inclemency of the weather, and desiring further to obviate the necessity of that public and flaunting display which must be repugnant to the retiring dispositions of the softer sex, the general commanding directs as follows:—

"Surgeon Thruston, medical director, will select forty-five of the wounded and sick Confederate soldiers this day brought from the front, to be quartered as follows:—Fifteen at the house of Mrs. McCall, fifteen at the house of Dr. Buchanan, and fifteen at the house of Sandy Carter,—all on Cherry Street immediately below Church Street.

"As it is desirable that the sick and wounded should not be agitated by the presence of too many persons, no one will be admitted to the rooms in which the wounded are, except their surgeons, without passes from Surgeon Thruston.

"Each family above named will be held responsible for the safe delivery of the Confederate soldiers thus assigned when called for by proper military authority, under penalty, in failure of such delivery, of forfeiture to the United States of their property and personal liberty.

"By order of Brigadier-General Robert B. Mitchell, Commanding.

"Jno. Pratt, *A. A. G.*"

The labors of Lieutenant Osgood in this connection were handsomely ac knowledged by the mayor of Nashville, in March last, as follows:—

"*Lieutenant* Osgood, *Provost-Marshal, Staff-General Commanding*:—

"Allow me, in behalf of the donors, Union friends of Nashville, to present to you this beautiful and rich sword-belt and sash, as a token of their high esteem for the fidelity and ability with which you have discharged the duties of the position assigned you at the head-quarters of this post, and for the sagacity you have displayed in detecting and circumventing the wiles and plans of rebels, and also the strict observance you have given to the orders of your superiors in command.

"Take them; preserve them; hand them down to your posterity as mementoes of the services you have rendered in crushing out this causeless and wicked rebellion. Yours, truly, John Hugh Smith."

The civil power is also beginning to be felt in Tennessee. The Federal Grand Jury, under a charge by Judge Trigg, recently found three hundred indictments, at Nashville, for treason and conspiracy against the leaders of the rebellion in that State; and among the culprits indicted are some prominent clergymen.

Having thus portrayed some of her individual types of the rebellion, we must leave the subject with a brief description of the city of Nashville as she is. We stated that she was one of the brightest, most wealthy and prosperous cities of the Union. Of all this she is now the exact reverse. Her finest buildings, such as her colleges, churches, and elegant stores, are now used as military hospitals and store-houses. Her streets are dirty, and, where main outlets from the city, they have been cut in two,—dug out, as though a canal was being made through them,—the dirt thrown up on each side, as barricades against rebel attack upon the city, when it was invested and threatened last year. Her suburbs are a mournful wreck in many localities,—houses deserted, fences gone, fruit-trees gnawed and disfigured; and the pedestrian is only reminded that he is passing over what was once a smiling garden, by his feet catching against some yet struggling and crushed grape-vine or rose-bush. The groves —the glory of the place—are cut down, and the grounds present the appearance of a new "clearing," a stump-field. St. Cloud Hill, once the fashionable retreat, where children romped amid the lovely shade and where lovers lisped in cooing numbers, is now a bleak, barren, granite mountain, a frowning fortress rising from its summit, with cannon trained upon and about the devoted city. The old, wealthy merchants of the city—those who yet remain—are prostrate in the dust of bankruptcy, and new traders—men from the North—are daily rising up in their places. The several printing-offices are held by the United States authorities as subject to confiscation, and some of them are leased and their material is now being used in battling for free government. The extensive Methodist Book Concern (Church South) has long been closed and in the hands of the United States Marshal, its managers and apostles taking to the rebellion at the very outset as naturally as the young waterfowl seeks its familiar element. As we write, the city of Nashville is stagnant, prostrate, and in the abject position of a subjugated city. She is changing, however; and as the Union is more surely restored and its future guaranteed, she will revive. New men will enter, and new and better times will ensue. She will

be purged from the curse that has afflicted her and dragged her down. Slavery will no longer blight and wither her morals, nor will a haughty, unproductive aristocracy prey upon her vitals. Tennessee, with free labor, has the capability of becoming one of the grandest States of the Union; and Nashville is her crown-jewel. May the old State speedily emerge from the mire in which she has been forced to wallow by the wildness of her spoiled leaders, and may her coronal gem, the "Rock City," shine all the brighter for her momentary eclipse,—when, no longer a type of devastating rebellion, her name shall stand as a synonym of prosperity, beauty, and progress!

One more thought, ere we close the Police Record of the Army of the Cumberland. What is there contained is gathered in the line of official duty, irrespective of person and place. For what we publish of it we have no apology to offer. Let it stand as best it may. Call it scandal, or harshness, or what else one may, it is TRUTH, and cannot be successfully travestied or denied. This volume is presented as a *picture* of the Army of the Cumberland and of the war in Tennessee. It would not be a picture if merely an outline. No: it requires the minutiæ, the detail, the tint, the shading, and the drapery of the background, all together, to constitute a harmonious and complete view of the present rebellion. This we have attempted to give, in all candor, earnestness, and charity.

"Charity?" queries some friendly reader. "Why, then, drag names of erring and possibly repentant individual rebels thus into notoriety and embalm them in history?" Ah, friend, the claims of retributive justice are ill satisfied by the infliction of even that penalty upon the heads of these great offenders. We write of the proud, the haughty, the controlling minds of the rebellion. And we live in strange times, and are surrounded by many a wild and saddening scene. We have learned lessons of late in a rude, unvarnished, but truthful school. As we write, we can look out from our window upon a field of newly-heaped soldiers' graves,—the graves of our brothers and sons of the North. Who laid them there? Across yonder swelling field rises a solitary chimney-stack,—a monument of what once was a home of peace and plenty. Who plied the brand? And the faint wailing notes of a far-off martial strain now steal upon the ear, borne to our window upon the wings of a summer zephyr: they come from the distant camp, where thousands have gathered to wage the battle for national existence. Should we refrain from mention of the prime *cause* of all this death, destruction, and privation? We think not. These times and scenes cannot long continue, in the nature of things. Peace must come: it must follow exhaustion, if it does not spring from victory. The future historian will then appear, to weave and create for his day and generation. There will be a Bancroft, in those later times, to round the swelling periods, and a Macaulay, to invest with grace and beauty the historic pages of the slaveholders' rebellion of the nineteenth century. They will search for such lesser lights and shadows as are here recorded with which to gild and tint their complete picture. And beneath that picture they will again write, as was written by the Eternal One, "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

INCIDENTS, ANECDOTES, REMINISCENCES, AND POETRY

OF THE

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Guerrillas burning Steamers on the Cumberland River.

P. 615.

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

Burning of Steamboats on the Cumberland.—During the month of December, 1862, the water in the Cumberland was at its lowest stage. Only the lightest class of steamers could reach Nashville, and the grounding, delay, and reshipment to cross the Harpeth Shoals, some thirty miles below Nashville, was materially added to by the presence of rebel forces, here and there, along the river-banks in that vicinity. In the early part of that month, four steamers were thus destroyed in one day, and also the small gunboat William H. Sidell, which had been hastily improvised from a little stern-wheel steamboat, the work being done at Nashville during the blockade.

An eye-witness of the event thus describes it:—

"No evidences of danger were seen until, approaching Harpeth Shoals, we beheld the smoking hull of the steamer Charter and several burning houses on the south side of the river. The steamer had been burned by the guerrillas under the notorious Colonel Wade, and the houses by Lieutenant Van Dorn, of the 1st Ohio, in charge of the national gunboat Sidell. A short distance below was a large fleet of Federal steamers engaged in getting over the shoals, under the protection of the gunboat. On passing Van Dorn's fleet, I hailed him, and inquired as to danger below. He replied, 'There is no danger below: I have cleaned them out.' We passed on, the Trio a mile or so in advance. Nearly two miles below the gunboat we caught sight of the Trio lying to in a cove opposite the shoals. Knowing that she was short of fuel, we concluded that she was engaged in taking on a supply of wood. On nearing her, we saw several mounted soldiers drawn up in line along the shore. As many of them had on Federal overcoats, we thought them to be our cavalry. They hailed us, and ordered us to land.

"I at once discovered them to be guerrillas, and ordered Captain Robinson to land. The order was promptly obeyed. The current being strong, the boat did not yield readily to the turn of the pilot, making slow progress in swinging around, causing her to drag slowly down the stream. This caused the guerrillas to think that we were not going to land, and they immediately fired two heavy volleys of musketry, followed by two discharges of six-pound balls, all taking effect on the steamer.

"Your correspondent, in company with Captain Robinson and pilot Kilburn, of Covington, was standing on the hurricane-deck when the firing took place. I hailed them and told them to fire no more, as we were loaded with wounded, and would land as soon as possible. They tried to kill the man at the wheel, who stood bravely at his post amidst all the fire until the boat was tied up. On our near approach to them, I hastened down to

still the dreadful confusion that the firing had caused. Several ladies were on board; and, be it said to their praise, they behaved like true heroines,—no fainting or screaming,—all as quiet as could be desired under such circumstances. On my return to the front of the boat I was met by Colonel Wade, who, with a horrible oath, ordered Dr. Waterman, the surgeon in charge of the wounded, to take his d—d wounded Yankees ashore, as he would burn the boat and us too unless the order was obeyed. I instantly appealed to him in behalf of the wounded. During this time his followers had come on board and took full possession of every thing.

"Here I should like, if I could, to picture out to your readers and the world at large the awful scene of pillage and plunder that ensued. All but two or three of them were demoralized by the drink obtained, previous to our arrival, from the bar of the Trio. I will not attempt to pen-picture the scene: language fails and words are beggars in attempting to do so. Nearly one hundred of the thieving, plundering gang were engaged in rifling every thing, from the clerk's office to the chambermaid's room. For a few moments the stoutest hearts were appalled, and consternation had seized upon all. On passing around, appealing to them to desist, I met their assistant adjutant-general, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance, who instantly promised to do all in his power to save the boat and stop the plundering. He spoke to Colonel Wade, and he ordered them off the boat; but, alas! that overshadowing curse of both armies was there, in full possession of human hearts that might have been more humane had not the demon-spirit of rum hardened their natural sympathies and unchained their baser passions. In their maddened thirst for plunder they trampled on and over our poor wounded men, taking their rations, blankets, overcoats, canteens, and even money out of their pockets.

"Another steamer hove in sight,—the Parthenia, on her way to Clarksville. She was ordered ashore, and the same scene was enacted in her cabin, save the fact that she had no sick or wounded of any account, but had several passengers. The rangers at once boarded her, and, for some time, utter 'madness ruled the hour.' The Parthenia was a new steamer, costing thirty-three thousand dollars, finely finished and furnished. While engaged in rifling her and piling up combustibles on different parts of the boat to make her burn rapidly, the gunboat Sidell, spoken of elsewhere, hove in sight. Her appearance was a signal of joy to our men and of alarm to the rebels, who immediately mounted their horses, ready to run. We hailed Van Dorn, and told him to anchor in the middle of the stream, and not come between our boat and the range of the guerrillas' cannon.

"To our utter astonishment, instead of getting ready to cover himself with glory in the saving of so much property and several lives, he simply fired his revolver and then ignominiously and cowardly waved his white handkerchief in token of surrender. The rebels had fired several volleys at him, and did no harm, save the wounding of one of Van Dorn's gunners. He then ordered one of his own men to strike the colors, which order was obeyed. They then crossed over to the rebel side, who, with tremendous yells, took possession of her."

During this time the weather was cold and stormy, and many of our wounded men were left upon the river-bank, without blankets, fire, or attendants, for several hours, until another steamer arrived from Clarksville to their relief. The rebels spared one small steamer to go to Clarksville upon the captain entering into a written agreement that the boat should hereafter carry no other supplies or do any work for the Government other than sanitary work.

An Affecting Scene.—The spirit of the rebellion in Nashville is completely broken. We can say the same truly of all Tennessee. The battle of Stone River, the erection of the vast forts and fortifications at Nashville and Murfreesborough, and the complete occupation of all that country, are tangible and irresistibly converting evidences to that hitherto blind and haughty people.

During the observance of the recent order of Brigadier-General Mitchell, commanding the post of Nashville, which invited all rebel citizens to come forward and take the oath of allegiance who desired to stay there in the full enjoyment of citizens' privileges, several remarkable scenes occurred. Great crowds of rebels assembled before the office of the provost-marshal daily, eager to make their peace with the old Government. One scene is thus related by an eye-witness:—

Two prominent citizens of Edgefield, across the river from Nashville, emerged from the throng, passed into the office, and, with apparent satisfaction, took the oath. An elderly woman, plain in dress and appearance, looked on, greatly agitated. She was a Union woman. Those two prominent citizens were her neighbors. She had two sons, who were at heart Union boys if left to their better judgment and her counsels and prayers. These men had coaxed, wheedled, driven those sons into the rebel army, —where perhaps they now were, if alive. Tears streamed down her cheeks upon this occasion, and soon, quite unable to contain herself, she rushed through the crowd, wringing her hands and shouting as if in the heartiest camp-meeting frame of mind. The scene drew tears from eyes unused to weeping. Was it joy, or sorrow, or pity, or all combined, that then welled up from that poor mother's heart and found utterance?

"Come out, Sammy!"—An expedition from our army, when near New Middleton, Smith county, Tennessee, recently came suddenly upon the premises of one Sam Ellison, a vigorous conscript-agent. Taken short, he descends into a dark, deep, out-of-the-way well, hoping thus to escape. A careful search failed to reveal his hiding-place, until a *dark*-ey hint caused an examination of the well. A poor Union refugee, the pilot of the expedition, and who had been run off into the cedars by the efforts of this same agent, approached, bent over the curb, shaded his face with his hands that he might peer into the darkness below, and soon, espying the crouching object near the water, he blandly remarked,—

"Come out, Sammy; come out. We've come to call on ye: come out, my boy."

Sam came.

A Loss of Supplies.—Mike Ryan, of Company K, 21st Illinois Volunteers, was "marching on" in the line of his duty, on Tuesday evening, upon the battle-field of Stone River, when a grape-shot swept past him and tore away

his haversack, which was filled with three days' rations. Without halting an instant, or changing countenance, he remarked,—

"Och, an' be jabers, if the inemy hasn't flanked me an' cut off me supplies!"

Life a Drag.—Long after midnight,—perhaps two o'clock in the morning,—while in camp at Murfreesborough, the author was at General Rosecrans's head-quarters, when there seemed to be a momentary cessation of business and conversation in his room. The general leaned back in his chair, shaded the light from his face with one hand, and not only looked, but seemed to *feel* himself, the picture of weariness.

"General, you are leading a hard life," we remarked. He answered, gently,—

"Yes, rather hard; and, if this life were *all*, it would be a wretched drag."

Well come up with.—Anderson Sharp, a well-to-do farmer living seven miles southeast of Shelbyville, owning slaves and cultivating three hundred acres of land, was very careful last fall to crib his corn in a secret place beyond reach of "the Yankees," as he alleged. In fact, however, he was equally careful to preserve it from the rebels; for, although he dearly loved their treason, he doubted the value of their currency. His negroes marvelled at this inconsistency, and betrayed his corn-piles to *both* armies. The rebels were nearest, and got the corn. However, we got the negroes!

A Gallant Charge.—On the 4th day of March last, Colonel Minty, with his cavalry command, the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, in the advance, made a dashing charge, sabre in hand, upon a superior rebel force near Unionville, Tennessee. They killed several, and captured fifty-two prisoners. Eight of the rebel dead were found with their heads split open by the sabre. The rebels fled,—their flight, and in fact their fight, being much impeded by their haste to cast off the blue Federal overcoats with which many were clothed. This was after the issue of the order of General Rosecrans declaring that all enemies dressed in our uniform should when taken prisoners be treated as spies.

"Dar!"—The Federal engineers at Nashville resolved upon demolishing the old Blind Asylum building, in the suburbs of that city, it obstructing their works. The walls were massive, and were mined to be blown up with gunpowder. Several holes were dug at various points, the powder placed, fuses prepared, &c., and a negro laborer was stationed over each, with a light, to touch them all at the same instant, upon a given signal. Sambo was very nervous, wondering, and excited,—too much so to succeed.

At the signal moment each dashed his light upon the place and broke for shelter "like a quarter-horse." One or two of them had courage to wait and see the fuse begin to burn. "Dar! dar!" shouted they, and away they travelled. The explosion was not at all simultaneous, and the walls were breached only in spots. Two or three times was the attempt repeated, with similar results, occasioning much merriment. Not a single "American of African descent" could be induced to stay until the fuses were surely fired. "Dar! dar!" was the fearful announcement; and the engineers were forced to assume the task. In justice to Sambo, we should state, however, that a very brief acquaintance with prepared saltpetre disarms him of his fears.

The Soldier's Oath.—At Louisville, Major William H. Sidell, mustering-in officer, had just administered the usual army oath to some new recruits, when a secesh lady (may we call her Mrs. Johnson?) remarked to him, with a smiling air, but considerably impregnated with contempt,—

"Well, major, have you brought your men down to *that* depth of slavery?"

"Madam," answered he, with politest bow and smile, "that same oath your Jeff Davis, and Bragg, and most of your rebel generals, have taken, and," he added, in a low, deep voice, "*have broken!*"

Gathering in the Contrabands.—Our Southern brethren have been sensitive upon the negro-labor question from the commencement of the rebellion up to this time. As a general rule, they preferred losing or lending a horse rather than a slave. They feared army influences upon their chattel,—that he would become "a mean nigger." Of course the same difficulty would not arise in the army education of the horse or mule. For this reason it is—at least, we can conceive of no other—that the rebel planter has often fled, at short notice, with his negroes, leaving wife, children, mules, hogs, and household goods to the mercy of the invading Northmen. At the outset the negroes were crammed with most awful accounts of the ways of the savage Yankees, and many of the poor creatures were equally eager with their masters to fly from us.

Thus premising, we have to relate an amusing affair which occurred at Nashville last fall. Upon the commencement of the fortifications in that city, orders were given to impress all able-bodied male negroes, to be put at work upon the forts. The slaveholders of the city at once began to secrete their negroes in cellars and by-ways. The Federal officers said nothing, but resolved to bide their time,—their gangs upon the works, meanwhile, singing and wheeling away quite merrily. After several days all sensation subsided, and an occasional colored individual would be seen at an open window or shuffling around a street-corner. At length the time for action was at hand. A fine Sabbath evening came, and with it a large congregation of pious negroes, in all their Sunday array and perfumery. They

felt in fine feather; for was not the city being fortified and defended, and the day of jubilee for the colored race close at hand? A hymn flowed out in harmonious cadence, equal in volume to the rolling flood of the Cumberland. A prayer was offered with great earnestness and unction, and the preacher had chosen his text, when, lo! an apparition appeared at the door,—yes, several of them! A guard of blue-coated soldiers, with muskets, entered, and announced to the startled brethren that the services of the evening would be concluded at Fort Negley. Out went the lights, as if by magic, and there was a general dive for the windows. Shrieks, howls, and imprecations went forth to the ears of darkness, rendering night truly hideous. Fancy bonnets were mashed, ribbons were rumpled, and the destruction of negro finery was enormous. Some reached the windows and crawled out, and into the hands of guards who were waiting outside. The shepherd of the flock was thus caught, it is said, while making a dive through the window, head first, butting over two "bold soger boys" as he came out. The scene was amusing indeed. And the next morning it was still more comical,—the same crowd being at work at the fort, dressed in their mussed and bedirtied finery of the previous evening, in which they had slept upon the earthworks,—they, meanwhile, being the jeer and sport of their surrounding darkey acquaintances.

It is due to these colored laborers of Nashville to add that by their labor, during some three months' time, Fort Negley and other fortifications were built. They cut the stone, laid the stone wall, wheeled and carted the earth, blasted the rock; and they performed their work cheerfully and zealously, and without any pay, except their daily rations and perhaps some clothing.

A Review of the Chivalry.—A Union prisoner at Shelbyville, on the 8th of March last, was invited by Major Clarence Prentice, commanding some rebel cavalry, to ride with him, while he inspected some regiments under the command of Colonel James Hagan, of Mississippi, acting brigadier-general. The troops were in line,—a motley, ragged set. Old Jack Falstaff, marching with his ragamuffins through Coventry, could not have presented a more tattered picture. As Major Prentice passed along, one man would be particular to hold out conspicuously a foot without boot, shoe, or even stocking; another would call his attention to elbows protruding through holes much too large for them; another would take especial care to render prominent ragged unmentionables and yawning rents therein, "gaping wide as Erebus;" and so on throughout the whole line. One tall, gaunt, long-haired fellow, whose miserable apology for a hat had no top, raised his hand, drew through the hole where the top ought to be a mass of tangled, yellow hair, and held it there at full length. The scene was almost too ridiculous for the maintenance of gravity, and only by an extraordinary effort could the inspector control himself sufficiently to sustain the dignity due the occasion.

In one of these regiments of two hundred and sixty-four men and horses,

Impressing the Contrabands at Church in Nashville. P. 620.

there were but *four* pair of socks; forty-seven of the men had no guns, and one hundred and forty-seven of the horses were without saddles. In the other,—styled the 8th Confederate Cavalry,—numbering two hundred and seventy-four men, two hundred and four of whom were present at review and seventy on picket-duty, one hundred and twenty-five were without hats and thirty-two without arms. Such a state of affairs seems to have disgusted the major, as in less than a month thereafter he renounced all connection with the rebels and returned to Louisville.

Bragg and his High Private.—The following incident was related to a Union man in Shelbyville, Tennessee, by Major Hunter, of the Confederate army, who formerly resided in Shelbyville, but who latterly resided some twenty miles from Helena, Arkansas. The major was fond of the story, and often repeated it.

While Bragg's troops were on their retreat from Murfreesborough, ragged, hungry, and weary, they straggled along the road for miles, with an eye to their own comfort, but a most unmilitary neglect of rules and regulations. Presently one of them espied, in the woods near by, a miserable broken-down mule, which he at once seized and proceeded to put to his use, by improvising, from stray pieces of rope, a halter and stirrups. This done, he mounted with grim satisfaction, and pursued his way. He was a wild Texas tatterdemalion, bareheaded, barefooted, and wore in lieu of a coat a rusty-looking hunting-shirt. With hair unkempt, beard unshorn, and face unwashed, his appearance was grotesque enough; but, to add to it, he drew from some receptacle his corn-cob pipe, and made perfect his happiness by indulging in a comfortable smoke.

While thus sauntering along, a company of bestarred and bespangled horsemen—General Bragg and staff—rode up, and were about to pass on, when the rather unusual appearance of the man attracted their notice. The object of their attention, however, apparently neither knew nor cared to know them, but looked and smoked ahead with careless indifference.

"Who are you?" asked the major-general.

"Nobody," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?"

"Don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?"

"Bragg's army! Bragg's army!" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army! One half of it he shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death at Murfreesborough."

Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

The Union Ladies of Shelbyville.—Shelbyville, Tennessee, has always been known as a Union town; and the following incident shows that its ladies, at least, are willing to make known their faith by their works.

On the 4th of March last, General Van Dorn, with several thousand rebel cavalry and infantry, surprised a brigade of Federal troops below Franklin, and took twelve hundred and six of them prisoners. They were marched to Shelbyville and placed under guard at the court-house. They had scarcely arrived when it became known that they were in a famishing condition, having eaten nothing for a day and a half. Following this report came a stir and bustle in many of the Shelbyville kitchens. Ere long the Union ladies began to throng from their houses into the street, each with her servants carrying baskets, buckets, and bundles. A procession was formed, and away they marched to the court-house. As they passed along, the rebel guards eyed them askance,—some with surly looks, while others asked, "Won't you sell us some?" One or two officers seemed disposed to interfere; but the ladies persisted and prevailed. The court-house was reached and the Union soldiers fed.

It was an animated and beautiful scene, illustrative at once of the courage and the kindness of these noble-hearted women. It was no small matter to brave the taunts and jeers that assailed them on the way; but the thanks which were *looked* rather than spoken, as with bright, happy faces they distributed to the half-starved men the good cheer they had brought with them, more than repaid them for it all. And many a weary captive thanked God that day that there were still left in the old land some "who had not bowed the knee to Baal," and in fervent prayer invoked a blessing upon the heads of the noble Union women of Shelbyville.

Three months later, upon the advance of our army to Shelbyville, these Unionists welcomed us with banners and smiles and many other evidences of their heartfelt joy and gratitude.

Rebel Charity.—The heartlessness of the chivalry was well illustrated by a case which recently came to the notice of the Chief of Police. A Mrs. Lucy Brown, living about three miles from McMinnville, Cannon county, Tennessee, came into Nashville on the last day of March, bringing with her three children, the oldest of whom was only seven years of age. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Both herself and children were literally covered with rags, and were suffering from hunger and from cold. Some two weeks before, she said, Morgan's men came to her house, and, under the pretence that her husband was in the Union army, carried away every thing she had, leaving only one bed and two pieces of quilts, but not a mouthful of any thing for herself and boys to eat. To save herself from starvation, as well as to search for her husband, who was a Union refugee, she had come to Nashville.

Her wretched plight excited commiseration; and, in the absence of other suitable accommodations, she was sent to the house of Dr. W. A. Cheatham

—a brother-in-law of Morgan—to be clothed and fed,—the Chief of Police at the same time giving her several dollars with which to purchase shoes, &c. Despite the many favors which had been shown to Cheatham's family, and the forgiving courtesy and kindness with which they had been treated, this call upon them for temporary aid was responded to with a very bad grace. Mrs. Brown was left in her rags, turned into a basement room, and forced to eat and sleep with the negroes. She was closely questioned about Morgan and his men, and was told that it was not Morgan's men at all, but Federal soldiers, who had robbed her. There she remained some days, the family having nothing to say to her. Occasionally Mrs. Cheatham would bring some lady friends down to the kitchen to see her and her children, when they would question her and tell her she lied, and, with a spiteful laugh, Mrs. Cheatham would assure her friends that this Mrs. Brown was not what she was trying to palm herself off for, but only "one of old Truesdail's spies."

A Soldier's Plan of Settlement.—The railroad from Murfreesborough to Nashville passes through what was once a fine farming-land; now, however, fences are down and gone, houses burned, and the whole country wears a desolate appearance. Gliding along in the cars, one day, past many fields which were just becoming green with tender grass, the author heard one of a lively group of soldiers remark,—

"I tell you, boys, what should be done all along here. Let Uncle Sam run his surveyor's chain all over this; then let every soldier pre-empt his one hundred and sixty acres, and it will be God's land again."

Possibly it would trouble a wordy politician in a three-hours speech to arrive at a more politic conclusion,—one that would more nearly remunerate the soldier, the sooner build up and beautify that country, and prove a more merited judgment upon a rebellious people.

Girls' Wit.—Upon going to the tent of the head-quarters photographer, at Murfreesborough, Tennessee, recently, to have his manly countenance painted by the sunbeams, Brigadier-General Garfield, Chief of Staff, found there a bevy of rebel girls. As he entered, with a number of military friends, they hastily left the premises. Passing out of the door, one of them slyly remarked,—

"Let John Morgan come in here, and he'll take that Yankee general much quicker than the camera can."

Foraging a Military Science.—The soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland are "heavy on drill." The manual of arms has become a habit with them, and their quickness in executing commands is a marvel akin to intuition. But especially are they worthy of commendation when foraging, either in the aggregate or upon individual responsibility. Woe unto pigs and sheep and calves and chickens when they are on the march!

Recently a Wisconsin colonel was boasting of his regiment, declaring most roundly that his boys, while marching by the flank in dress and step, could catch, kill, skin, divide, and stow away a half-grown hog unnoticed by the next company, front or rear. An Ohio captain, nothing daunted upon hearing this, said his boys were equally clever. In camp, of nights, they usually had veal or mutton. While slaughtering, they would mount their own guard, and, at the least alarm of an officer approaching, down the butchers would get upon the grass, with a blanket thrown over the carcass, around which they would be sitting demurely, intent upon a very interesting game of "euchre" or "seven-up."

The Prayer of the Wicked.—During the month of December last, and for many weeks previous, a severe drought prevailed in Tennessee. The Cumberland River was fordable in many places, the smaller streams nearly dry, and in sundry localities water for stock very scarce. During its continuance, a Union man at Shelbyville, while in attendance upon the Methodist church at that place, heard a prayer offered from the pulpit by the officiating minister, in which occurred a sentence somewhat as follows:—

"O Lord, as a nation free and independent, look down upon us in mercy and loving-kindness, and hold us within the hollow of thy hand amidst all our desolation and sorrow. Let the rays of heaven's light smile upon our fields, and the dews of beneficent mercy be shed upon our valleys. Let the rain descend to beautify and fructify the earth and to swell the rivers of waters; but, O Lord, do not raise the Cumberland sufficient to bring upon us the damnable Yankee gunboats!"

This is the correct version: it has been going the rounds of the newspapers mutilated.

Rebel Petticoat Government.—The dear ladies of the South are desperately wicked little rebels, as a whole. Very many instances have come to light within the lines of this army where the men would have abstained from and abjured the rebellion had it not been for the determined wildness of the women.

A young man, intelligent and of pleasing demeanor, when taken prisoner by our forces stated that he never was a rebel at heart, nor was his mother. He had determined to keep out of their army, and resolutely did so for a time. He soon found, however, that he was a marked man,—was jeered at and scorned by every young lady in his neighborhood. He braved it for a while; but one day matters came to a crisis. A party of girls came to his house, bringing with them shawls, dresses, and a skeleton hoop-skirt, which they left for him to put on! The dose was overpowering, and he went off at once and joined the rebel army.

The same spirit has pervaded the whole of the benighted South. There, as everywhere, the women are the purest or the worst of the race.

The Misses Smith, residing four miles from Murfreesborough, upon a recent occasion boastingly assured some Federal officers, at their dinner-table

that they, with other young ladies of that vicinity, had formed themselves into a rebel association for the express purpose of forcing every young man of their acquaintance into the army, and that they had been eminently successful in so doing. In several instances they had threatened the backward beaux with petticoat and hoop-skirt presentations.

General Palmer and the Hog.—Two years ago our officers were very strict in respect to foraging upon the individual hook. Chickens and pigs were held sacred, because

"It is a sin
To steal a pin," &c.

But a year or so of earnest war taught the nation a lesson, and this strictness has been greatly relaxed. Now it is practically "root, hog, or die" with our soldiers when in the enemy's country.

Early one morning in 1862, while at Farmington, near Corinth, Mississippi, as Brigadier- (now Major-) General Palmer was riding along his lines to inspect some breastworks that had been thrown up during the previous night, he came suddenly upon some of the boys of Company I, 27th Illinois Volunteers, who had just shot a two-hundred-pound hog, and were engaged in the interesting process of skinning it. The soldiers were startled; their chief looked astonished and sorrowful.

"Ah! a body,—a corpse. Some poor fellow gone to his last home. Well, he must be buried with military honors. Sergeant, call the officer of the guard."

The officer was speedily at hand, and received orders to have a grave dug and the body buried forthwith. The grave was soon prepared, and then the company were mustered. Pall-bearers placed the body of the dead upon a stretcher. The order was given to march, and, with reversed arms and funeral tread, the solemn procession of sixty men followed the body to the grave. Not a word passed nor a muscle of the face stirred while the last rites of sepulture were being performed. The ceremony over, the general and his staff waved their *adieux*, and were soon lost in the distance.

The philosophy of the soldier is usually equal to the emergency. He has read and pondered. He now painfully realizes that flesh is as grass, and that life is but a shadow. But he thinks of the *resurrection*, and his gloom passes away. So with the philosophic boys of Company I, 27th Illinois. Ere their general was fairly seated at his own breakfast-table, there was a raising of the dead, and savory pork-steaks were frying in many a camp-pan.

A Rebel "Pow-wow" Denied.—A day or two after the battle of Stone River, and while burial-parties were yet busy upon the field, a minister of the gospel, of secession proclivities, applied to the general commanding at Murfreesborough for permission to take the body of the rebel General James

Rains to Nashville—his former home—for burial. General Rosecrans, alive to the courtesies of military life, readily consented,—when it was intimated to him that the secessionists of Nashville were intending to make the funeral a rebel ovation. The idea stung him. Turning to the applicant in his earnest, brusque manner, he remarked,—

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that there is to be no fuss made over this affair,—none at all, sir. I won't permit it, sir, in the face of this bleeding army. My own officers are here, dead and unburied, and the bodies of my brave soldiers are yet on the field, among the rocks and cedars. You may have the corpse, sir; but remember distinctly that you can't have an infernal secession 'pow-wow' over it in Nashville!"

Conquering by Starvation.—Starving out an enemy may at times be a sure process; but in a country of such vast extent as rebeldom it is certainly a slow one. However, signs ominous of such a result have been visible, and were the subject of a recent discussion by a party of officers at the head-quarters of Major-General Sheridan, near Murfreesborough. The general was not as sanguine on the point as many others, and remarked,—

"Gentlemen, don't let us be as mistaken in this as I was once in my Missouri campaigning. The word went out, all over the State, that there was a great scarcity of salt; there was no salt for meat, nor even for bread. Because of these reports, I was extremely cautious to shut down on the salt-trade in my rear. Not a bushel of salt would I pass into or beyond my lines. In this I thought I was doing good service; but imagine my surprise and hearty disgust, on entering Springfield, Missouri, to find that the only article left behind by Price and his men in their hasty flight, and of which I found large quantities there, was—*salt!*"

A Rebel Beecher.—The Beechers are known throughout the Union as men of talent and of positive views,—many term them extreme, especially on the slavery question. But this rebellion has even cut in twain the family of the Beechers. During the battle of Stone River, Dr. Charles Bunce, of Galesburg, Illinois, assistant surgeon of the 59th Illinois Volunteers, remained upon the field, busily engaged in caring for his wounded men, and with them was made a prisoner. Soon after, while surrounded by a group of rebel officers to whom he had been introduced, he remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was surprised to find even New Yorkers among the officers of the Southern army.

"Worse than that, sir," said a bystander. "In me you see a man from Massachusetts and Illinois. My name is Edward A. Beecher, son of Edward Beecher, President of Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois. Henry Ward Beecher is my uncle."

"Why, Galesburg is my town, and I know your father well," replied the Illinois doctor.

The pleasure of the acquaintance thus formed was mutual, and the doctor soon found that he had met with a genuine Beecher in appearance and manners. This son of Edward the eminent was a quartermaster in General Cheatham's division, and previous to the war had practised law at Memphis, Tennessee. He was not at all bitter in his feelings nor harsh in his views, yet was withal a most determined rebel.

A Southern "Lady."—A friend visiting the camps near Major-General Sheridan's head-quarters at Murfreesborough, several weeks after the battle of Stone River, heard the following incident of Southern society related by Colonel J. R. Miles, of the 27th Regiment Illinois Volunteers. The topic of discussion was the negro, "as usual."

The colonel said he had been rather sold on one occasion down in Alabama, last year, while the Federal troops were occupying the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. His command was detailed to guard a bridge, near which lay large, rich plantations. On a pleasant Sabbath afternoon, as he reclined listlessly in his tent, a carriage drove up. The horses were of the finest, the coach elegant, and the driver with gloves, &c. *à la mode*. A beautifully-dressed lady was the occupant,—a little dark in feature, perhaps, but still fair. Her hair was in ringlets, a "love of a bonnet" on her head, a large pin glittering upon her breast, and jewelry displayed elsewhere in profusion. The colonel walked to the carriage with due alacrity, saluted the lady most respectfully, and awaited her commands. She said she resided on a plantation near by, and had come to inquire about a straw-cutting machine that had been borrowed or taken by the soldiers. The colonel made due explanation, and said the machine should speedily be returned.

"I hope so," said she; "for Master Mosely needs it sadly."

"What's that? Did you say *Master* Mosely?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"You don't say that he is your master,—that you are a slave,—do you?"

The "lady"—we suppose we must continue to call her a "lady," for consistency's sake—smiled quite charmingly, as she replied, calmly,—

"Yes, sir."

The colonel took a second glance at the carriage, the horses, the silvered harness, the driver, and then at the finely-dressed person within, and was completely astounded, albeit he was born and raised in Kentucky, near the Tennessee line, not more than thirty miles from Nashville.

"Pray," queried he, further, "is your master a married man?"

"No: he is a widower."

"Well, does he treat you as his wife?"

She did not answer this question direct, but bade the driver start on, and, as she was driven off, remarked,—

"I live in his house."

Subsequent inquiries revealed the following state of the case. A Virginia

planter had sold this girl to go South, upon the express agreement that she was to be handsomely provided for,—the general supposition being that she was his child. The trader brought her to this widower's designedly, and doubled his money in the trade. She was now perhaps thirty years old, and certainly a very handsome woman. Mosely was a rich planter, living on Mallard Creek, about half-way between Courtland and Decatur, and had a family by his first wife, one of whom was a daughter, now some sixteen years of age.

A Rebel Story.—At the dinner-table of Mrs. Jernigan, a Union lady in Shelbyville, Tennessee, and whose husband is a refugee from his home as we write, the following incident was related, during the month of March, 1863, by a rebel officer of John Morgan's command, latterly in the rebel Quartermaster's Department.

Some months ago, a Federal officer in charge of a small expedition caught two bushwackers and had them hung. They belonged to Morgan's command; and he vowed vengeance on the first prisoners he should capture. Soon afterwards he took seventeen Federal soldiers prisoners, and put his threat into execution. Six he shot, seven he hung, and four were despatched with an axe,—"as you would kill hogs," the narrator said.

The minutiæ of the tale we will suppress, in the name of humanity. The narrator, however, gloated over the manner in which the poor soldiers pleaded for their lives, or for at least an honorable soldier's death, and, in a spirit of bravado, dwelt leisurely upon the horrid details. This evidence has been preserved to fill one of the darkest pages in the history of the accursed rebellion.

Secesh Religion.—As two of the army secret police were passing the house of a certain Mrs. Harris, a secession woman of Edgefield, opposite Nashville, Tennessee, whose husband had been arrested and imprisoned the previous week upon the charge of stealing Government horses and running them South, they were espied by her from her window. Stepping to the door, she calls to them and invites them in. They decline the invitation, because, they say, they are in a great hurry. She then inquires about her husband, and is told that he is safe—in jail at Nashville.

"But didn't you tell me that you would help him all you could, when you came to see me about him the other day?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "and we did help him right well. He is where the dogs won't bite him now," was the jeering rejoinder.

The woman was in a rage in a moment. She had been imposed upon; and she burst forth with the angry exclamation,—

"Oh, you thieving Yankee scoundrels! that's the way you serve a poor woman, is it?"—and so on for full three minutes, ending her harangue with the following unanswerable declaration:—"Oh, I never had any religion, and I never expect to have any until you two knaves and that wicked old Trues-

dail, your master, are all hung. Then I shall have religion. I shall jump and scream for very joy."

The policemen hurriedly "skedaddled," amid a general opening of doors, windows, and ears in the neighborhood.

A Practical Camp-Joke.—The soldier in his best estate is full of fun. In a tent in the camp of the 11th Indiana Battery, near Murfreesborough, in the absence of chairs a rude bench had been constructed by placing a board upon cross-legs. The board was soon found too limber to bear up the crowd which daily enjoyed its comforts, and was, in consequence, strengthened by laying another thick plank over it. A roguish sergeant one day removed this top plank, bored a number of auger-holes nearly through the bottom board, filled them with powder, laid a train from one to another, prepared his fuse, and then replaced the plank. Shortly after, the bench, as usual, was filled with his unsuspecting comrades,—when he reached down and touched the fuse with his lighted cigar. Of course, there was an explosion just about that time, which hoisted the party as would a petard, upsetting the stove and tent-furniture, knocking down the tent, and enveloping all in smoke and dire confusion.

A Soldier's Armistice.—One of the most remarkable features of this war is the absence of vindictiveness among the soldiery of the two sections. When parties have met with flags of truce, the privates will freely converse, drink from each others' canteens, and even have a social game of cards in a fence-corner. Especially upon picket-duty has this friendliness broken in upon discipline,—so much so that in many instances orders have been issued strictly forbidding such intercourse. The following incident is related by a member of the 8th Kentucky:—

"On the 27th of December, our army arrived at Stewart's Creek, ten miles distant from Murfreesborough. The following day, being Sabbath, and our general being devout, nothing was done, except to cross a few companies on the left as skirmishers, our right being watched by the enemy's, as well as ours,—both extending along the creek on opposite sides. Despite of orders, our boys would occasionally shut an eye at the Confederates, who were ever ready to take the hint. This was kept up until evening, when the boys, finding they were effecting nothing at such long range, quit shooting, and concluded they would 'talk it out,'—whereupon the following occurred:—

"*Federal* (at the top of his voice).—'Halloo, boys! what regiment?'

"*Confederate.*—'8th Confederate.'

"*Federal.*—'Bully for you!'

"*Confederate.*—'What's your regiment?'

"*Federal.*—'8th and 21st Kentucky.'

"*Confederate.*—'All right.'

"*Federal.*—'Boys, have you got any whiskey?'

"*Confederate.*—'Plenty of her.'

"*Federal.*—'How'll you trade for coffee?'

"*Confederate.*—'Would like to accommodate you, but never drink it while the worm goes.'

"*Federal.*—'Let's meet at the creek and have a social chat.'

"*Confederate.*—'Will you shoot?'

"*Federal.*—'Upon the honor of a gentleman, not a man shall. Will you shoot?'

"*Confederate.*—'I give you as good assurance.'

"*Federal.*—'Enough said. Come on.'

"*Confederate.*—'Leave your arms.'

"*Federal.*—'I have left them. Do you leave yours?'

"*Confederate.*—'I do.'

"Whereupon both parties started for the creek to a point agreed upon. Meeting almost simultaneously, we (the Federals) were, in a modulated tone, addressed in the usual unceremonious style of a soldier, by—

"*Confederate.*—'Halloo, boys! how do you make it?'

"*Federal.*—'Oh, bully! bully!'

"*Confederate.*—'This is rather an unexpected armistice.'

"*Federal.*—'That's so.'

"*Federal.*—'Boys, are you going to make a stand at Murfreesborough?'

"*Confederate.*—'That is a leading question: notwithstanding, I will venture to say it will be the bloodiest ten miles you ever travelled.'

"Thus the conversation went on for some time, until a Confederate captain (Miller, of General Wheeler's cavalry) came down, requesting an exchange of papers. On being informed we had none, he said he would give us his anyhow, and, wrapping a stone in the paper, threw it across. Some compliments were passed, when the captain suggested that, as it was getting late, we had better quit the conference; whereupon both parties, about twenty each, began to leave, with, 'Good-bye, boys: if ever I meet you in battle, I'll spare you.' So we met and parted, not realizing that we were enemies."

A Vandal General.—Brigadier-General Morton, of the Pioneer Brigade, has a *penchant* for pulling down houses in rebeldom, where they stand in the way of his military operations. The most costly edifice speedily tumbles if obstructing the range of artillery from his fortifications. Two hours' or half a day's notice will be given, and, whether vacated or not, at the expiration of that time off goes the roof. While superintending the building of Fort Negley, at Nashville, General Morton found it necessary to remove many houses in the outskirts of the city. This gave him quite a local reputation,—such as it was,—but of which he was totally regardless. One morning early he rode about the suburbs of Nashville with some friends, to show them the works, pointing, as he rode along, with his hand in divers directions. The inhabitants, now constantly on the *qui vive* for military operations, were terrified,—were sure he was giving orders to his staff to

pull down houses and make new streets; and several of them, in a most excited and in some instances quite ludicrous manner, appealed to him and to the city authorities to spare them.

A Foraging-Incident.—During the month of March, 1863, an extensive foraging and reconnoitring expedition, comprising several hundred men and teams of Major-General Reynolds's division, went out from Murfreesborough towards Lebanon, through a fertile and well-stocked country, the people of which were mainly intensely rebel. The expedition was very successful, bringing back corn, fodder, poultry, pigs, and cattle innumerable,—also some four hundred head of horses and mules, to aid in mounting Colonel Wilder's infantry brigade. While out upon this expedition, the train came to the premises of an active, wealthy, bitter old rebel,—one who had made himself very busy in procuring volunteers for the rebel army, and particularly obnoxious to his Union neighbors by assisting the rebel agents to hunt down conscripts. He looked rather astonished when our advance cavalry was followed off by his horses. The quartermaster came next, with his mules and the contents of his corn-cribs. When the commissary marched by in charge of the gentleman's extra-fat cattle, "secesh," in great alarm, wanted to know if we were not going to pay for his "goods." "We are not paying money at present to any one," blandly replied the quartermaster. "Well, but you will give me a receipt for them?" "Certainly, sir: here are your vouchers already made out." "Secesh" read them, apparently well pleased, until he came to the inexorable words, "to be paid at the close of the war, upon proof of loyalty." "Well, if that is the case," said he, "they may go to the d—l;" and, turning to a couple of his darkies, who were looking on with open mouths, he administered to them a few vigorous kicks *a posteriori*, exclaiming, "—— you, you go too!"

The General at Review.—When the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Cumberland rides out to review his troops, there is usually something of a pleasant as well as instructive character going on. Upon his appearing, the welkin rings with the hearty cheers of the troops. When dressed in line, the general occasionally passes along in front, scanning each man closely and with a skilful and practised eye, noticing in an instant any thing out of place in their dress or accoutrements. He always keeps a sharp look-out for his officers, holding them accountable for the conduct of the men. On review a short time since, he gave a forcible illustration of his ideas on the subject. He noticed a private whose knapsack was very much awry, and drew him from the ranks, calling at the same time for his captain, who approached. "Captain, I am sorry to see you don't know how to strap a knapsack on a soldier's back." "But I didn't do it, general." "Oh, you didn't? Well, hereafter you had better do it yourself, or see that it is done correctly by the private. I have nothing more to say to him. I shall hold you responsible, sir, for the appearance of your men." "But if I can't

make them attend to these matters?" said the officer. "Then, if you *can't*, you had better leave the service."

When he finds occasion to "jog" a soldier for some remissness, he will do it effectually, and yet in a manner so genial and kindly that no offence is taken, but rather his men admire him the more. For example, reviewing a brigade recently, he came to a good-looking private whose shoes were quite too much the worse for wear,—albeit there were hundreds of boxes of shoes then in the quartermaster's department of our army. General Rosecrans halted and inquired into the case. The soldier stated that he had applied time and again, but could draw no shoes. The captain came up: he said he had tried his utmost, and *he* could get none. "Bad work, sir! very bad work! It won't do, sir!—it sha'n't do, sir!" remarked the general: "your men must have comfortable clothing. I want all my men to stir up their captains, and I want the captains to stir up their colonels, and I want the colonels to keep at their generals, and then let the generals come to me and stir me up, and keep stirring up, all of you, until these needless evils are remedied. That's the way to do it!"

Upon another occasion, General Rosecrans noticed a private without a canteen, but otherwise quite neatly arrayed. "Ah, here's a good soldier; all right,—first-rate,—with one little exception. Good clothes and good arms: he marches, and drills, and fights, and eats. But he don't drink. That's queer; and I fear he won't hold out on a pinch. March all day in the heat and dust, yet don't want to drink! Rather afraid of a break-down here. Better have the canteens, boys, and well filled, too!" And he passes on, leaving a lesson and a smile.

At the Grave.—Upon the battle-field of Stone River the author saw a Northern father standing with folded arms and clouded yet firm countenance, while assistants were raising the body of his only son, that he might return with it to the home in the land of prairie and lake. What Cato said of his boy fallen in battle might well have been repeated by that father:—

> "Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
> Welcome, my son! There set him down, my friends,
> Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
> The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
> How beautiful is death when earn'd by virtue!
> Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis
> That we can die but once to save our country!
> Why sits that sadness on your brow, my friends?
> I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
> Secure and flourish'd in a civil war."

The Contrabands at Nashville.—The reader will remember that upon the retreat of General Buell's army to Kentucky in pursuit of Bragg, Nashville was left with but a small garrison, and fortifications were at once com-

Impressing Negroes to work on the Nashville Fortifications

P. 633.

menced with alacrity and vigor by the officer in command. Every able-bodied negro in the city whom he could lay hands upon was "pressed" and put upon the work. Barber-shops and kitchens were visited, and their inmates taken "willy-nilly." The Commercial Hotel was thus cleared of servants one morning: there was no dinner for many an expectant guest, and the house was closed. By such means a force of two thousand negroes were soon at work upon Fort Negley. Every description of vehicle—milk-wagons, coal-carts, express-wagons, open carriages, &c.—was also impressed. Our artist has given the scene on the opposite page.

To the credit of the colored population be it said, they worked manfully and cheerfully, with hardly an exception, and yet lay out upon the works of nights under guard, without blankets, and eating only army-rations. They worked in squads, each gang choosing its own officers; and it was amusing to hear their captains exclaim to the wheelbarrow-men, "Let dem buggies roll, brudder Bones and Felix;" or, "You niggas ovah dah, let dem picks fall easy, or dey'll hurt somefin," &c. &c. When the attack upon the city was threatened, many of these negroes came to the officer of the day and asked for arms to help beat off the rebels,—a request he was unable to grant, but assigned to them their places behind the works, with axes, picks, and spades, in case the enemy should come to close quarters.

Want of Confidence.—A shrewd negro blacksmith in Shelbyville, Tennessee, had accumulated by his labor some seven hundred dollars in Confederate shinplasters. Anxious to invest it in something promising a more certain return for his toil, he recently gave the entire pile for a sorry-looking horse and buggy. A Confederate officer, hearing of the occurrence, remarked to him,—

"Bill Keyes, you are a fool!"

"Perhaps I am, sir," replied Bill; "but I'll be cussed if your Confederate stuff shall die on my hands!"

"Kissing a Nigger."—A young officer upon the staff of one of our generals, who was temporarily sojourning at head-quarters in the Zollicoffer House, on High Street, Nashville, one day stopped before the door of a neighboring house to admire and caress a beautiful little girl. She was fair, bright, and active; her hair was in ringlets, and she was neatly dressed. Imagine the emotions of our kind-hearted officer when a young lady remarked to him, with a perceptible sneer,—

"You seem to be very fond of kissing niggers."

"Good gracious!" was the startled reply: "you don't call that child a nigger, do you?"

"Yes, I do. She is nothing else."

The officer took another glance at the child, who seemed even more fair than the young lady, and turned away, reflecting upon some of the "peculiarities" of Southern society.

The Irish Sentinel.—A son of the Green Isle, a new member of Colonel Gillam's Middle Tennessee Regiment, while stationed at Nashville recently, was detailed on guard-duty on a prominent street of that city. It was his first experience at guard-mounting, and he strutted along his beat apparently with a full appreciation of the dignity and importance of his position. As a citizen approached, he shouted,—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign."

"I haven't the countersign; and, if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual," rejoined the citizen.

"An', by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all till ye say Bunker Hill," was Pat's reply.

The citizen, appreciating the "situation," advanced and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"Right! Pass on." And the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

A Dodge for a Pass.—Our general has ordered that officers' and soldiers' wives shall stay at home, or, at least, advises them that they had better not come out to the army at Murfreesborough. There are no hotels, no nice eatables, none of the comforts of life, here. On the contrary, many ugly sights and smells will be encountered; and, on the whole, home will be a much more agreeable place. Hence the dear ladies can get no passes to come,—sad fact, but very necessary denial.

But an officer's wife is shrewd. If she can circumvent the epaulet and shoulder-straps, 'tis done; and she takes not a little delight in the operation, One of them recently telegraphed from Louisville to General Garfield, Chief of Staff, that her husband, an artillery officer, was very sick,—perhaps dying,—and that she must see him, and requested the general to authorize the issuing to her of a pass to Murfreesborough. The general's heart was touched; but, knowing nothing of the matter, he referred it to Colonel Barnett, Chief of Artillery. The colonel, too, sympathized with the distressed wife, and kindly sent an orderly out to the husband's battery to inquire into his condition, that the devoted wife might be advised thereof. Speedily the husband himself came in, with astonishment depicted in his face. Something's the matter, somewhere or somehow, he doesn't exactly know what.

"How do you do?" asks the Artillery Chief.

"First-rate, sir."

"Where have you been of late?"

"At my battery,—on duty."

"Have you not been sick lately?"

"No, indeed! Never had better health in my life."

"Quite sure of it, are you?"

"Of course I am."

"You have been on duty all the time? Haven't you been absent from your command at all?"

"Not a day."

"Perfectly well now,—no consumption, liver-complaint, fever, spleen, or Tennessee quickstep? eh?"

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?"

In reply to this query the telegram of his anxious wife was handed to him. He read it, looked down and pondered for a moment in silent wonder at the ingenuity of woman, then called for a bottle of wine, and a general "smile" circulated among the bystanders. The loving wife was informed by telegraph that her husband was in no danger,—in fact, was doing remarkably well. Thus she was circumvented for a time. Yet, to "vindicate the truth of history," we must add that she gained her point in some other way,—what Yankee wife will not?—and made her visit successfully.

The following direction upon a letter which passed through the post-office from Murfreesborough we quote:—

"Haste away, old engine, thou fiery steed!
Bear me to *C. E. Haines* with lightning speed:
You will find him engaged at work on his farm,
As busy as a bee, and doing no harm,
While receiving a farmer's hard-earn'd bounty
From the folks of *Clarksborough, Gloucester county,*
New Jersey."

The Romance of War.—The following order is said to have originated at the head-quarters of that correct disciplinarian, Major-General Rosecrans:—

"Head-Quarters Department of the Cumberland, April 17, 1863.

"General:—The general commanding directs me to call your attention to a flagrant outrage committed in your command,—a person having been admitted inside your lines without a pass and in violation of orders. The case is one which calls for your personal attention, and the general commanding directs that you deal with the offending party or parties according to law.

"The medical director reports that an orderly sergeant in Brigadier-General ——'s division *was to-day delivered of a baby,*—which is in violation of all military law and of the army regulations. No such case has been known since the days of Jupiter.

"You will apply the proper punishment in this case, and a remedy to prevent a repetition of the act."

The Overton Family.—At the breaking-out of the rebellion, John Overton was one of the wealthiest men in Tennessee. His plantation, seven miles

south of Nashville, embraced several thousand acres of land, with buildings and improvements exhibiting the finest taste. Although the whole family were known to be violent secessionists, the first blast of war swept by without injury to them. Their crops were untouched, their groves and lawns were unscathed, and, while others felt the iron hand of war, theirs was still the abode of luxury and plenty. The plantation was left nominally in the care of Mrs. Overton, her husband and sons being in the rebel army. This, however, did not prevent her asking and obtaining unlimited protection from the Federal authorities.

Soon after General Negley assumed command of Nashville, information was received that a large amount of rebel stores, consisting of horseshoe iron and nails, was concealed at this place; and a detachment of the 11th Michigan Infantry, under command of Captain Hood, was sent to seize the goods. Arriving at the house, situated in a beautiful grove at some distance from the road, the captain halted his men outside of the door-yard, caused them to order arms and remain in place, and announced himself at the door. The summons was answered by a lady, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Is Mr. Overton at home, madam?"

"No, sir: he is with the Confederate army," was the lady's answer.

"I presume he is a rebel, then?"

"Yes, sir: he is a rebel all over."

"Well, madam, I wish to see some person who is in charge of the place. I am ordered to search for articles contraband of war."

"I am Mrs. Overton. You can search the place if you wish; but you will not find any thing contraband. I wish, however, you would keep the soldiers away from the house."

The captain assured her that no depredations would be committed by the soldiers, who were still standing at their arms, and added,—

"I will commence by searching under the floor of the meat-house."

The lady opened her eyes with astonishment. Recovering herself, she replied,—

"There is no use of having any words about it. You will find some horseshoes there."

And they were found. About two tons of valuable iron was unearthed and turned over to the Government.

In the fall of 1862 Rosecrans's victorious army relieved Nashville, and remained a few days in the city. Early in December a general advance was made, and the left wing of the army encamped on the Overton place, and it was then known as "Camp Hamilton." The camp-fires of the Union army were lighted on every part of the farm, and the rights of private property gave way to the stern necessities of war. Grove and woodland resounded with the sturdy strokes of the axeman, and disappeared. Fences were destroyed, and the crops and stock were taken for the necessary use of the army, and receipts given, to be paid when the owner should "establish his loyalty." The place which in peaceful days had blossomed as the rose

was soon a desolate waste, with its palatial mansion standing "alone in its glory."

The general commanding doubtless chose the camp with reference to its strategic importance in his approach on Murfreesborough; but by the natural course of events its rebel owners learned what it is to "sow the storm and reap the whirlwind."

A Rebel Woman Nonplussed.—Last winter a forage-train went out of Nashville, and two or three of the Michigan soldiers guarding it called at a house for dinner. The woman, ready to take their money and get their favor, at once prepared it. While they were eating, she thought it a favorable moment for conversation, and propounded the usual question of Secessia:—

"What in the world did all you people come down here to fight us for?"

"The fact is, madam," quickly answered one of her guests, dropping his knife and fork, leaning back in his chair and looking her calmly in the face, "we understood your folks were going to free all your negroes and send them up North, and we don't want them and won't have them. So we've come down here to put a stop to it."

The old lady was silenced by this spiking of her guns.

The Overseer and the Watermelons.—While marching from Tuscumbia to Courtland, last summer, with a portion of his command, the late Colonel Roberts, of the 42d Illinois Regiment, halted with his escort at a plantation by the roadside, for refreshment of some kind. No white person was about but the overseer, and he was surly and crabbed enough.

"Are there any watermelons about?" asked the colonel.

"I've got none," doggedly answered the overseer.

"Well, if you haven't any, hasn't somebody on the place?"

"I don't know. Shouldn't wonder if the niggers had some. You can find out by asking them."

"Look here, sirrah!" exclaimed the gallant colonel, now somewhat irritated, "these airs you are putting on are about played out in this country. Tell your negroes to bring out some of those melons, and do it quick."

The command was too imperative to be disregarded, and the overseer started off. In a few minutes he returned with the negroes and a number of fine, large melons. The party ate freely of them, and, when all were disposed of, the colonel turned to one of the negroes and asked,—

"Boy, were those your melons?"

"Yeas, sah! I growed 'em."

"All right. What's your charge?"

"Reck'n dey am wuth a dollah, sah."

"Cheap enough! Now, Mr. Overseer, pay that boy a dollar."

"What for?" growled out the overseer.

"Because I tell you to, and because you have acted the dog instead of the gentleman. Hand over the dollar forthwith."

The dollar was paid to Sambo, and the colonel rode off, leaving the overseer standing in the porch, a little wiser, if not a better, man.

Negro Equality Illustrated.—Quite recently, at a Louisville boarding-house, a lady of Northern birth and education, but a bitter rebel, was reading to a mixed company an absurd account of some Northern women landing at Hilton Head, South Carolina, and embracing an old negress, calling her "sister," &c. The lady was triumphantly vindictive, and exclaimed to a Federal captain,—

"What do you think of that? Isn't that a beautiful specimen of your negro equality?"

The captain was annoyed, and hardly knew what to say. He said nothing, in fact, but turned and walked to the window. Glancing out, he saw on the opposite sidewalk a group of negroes enjoying themselves in the sun as only negroes can. They were of all sizes and all shades of color,—some almost white. Smiling at the thought that it was now his turn, he said to the rebel lady,—

"Will you step to the window a moment?"

"Certainly," (suiting the act to the word.)

"Look there. Do you see that?"

"See what, sir?"

"Why, that black-yellow-white group on the other side."

"Certainly I do. What is there strange about it?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose: only one would think there must have been considerable negro equality practised by the white people of the South, as well as those of the North."

The lady "retired," and thereafter was somewhat less insulting in her demonstrations.

A Fighting Parson.—Colonel Granville Moody, of the 74th Ohio, is a famous Methodist preacher from Cincinnati. He is something over fifty, six feet and two or three inches, of imposing presence, with a fine, genial face and prodigious vocal range. The reverend colonel, who proved himself a fighting parson of the first water, was hit four times at the battle of Murfreesborough, and will carry the marks of battle when he goes back to the altar. His benevolence justifies his military flock in the indulgence of sly humor at his expense; but he never permits them to disturb his equanimity. Several battle-anecdotes of him are well authenticated. Not long ago, General Negley merrily accused him of using heterodox expletives in the ardor of conflict.

"Is it a fact, colonel," inquired the general, "that you told the boys to 'give 'em hell'?"

"How?" replied the colonel, reproachfully: "that's some more of the

boys' mischief. I told them to give the rebels 'Hail Columbia;' and they have perverted my language."

The parson, however, had a sly twinkle in the corner of his eye, which left his hearers in considerable doubt.

Our Western circuit-preachers are known as stentors. Where others are emphatic, they roar in the fervor of exhortation, especially when they come in with their huge "Amen." This fact must be borne in mind to appreciate the story. The colonel's mind was saturated with piety and fight. He had already had one bout with the rebels, and given them "Hail Columbia." They were renewing the attack. The colonel braced himself for the shock. Seeing his line in fine order, he thought he would exhort them briefly. The rebels were coming swiftly. Glancing first at the foe, then at the lads, he said, quietly, "Now, my boys, fight for your country and your God," and, raising his voice to thunder-tones, he exclaimed, in the same breath, "AIM LOW!" Says one of his gallant fellows, "I thought for an instant it was a frenzied ejaculation from the profoundest depths of the 'Amen corner.'" Any day now you may hear the lads of the 74th roaring, "Fight for your country and your God—aim low!"

A "NEVER-DID-ANY-THING" REBEL.—Rebels in Tennessee are of as many shades and dyes as are the negroes. Some are in the army, some are dodging about acting as spies, and some stay at home, invite Union soldiers to their houses, treat them kindly, and at night repair to the nearest rebel camps and give an account of Federal movements, strength, and, if possible, destination. Of all classes of rebels, these "I never did any thing"s are regarded by our army as the most contemptible. The following incident well illustrates their character and disposition.

About the middle of April last, as a body of our cavalry, under command of Colonel Minty, were passing a fine country mansion whose owner was known to be one of the heartiest sympathizers with rebellion, the force halted for an hour at this house, and the colonel sent to this man for some forage. As he did so, this gentleman walked over pompously to that officer and presented a "safeguard," showing that he was entitled to the protection of the United States Government and that nothing in his possession was to be molested. Minty, as a good soldier would, called his men back. Matters went on well for about half an hour, and every thing on his premises was held sacred; when, lo! a magazine exploded. A detachment of "Lincoln hirelings" had had the impudence to desecrate the carpeted floor of this hitherto sacred mansion and ruthlessly take therefrom two of "Jeff's boys," who were neatly ensconced in a cupboard. At this discovery the Union troops helped themselves, plentifully, to food for man and beast. The planter now stalked out,—not with a dignified and pompous air, as on the former occasion, but with "solitary step, and slow,"—and approached the colonel, who immediately asked,—

"Well, sir, did you ever do any thing in your life to injure the Government?"

"Wa-all, I reckon not; and, you see, they are taking all my fodder."

"Yes, sir; and I think we'll take you also."

"Wa-all, now, colonel, you see, sir——[Here he was interrupted by Colonel Minty.]

"Yes, sir, I see two rebel soldiers, one of whom I had before in irons, but escaped. The other decoyed one of my sergeants, by pledging his honor that if he went with him across the field, nothing should happen him; and I have not seen that sergeant since, sir."

"Them boys you see, sir, one is my nephew and the other a discharged soldier."

"We'll see about that, sir."

Then, calling up the prisoners, the colonel asked them if they were rebel soldiers. Both acknowledged that they were, and belonged to Dick McCann's band. The planter hung his head, as Colonel Minty resumed,—

"Now, sir, what do you think of yourself? Did you ever 'do any thing' in your life? How can a man of your age have the impudence to tell me, before these officers and men, that you never aided or abetted the rebellion, when you have done every thing in your power to assist McCann, Forrest, Morgan, and Wharton? You have gone further than this, even. You have given up your son and horses to McCann, and boasted that you laid him on the altar of his country. You are a sorry kind of a Spartan, sir; but, before I leave, allow me to give you this wholesome advice. Do you see that railroad?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, sir, should any thing happen to that road within three miles on either side, I will burn your house, and take every thing you have got. Do you mind that?"

The planter looked melancholy, and, after a pause, faintly said,—

"I will try and do every thing I can to prevent any accidents on the road."

"That will do, sir. You may leave." And he did leave, at a double quick.

Beating them at their own Game.—Colonel Wilder, of the old 17th Indiana Regiment, and now commanding a brigade of mounted infantry, is a terror to the rebels. He roams through the country at will, and is always where they least expect him. Among other good things, he has invented a plan to capture rebel pickets, which is quite original,—certainly new to the present generation.

A dozen resolute men advance nearly within sight of the pickets. All but one conceal themselves. This man dons a butternut dress and advances. He beckons to the pickets. Without suspicion or fear, they come on to meet him. Suddenly the rebel picket sees men concealed behind the rocks on both sides of him. He is quietly told to uncap his rifle and let it fall with-

out any noise. Thus he remains in the road, as though nothing had happened, and on comes another and another, until ten or twelve are captured. In this way, on a recent occasion, Wharton's pickets were quietly gobbled up, and an enemy suddenly appeared before him as though they had dropped from the clouds.

A Brave Boy in Battle.—During the battle of Friday, at Stone River, General Rousseau rode up to Loomis's battery, and saw there a youth of the battery holding horses, and in the midst of a very tempest of shot and shell. He was so unconscious of fear and so elated and excited, that, being debarred from better occupation than holding horses, his high spirits found vent in shouting out songs and dancing to the music. The general was so pleased with his whole deportment that he rode up to him and said, "Well done, my brave boy! let me shake hands with you." A few days after the fight, General Rousseau visited the camp of the battery, and, mentioning the circumstance to the commanding officer, expressed a desire to see the youth again. "Step out, McIntire," said the officer. The youth came forward, blushing deeply. The general again commended his conduct, and said, "I shook hands with you on the battle-field; and now I wish to do it again, in the presence of your brother soldiers. May you carry the same brave spirit through the war, and come out safely at last, as you are sure to come out honorably." The general then again shook his hand warmly, in the presence of his officers and of his companions.

A Pass to Raise Geese.—An old lady at Nashville, country-raised, from down in Williamson county somewhere, had long been cooped up in that devoted city, and desired to pass the blockade into Dixie. So she seasoned up and roasted a bribe, which she hoped, with a plentiful use of smiles and "soft sawder," would gain her point. In due time she arrived at the headquarters of Lieutenant Osgood.

With a cold roast turkey in her haversack, she made a flank movement upon the sentinels, and advanced through the crowd. After knocking over two or three men present, and treading on the neck of a small dog, she double-quicked into the *boudoir* of the indefatigable lieutenant.

"Well, madam," says he, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Well, I'm hunting for the colonel."

"Hunting for the colonel?—Colonel who?"

"Why, Colonel Osgood: I reckon you're he." And at this juncture she "slung" the cold roast turkey towards the lieutenant, who was not only much astonished, but slightly injured. He recovered himself, however, and ejaculated,—

"That's a *fowl* blow, madam."

"Yes: I reckoned you'd like it, colonel."

"Yes,"—laughing,—"but I don't like it that way. But what do you want, madam?"

"I want a pass to——"

"Are you a Union lady?"

"Never been nothing else. My old man—I reckon you know the squire—he's been here a heap o' times, and——"

"That's all right, madam. Just tell me about the pass: what do you want of it?"

"Colonel," says she, confidingly, "I want a pass to raise geese."

"To what?" asked the lieutenant.

"To raise geese."

"You have always been a loyal lady?" asked Osgood.

"Colonel, I reckon. You see the old man—I reckon you know old squire——"

"All right, madam. You have never aided the Confederate Government or fed rebel cavalry?"

"Well, I reckon if I did the old man—I reckon the squire has been here—you know the——"

"No matter about the old man, madam. Have you always been a loyal lady?"

"Yes, I reckon I have."

"Well," says Osgood, turning to one of his clerks, "*give this woman a pass to raise geese!*"

"Rousseau or a Rabbit."—Much sport usually ensued in the camps about Murfreesborough, last spring, when a rabbit—of which there were many—would be started. There is generally much cheering and excitement, too, when Major-General Rousseau, who is universally popular, a splendid horseman, and always elegantly mounted, rides about the camps. Upon hearing a prodigious shout, one evening, near by his head-quarters, General Jefferson C. Davis inquired the cause.

"I can't say exactly, general," replied his aide, after stepping to the tent-door; "but I think it's the boys either after General Rousseau or a rabbit."

Where the Damage was Done.—Russell Houston, Esq., an old and prominent citizen of Nashville, and a Union man, had not long ago built him an elegant residence, in the suburbs of the city. It occupied, unluckily, a knoll, or swell of land, where it was deemed desirable by our engineers to build a fort. When apprized, Mr. Houston made no objection: rather he encouraged and aided them in their plans in the most cheerful and commendable manner. One day some rebel ladies were visiting his family, and attempted consolation, bitterly exclaiming against this "Yankee vandalism."

"Ah, madam," he replied to one of them, "these troops have done me no harm. It was the firing of the first gun of the rebellion at Charleston that destroyed my property!"

A Soldier's Idea of the First Day's Battle at Stone River.—"You say 'you can't understand about army wings, they being crushed, falling back, &c.' Well, here it is, in short. Suppose our army to be like a bird at Stone River, head towards Murfreesborough, its body, Thomas's corps, being the centre, McCook's corps the right wing, spread wide open, and Crittenden's corps, thus spread, the left wing. That will do well enough for illustration. Well, Bragg's army pile in on McCook's wing, at its tip, and break off an inch or so by capturing batteries and several hundred of our men. And the feathers fly mightily all along that wing, and it is overpowered, and falls back in retreat, just as the bird would fold its wing, until it laps right up 'longside the centre. That's the way it was done. But they didn't move our head nor centre, though,—nary! Well, the reb cavalry, of which they had a powerful slue during this fight, came round on our rear on the big Nashville road, where were our hundreds of wagons and ambulances. There, we will say, is the bird's tail; and the supply-wagons, and doctors' tools, and niggers, we'll call them the tail-feathers. Now, them feathers flew some, you better believe!"

We are not sure but that such a narration, made by a private to an old hoosier at a street-corner, gives a more forcible idea of the general result of that battle to many minds than would the most elaborate description.

Amusing Instance of Rebel Desertion.—After the recent advance of our army upon Bragg at Tullahoma, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk River to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting,—

"Come in here, you —— Yank, out of the wet!"

The Federal was quite sure that he was "done for," and at once obeyed the order. After dressing himself, he was thus accosted:—

"You surrender, our prisoner, do you?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"That's kind. Now we'll surrender to you!" And the five stacked arms before him, their spokesman adding,—

"We've done with 'em, and have said to old Bragg, 'good-by!' Secesh is played out. Now you surround us and take us into your camp."

This was done accordingly, and is but one of hundreds of instances of wholesale desertion coming to the knowledge of our officers during the past two months—July and August—in Lower Tennessee.

Guerrillas upon the Railroads.—One of the surest means of delay, if not of destruction, to the Federal armies, as the rebel enemy supposed, was the destruction of railroads in the rear of our forces. To maintain such avenues of communication has cost the Army of the Cumberland hundreds of lives and countless days of careful, wearisome guarding and scouting.

As a whole, our success in this regard is really wonderful. But once has Morgan succeeded in damaging the Nashville & Louisville Railroad to any extent: then he required almost an army, which stopped all travel upon that road for some ten days, and delayed the forwarding of stores for about four weeks. Happily, the Cumberland River suddenly rose to a fair stage about that time, and the rebels took nothing by their motion.

Our artist has given, in the foregoing plate, a scene which occurred last winter upon the railroad above named, at a point some forty miles north of Nashville, and at a time when that road was not so systematically and effectually guarded as at present. A band of some sixty rebels, marauders, said to be lawless residents and "independent" cavalry, misplaced a rail near by a sharp curve, and secreted themselves in the edge of the forest near by. The train was coming down at a slow and precautionary rate of speed, as the country thereabout was favorable for guerrilla operations, and the engine, when it arrived at that spot, toppled over upon one side, no very great damage, however, ensuing from the stoppage. The guerrillas were now seen with guns aimed, kneeling in a line, to appear as formidable as possible, and they fired a deafening volley at the train, but killed no one. They probably fired overhead to frighten rather than to hurt the passengers. They then proceeded to rob the passengers indiscriminately. While thus quite leisurely employed, and in burning the cars, a bridge-guard of brave men of our army, stationed a mile below, hastened up on the double-quick, and when within sight the robbers made off at the top of their speed.

Resolved to put a stop to such proceedings, the commander of the post at Gallatin sent up a force and thoroughly scouted through that region, bringing into his camp every male citizen, and keeping them confined for several days. The old town of Gallatin was at once filled with their distressed wives, parents, and daughters. Developments were made convicting several of the men thus arrested: and it was soon after hinted to the writer that those persons were summarily "*sent to the front.*" The "front" to which they were marched is reported as only half a mile, or thereabouts, in the rear of Gallatin, where trees abounded with favorably projecting limbs. At all events, those people were taught a severe lesson, and to apparent good purpose, as a second affair of the kind has not occurred.

A Battle-Field War-Council.—At Stone River, during the evening of December 31, several of the generals of the Army of the Cumberland assembled at the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief. It was a momentous occasion. Our right wing, comprising more than one-third of our whole force, had been driven back with great loss. The generals arrived after dark at the tent of their commander, near the torn and bloody battle-ground, yet reeking with the dead. Each reported as to the status of his forces, and then, after other brief remarks of a personal character, conversation gradually subsided. General Rosecrans was the most conversational

Guerrillas destroying a Railroad-Train near Nashville.

P. 644

and cheerful, and had a smile and pleasant word for all. Excepting himself and Generals Thomas and Van Cleve, our commanders are young in years, and to most of them this was their first, and to all their greatest, battle. Hence their gravity and reticence—as certainly became them—upon this occasion. It was noticeable that they volunteered no opinions as to the best course for the morrow, whether to attempt to hold the present ground, to advance, or to retreat to Nashville. The supply-trains had been sent back to that city during the day by the general commanding, to relieve himself from the task of guarding them from the horde of rebel cavalry. Thus left almost empty-handed, retreat to Nashville, even during that night if necessary, was a course not entirely beyond reason, the enemy's superior force and nearness to his supplies considered.

If any of our generals at this conference had such thoughts or opinions, they certainly would not have then advanced them. It was a time and occasion—a turning-point—that rarely happens in a lifetime or a century. Even the sage General Thomas, now calm and placid in manner as a summer eve, waited to hear from his chief, and a stiffness pervaded the assembly until General Rosecrans broke the spell.

"Gentlemen," said he,—and the substance of his remarks is given us from recollection,—"we have come out to fight and to win this battle, and WE SHALL DO IT. True, we have been a little mixed up to-day; but we won't mind that. The enemy failed in all his attempts after we found what he was driving at. Our supplies may run short, but we will have out our trains again to-morrow. We will keep right on, and *eat corn for a week but what we win this battle.* WE CAN AND WILL DO IT!"

As the general advanced in his remarks, he became the more warmly in earnest. The effect of his words upon his officers was marked and exhilarating. All restraint was at once removed, now that their course was fully settled, and plans for the morrow soon engaged general attention.

Candor requires us to state that, in all probability, had General Rosecrans determined differently,—had he upon this occasion taken a dark view of the situation, and whispered words of caution and favored a prudential retreat, —our army would have fallen back ingloriously behind the forts at Nashville, and thus, unquestionably, Tennessee and Kentucky would not be as they are to-day, entirely free from rebel armies, and the Gulf States threatened from the West, but, on the contrary, they would now be the strongest sections of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Is there any impropriety, then, we ask, in classing this instance with those recorded in the world's history, where one master-spirit has saved an army and made a successful campaign, and thus proven himself a prominent instrument in solving the destiny of his country?

ARMY POETRY.

The pensiveness and quiet of camp-life not unfrequently induce a melancholy mood, which finds solace in poetry. Songs and song-books are in every camp, and many a soldier of literary turn gives expression to his pent-up feelings in verse, ranging from the machine order through all the intermediate grades up to the truest and most soul-thrilling poetry. From a quantity of such productions we select the following as specimens of the grave and gay, the sentimental and comical. We do not present them as by any means specimens of a high order of poetry. The number and variety might be indefinitely extended; but these are deemed sufficient to fully represent the Army of the Cumberland in its poetical aspect.

The following lines are said to have been found, in manuscript, in the pocket of a dead rebel on the battle-field of Stone River. All that is known of him is that he was probably a Tennesseean. The lines, we presume, are original:—

DISAPPOINTMENT.

TO MISS —— ——.

My song has fled,
My muse is dead,
And woe beshrouds my way,
And the early crow,
And the herd's deep low,
Betide a gloomy day.

For how could I,
With an endless sigh,
Be ever happy more,
With the hope that's fled,
And the *no* you've said,
Feel as I felt before?

Adieu! fair muse;
Thy charms I lose;
With a tear and a sigh thou'rt gone;
And my hope sinks deep
In the night of sleep,
And yields to thy magic wand.

What good's a light
In a dreary night,
If its rays afford no cheer?
And why pursue
Its golden hue,
If each step is trod in fear?

Oh, woe the thought
That ever brought
On me the fatal blow!
In my restless sleep
I dream and weep,
Because it fail'd me so!

Yet why this chill
My heart should fill
And bow my head with grief?
Doth not the field
More flowers yield
Than's gather'd in the sheaf?

Look o'er the plain,
Along the lane,
And on the grassy lawn,
And by the brook,
In the little nook
Where plays the lovely fawn.

The dew-drop there,
So sweet and fair,
Just opening to the gaze:
I'll from it sip,
With my own lip,
The charm where its sweetness lays.

The rose-bud, too,
There brings to view
Its sweet and lovely form;
And as it blows
It gently throws
Its fragrance to the storm.

And though a sting
A thorn may bring,
She's queen of flowers still:
The little pain
Grows sweet again,
And all's a joyous thrill.

Then fare thee well!
My joys foretell
Yon blossom's waiting now;
I'll off to the grove
With my own fond love,
And plant a kiss on her brow. M.

A PRIVATE in the Army of the Cumberland thus protests against that slighting spirit of contempt which finds expression in the words, "only a private." Who will say that the author of these lines has not proven himself immensely the superior of many a vain-glorious coxcomb who would no sooner think of comparing himself with a "private" than with a beggar?

"ONLY A PRIVATE."

"ONE man kill'd in the skirmish to-day!"
He was "only a private," they say;
He was "only a private"!—Oh, how
Could they dare thus speak of the dead
For our country so nobly who bled,—
So deserving a laurell'd brow?

Oh, perhaps we have harden'd our hearts
Until death no impression imparts,
Nor the bitter anguish of friends;
He was "only a private;" 'tis sad
That his valor such slight notice had.
Now his body with common earth blends.

Does a father enfeebled with years,—
Or a mother all trembling in tears,—
A dear sister, whose love is a gem
Of the purest,—or brother,—in vain
Keep a watching for him? Ne'er again
In this world he'll return unto them.

Are there orphans awaiting neglect?
Does a widow her husband expect?
Is it known at his home how he died?—
How he bravely with face to the foe
From a bullet received a fell blow,
When life sail'd out on the ebbing red tide?

By the river now classical made,
On the Cumberland's banks, he was laid,—
By his comrades laid sadly away:
A plain hillock they fashion'd with care,
And then planted an evergreen there
To him who fell on that day.

Let us hope in the region above
He enjoyeth that fulness of love
Oft grudgingly denied him in this.
May a mercy as tender as great
Ope in heaven the pearliest gate,
And admit him an angel to bliss.

As a specimen of the very common article of "machine poetry," the following is passable.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

By a Private of Company F, 27th Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

Come, freemen all, both great and small,
And listen to my story,
And, while our country is our theme,
We'll sing about her glory.
I guess you've heard how Braxton Bragg
Into Kentucky paddled,
And how at Perryville he fought,
And then he quick "skedaddled."

And how he thought, in Tennessee,
At Murfreesborough seated,
The rout of all the Union hosts
Would quickly be completed.
But Rosecrans, the conqueror,
Had Buell superseded,
And justly thought this boasting Bragg
A whipping sorely needed.

And so he thought the holidays
The proper time for action,
To try this boasting rebel's strength
And drive him from this section.
On Christmas day our orders came,
And to the general handed.
McCook, a hero known to fame,
Our gallant corps commanded.

Near Nolensville we met the foe,—
They thought, securely seated.
Our batteries let a few shell go,
And fast the rebs retreated.
So on we went, on victory bent,
To view old Bragg's position:
We brought some pills to cure his ills,
With Rosey for physician.

At break of day on the next morn,
While the old year was dying,
The rebel force advanced their hosts
To where our right was lying.
And now the news is quickly borne,—
The foe our right is turning!
In countless numbers, on they come,
All efforts swiftly spurning!

But as the foe appears so soon,
In full and open view, sirs,
Brave Houghtaling plays them a tune
Called Yankee-doodle-do, sirs.
And as the enemy bore down
On Sheridan's division,
We fed them with the best we had,
Gave bullets for provision.

Now on three sides the foe he rides
Triumphant, to our grief;
Brave Negley then, with gallant men,
Quick flies to our relief.
Firm as a rock brave Palmer stands,
Our centre firm securing,
While Rousseau's men, with steady aim,
A deadly fire are pouring.

Upon our left bold Crittenden—
The Union hosts reviving,
As we can hear by cheer on cheer—
The foe is swiftly driving.
On every hand we make a stand,
All steady, firm, and true, sirs;
At close of eve rings out the shout!
This day shall rebels rue, sirs.

But, while that shout is ringing out,
'Tis mingled with our pain,
To think of our brave gallant men
Now lying with the slain.
Brave Sill lies there, all cold and bare,
With Garesché so brave,
And Roberts, Schaeffer,—honored names:
They fill a hero's grave.

Sad duty this, to mention one
We intimately knew,—
Our Harrington, beloved by all,
So gallant, brave, and true.
He fell where brave men wish to fall,
Where loudest sounds the battle,
Where stoutest hearts might stand appalled,
Mid thundering cannon's rattle.

And, though his voice is still'd in death,
We seem to hear his cry,
As cheering on his brave command,—
"My boys, that flag stand by."

On New-Year's day, as people say,
Bragg show'd his full intention
To drive us off,—make us the scoff
Of all this mighty nation.

But Rosey knew a thing or two,
And made him quick knock under,—
Gave him to feel the true-edged steel,
Mid storms of Yankee thunder.
Says Bragg, "I'm sad: my cause is bad,
And so, to save my bacon,
I will retreat, and save defeat;
For Rosey can't be taken."

So, while our men were strengthening
Where we were situated,
To make secure, and victory sure,
Old Bragg evacuated.

Now let our songs ascend on high
To the All-Wise as giver,
And Rosey's name we'll crown with fame,
As hero of Stone River.

When those we love request a sign
For words as yet unspoken,
That sign shall be, Remember me,
A Rosey wreath for token.
And, now, may *roses* crown our land,
May blissful peace soon come, sirs,
May Bragg-ing traitors soon be damn'd,
And we in peace at home, sirs.

Then, boys, fill up the brimming cup.
We'll toast the Union ever:—
Our health, the man that can Bragg tan,
The hero of Stone River.

We make room for another excellent jingle of camp-rhymes. Our reader, at his peaceful and comfortable fireside, can but faintly realize the pleasure —yes, "solid enjoyment"—which our soldiers derive from the jovial evening camp-song, at times!

"THE ELEPHANT."

By Tent No. 1, Company E, 42d Indiana Volunteers.

Our Uncle Samuel keeps a show, most wondrous and most rare,
That's fill'd with every sort of beast to please a man or scare;
And to find this famous show of his the people came from far,
And march'd down South to see the menagerie of war.
A lot of us raw hoosiers from "The Pocket" thought we'd go
And have a three-years sight at this strangely wondrous show:
So we shoulder'd up our muskets, and, with knapsacks on our backs,
We travell'd in Kentucky, but saw neither beast nor tracks.

At last we heard the show had moved away to Tennessee:
So off we started on some boats, to see what we could see,
And down at Wartrace, in the brush, where Southern sunrays glance,
A few who started in our crowd beheld "the *monkey* dance."
But then the beast we wish'd to see, somehow, we couldn't find,
For 'twas "the Elephant" we search'd, with ever-curious mind;
So off to Alabama's soil we travell'd for a while,
And trudged and tramp'd and picketed o'er many a Southern mile.

Now Bragg and Buell own'd the beast,—a partnership concern,—
And, as we could not find him South, we thought we would return.
So northward we began to march: at last we sat us down,
To rest a bit and eat a bite, in Louisville's great town.
Then General Buell fix'd the show, and bade us march a while,
And said we'd see "the Elephant" short of a hundred mile.

So off we tramp'd toward Perryville, and when we got down there
We saw the "Baby Elephant" cut capers fit to scare.
Although a *Baby* Elephant, he was a vicious beast,
And never could be tamed by man,—the rebels thought, at least.

But General Buell soon sold out, and General Rosecrans bought,
And then the beast was bound to thrive,—at least, the soldiers thought;
For Bragg and "Rosey," well we knew, would make the *Baby* grow,
And Bragg at last pick'd out a place to have another show.
The place was on Stone River, near Murfreesborough town,
And to see the show the people came from all the country round:
Some forty thousand Federals came, with steady step and slow,
And fifty thousand rebels *stay'd* to see the famous show.

And there they saw "the Elephant." My gracious! how he'd grown
Since first we saw him roaming in Kentucky all alone!
We saw him in the cedar grove, we saw him on the plain,
And some who saw him on that day will see him ne'er again.
And now, whene'er we hear a man talk loud about his might,
And tell about his bravery, and what he'd do in fight,
And tell how many foes he'd whip and make them run and pant,
We simply say, You ne'er have seen the famous "Elephant."

"The Old Union Wagon," written and composed by Rev. John H. Lozier, chaplain of the 37th Indiana Volunteers, is an admirable specimen of a popular patriotic army melody. It was written at the head-quarters of General Negley's division, at Camp Hamilton, on the "Overton Plantation," five miles from Nashville, Tennessee. It was originally intended merely as a camp-song in answer to "The Southern Wagon," which the "Secesh" damsels are always ready to sing for the "Yankees." It was afterwards published by John Church, Jr., of Cincinnati, as sheet-music, and was sung with great *éclat* at Pike's Opera-House, at the immense Union meeting held there to respond to the resolutions sent by the Army of the Cumberland to the people of the North. It is now having a great run in the West and the army. The words are as follow:—

THE OLD UNION WAGON.

In Uncle Sam's dominion, in eighteen sixty-one,
The fight between Secession and Union was begun:
The South declared they'd have the "rights" which Uncle Sam denied,
Or in their secesh wagon they'd all take a ride.
Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon and all take a ride!

The makers of our wagon were men of solid wit;
They made it out of "Charter Oak," that would not rot or split;
Its wheels are of material the strongest and the best,
And two are named the North and South, and two the East and West.

Our wagon-*bed* is strong enough for any "revolution,"
In fact, 'tis the "*hull*" of the "old Constitution;"
Her coupling's strong, her axle's long, and, anywhere you get her,
No monarch's frown can "back her down," no traitor can *upset* her.

This good old Union wagon the nation all admired;
Her wheels had run for fourscore years and never once been "*tired;*"
Her passengers were happy, as along her way she whirl'd,
For the good old Union wagon was the glory of the world!

But when old Abram took command, the South wheel got displeased,
Because the *public fat* was gone that kept her axle greased;
And when he gather'd up the reins and started on his route,
She plunged into secession and knock'd some "felloes" out!

Now, while in this secession mire the wheel was sticking tightly,
Some tory passengers got mad and cursed the driver slightly;
But Abram "couldn't see it," so he didn't heed their clatter:
"There's too much *black mud* on the wheel," says he:—"*that's what's the matter.*"

So Abram gave them notice that in eighteen sixty-three,
Unless the rebels "dried it up," he'd set their niggers free,
And then the man that led the van to fight against his nation
Would drop his gun, and *home* he'd run, to fight against *starvation.*

When Abram said he'd free the slaves that furnish'd their supplies,
It open'd Northern traitors' *mouths* and Southern traitors' eyes.
"The slaves," said they, "will run away, if you thus rashly free them!"
But Abram "guess'd perhaps they'd best *go home and oversee them.*"

Around our Union wagon, with shoulders to the wheel,
A million soldiers rally, with hearts as true as steel;
And of all the generals, high or low, that help to save the nation,
There's none that strikes a harder blow than *General Emancipation!*
Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon!
We'll stick to our wagon and all take a ride!

The following effusion was found in a rebel mail-package captured upon the person of a Confederate spy and containing some two hundred letters from rebeldom to friends within our lines. Whatever else may be said of it, no one can question its entire originality. The poet seems to be heartily sick of the war, and gives vent in verse to his feelings,—no prose being strong enough to do them justice. We give "his piece," with all its beauties, *verbatim et literatim.* Upon an outer fold of the soiled manuscript is written, "W R Brown to Sally Brown a song composed by me."

UPON; THE, WAR;

This is a War of dreadful scourrage
OF which it takes a man of courrage
It is a war of subgugation
OF which there is no cessation
And we are all on the go down

This is a war of great invasion,
For which there is no good occasion
It is war of confiscation
OF which there is no obligation
And we are all on the go down

This is a War of great confusion
OF Yankey foolish vain intrusion
It is a war of vain Ambition
And caused Amerricas bad condition
And we are all on the go down

This is a War of death and Blood
OF which there cant be any good
It is a War, that's, verry bad
Oh let it cease and all be glad
Or we are all on the go down

This is a War, that's, long beginding
OF which no man can tell the ending
It is a War that's fast and slow
It brings the high and lofty low
And we are all on the go down.

This is a War of dreadful horrow
Which causes Weeping griefe and Sorrow
This is a War while womens moarning
Men are seffering dicing groaning
And we are all on the go down

This is a War we all regret
OF which too many are inclined to fret
You take it easy and be resigned
For in this War we are all confined
And we are all on the go down

This is a War, the Prophets say
OF which the south shall gain the day
But the Lord hath willed it so to bee
That none hath gainded it yet we seo
And we are all on the go down

This War has caused the darkest Cloud
And ruined Amerrica that once was proud
And Wrapted a great and mighty crowd
OF once happy Amerrica's sons in shroud
And we are all on the go down

This is a War we all must know
Thats Rageing Fast and ending slow
While ambition excitement rageing high
Its bringing want starvation nigh
And we are all on the go down

This War; Oh Lord do let it cease
And this people speak lasting peace
And instead of death sorrow and sin
Religion peace health and life begin
For we are all on the go down.